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GEORGE ORWELL'S

1984

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

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MATYÁŠ NAMAI

[redacted]

1984

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

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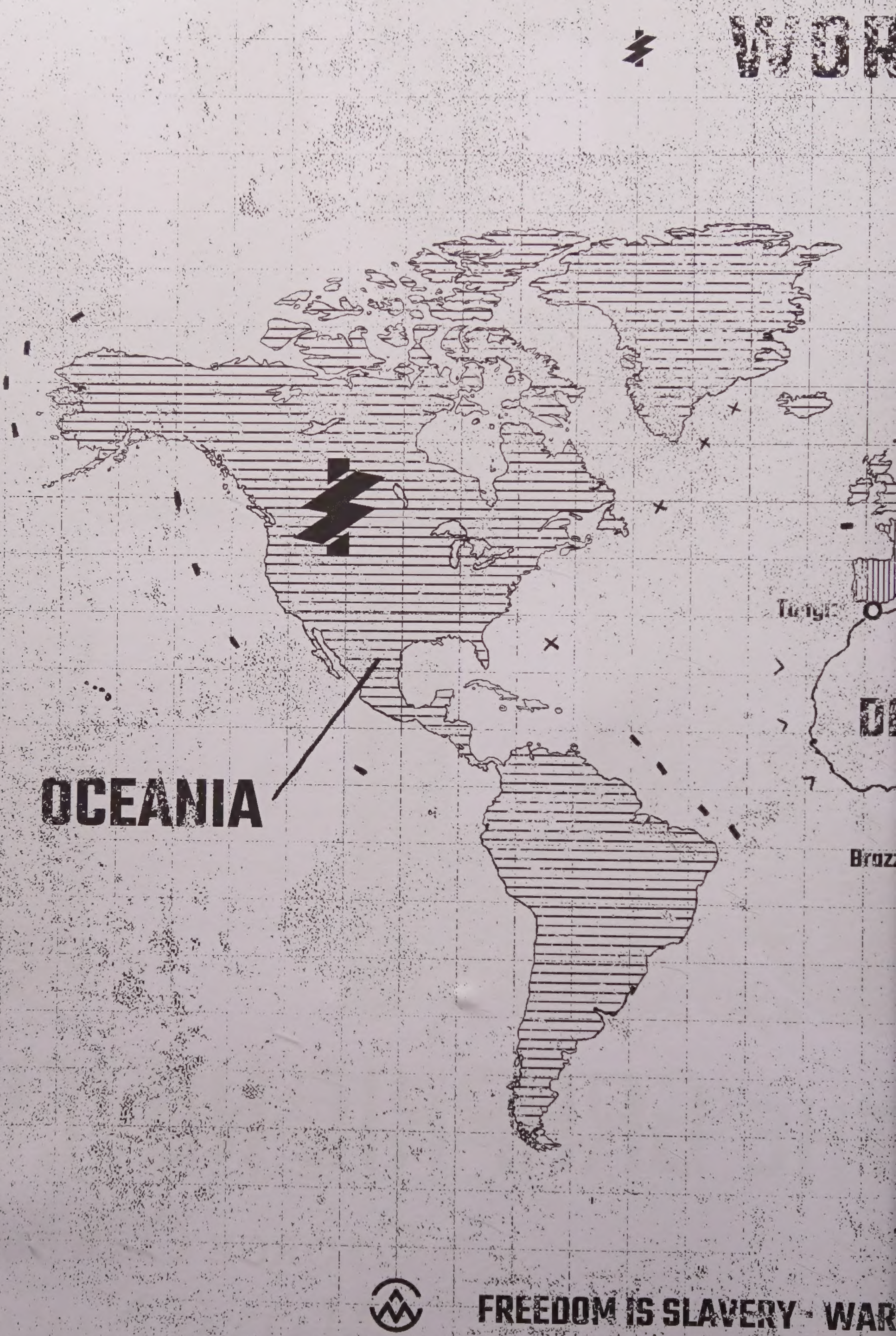
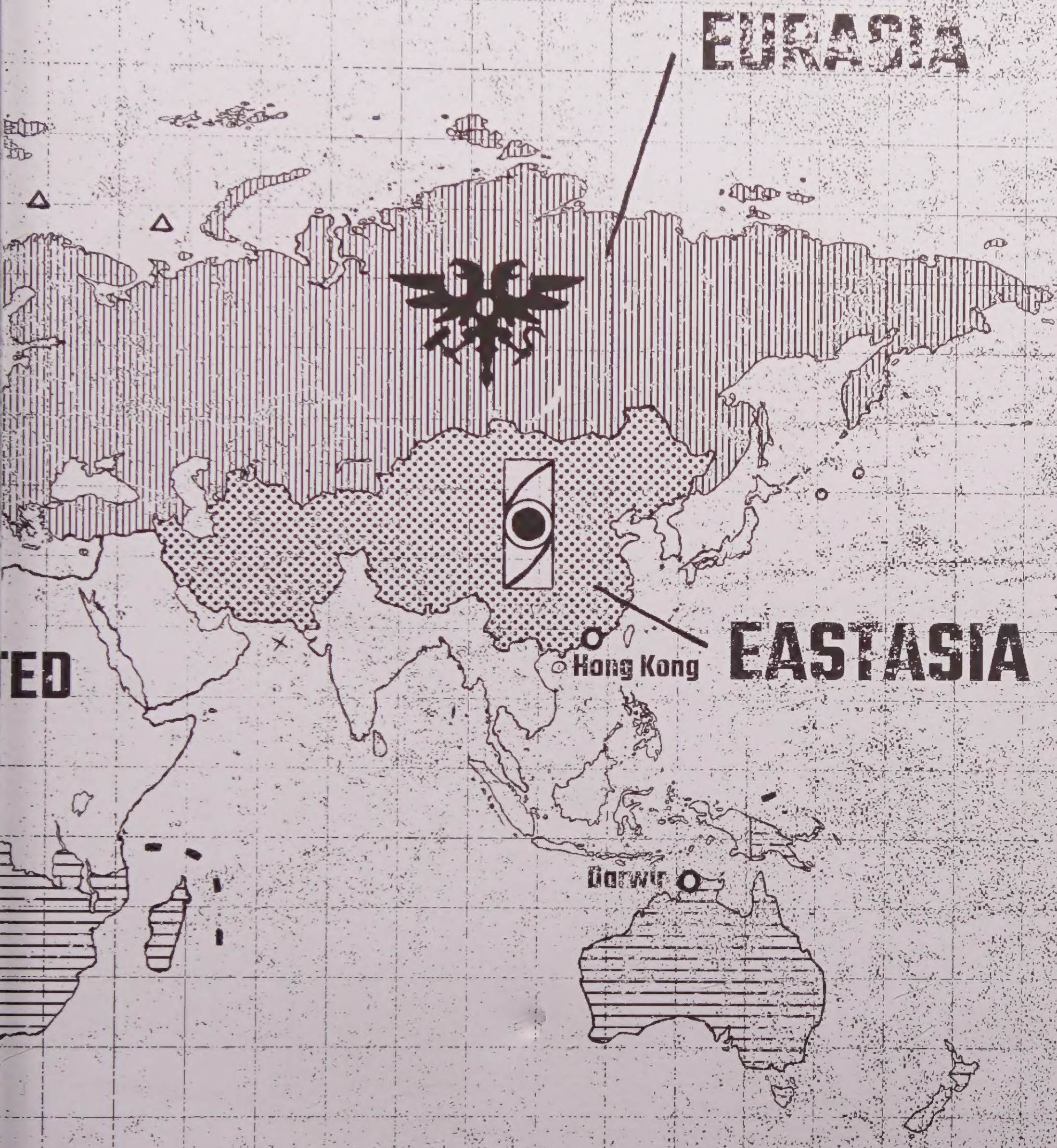
PALAZZO

THE GRAPHIC NOVEL

George Orwell
Matyáš Namai


WOR
OCEANIA
Tangi
D
Brazz
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY · WAR

MAP

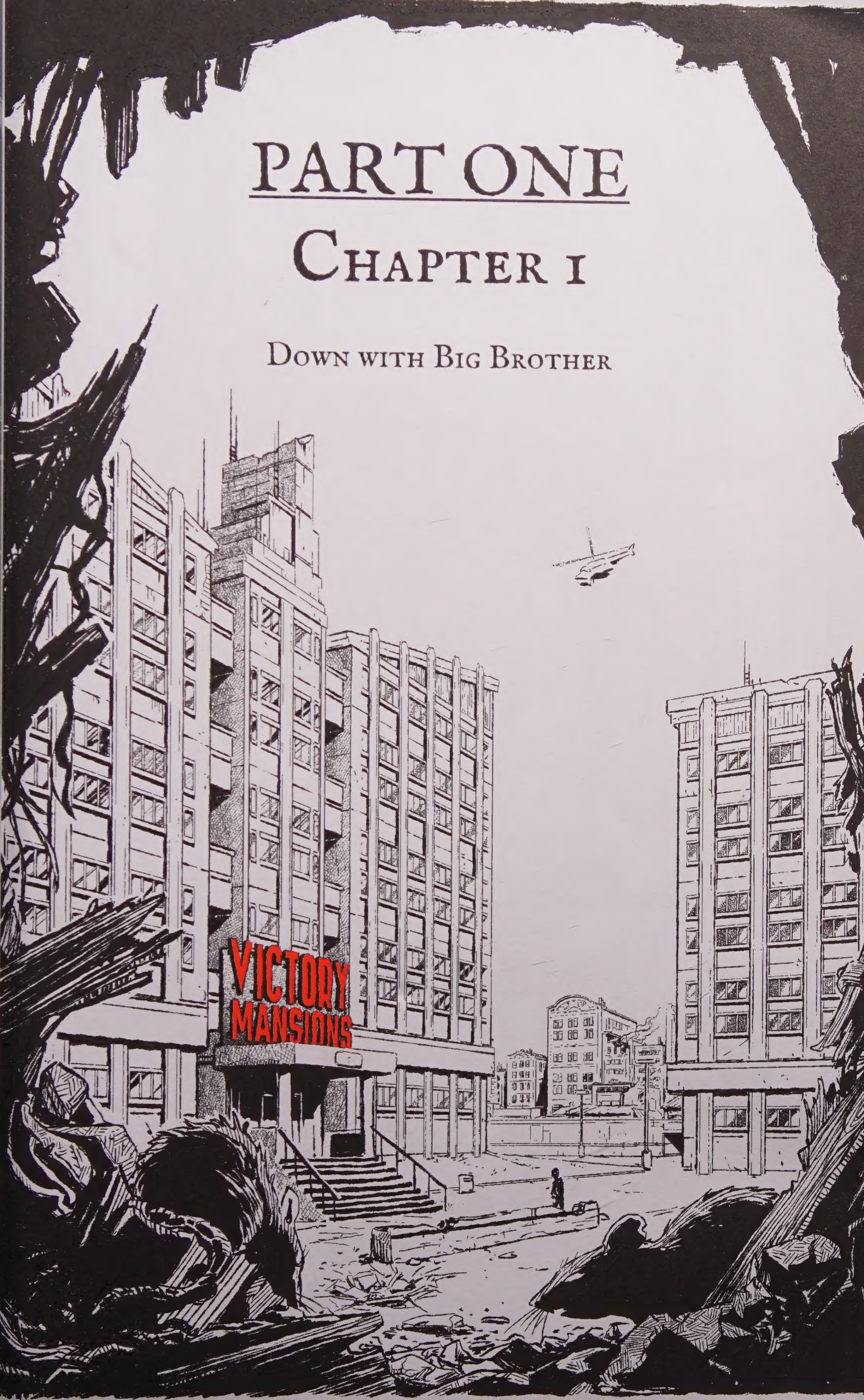

EURASIA
TED
EASTASIA
Hong Kong
Darwin

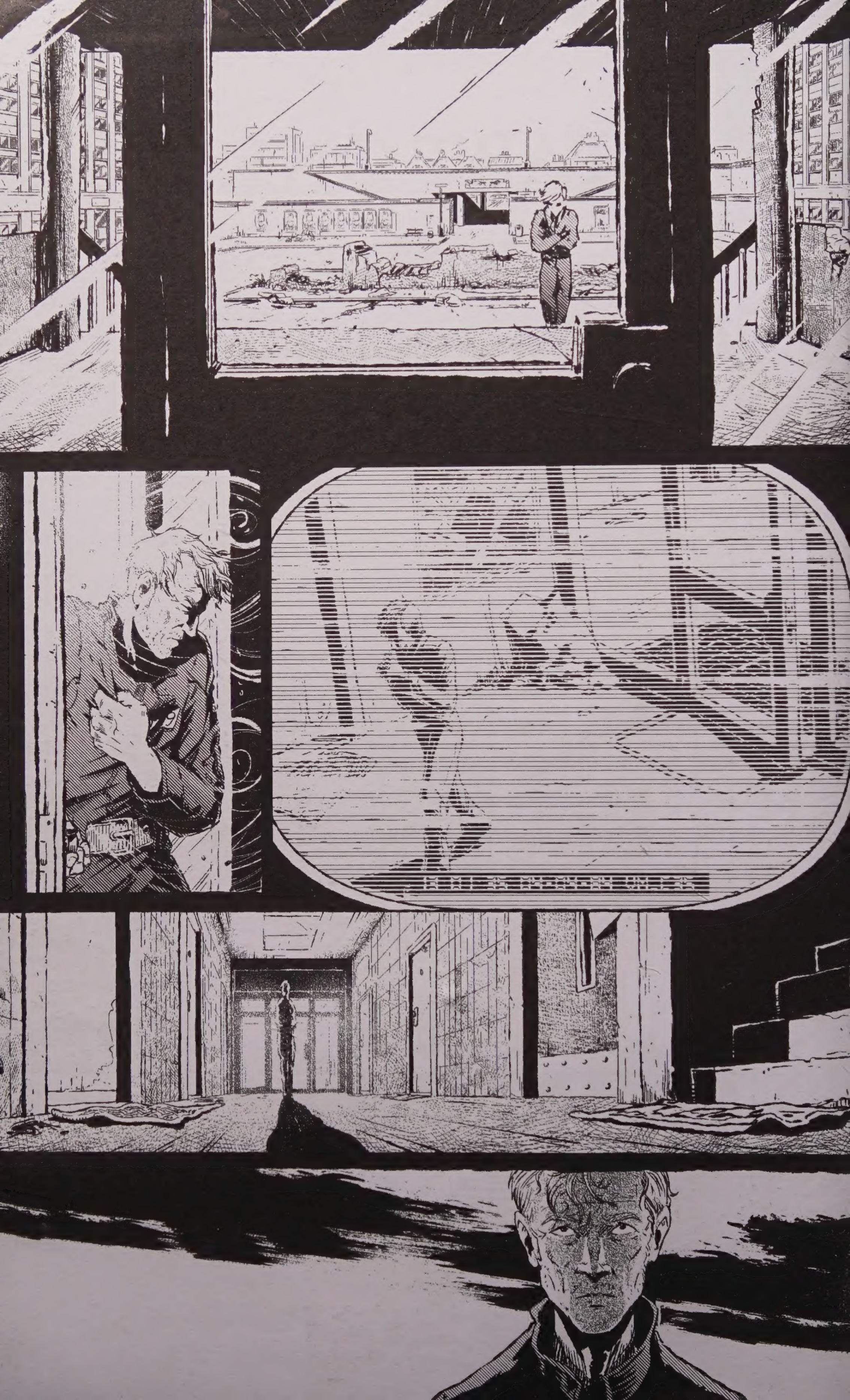
CE - IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

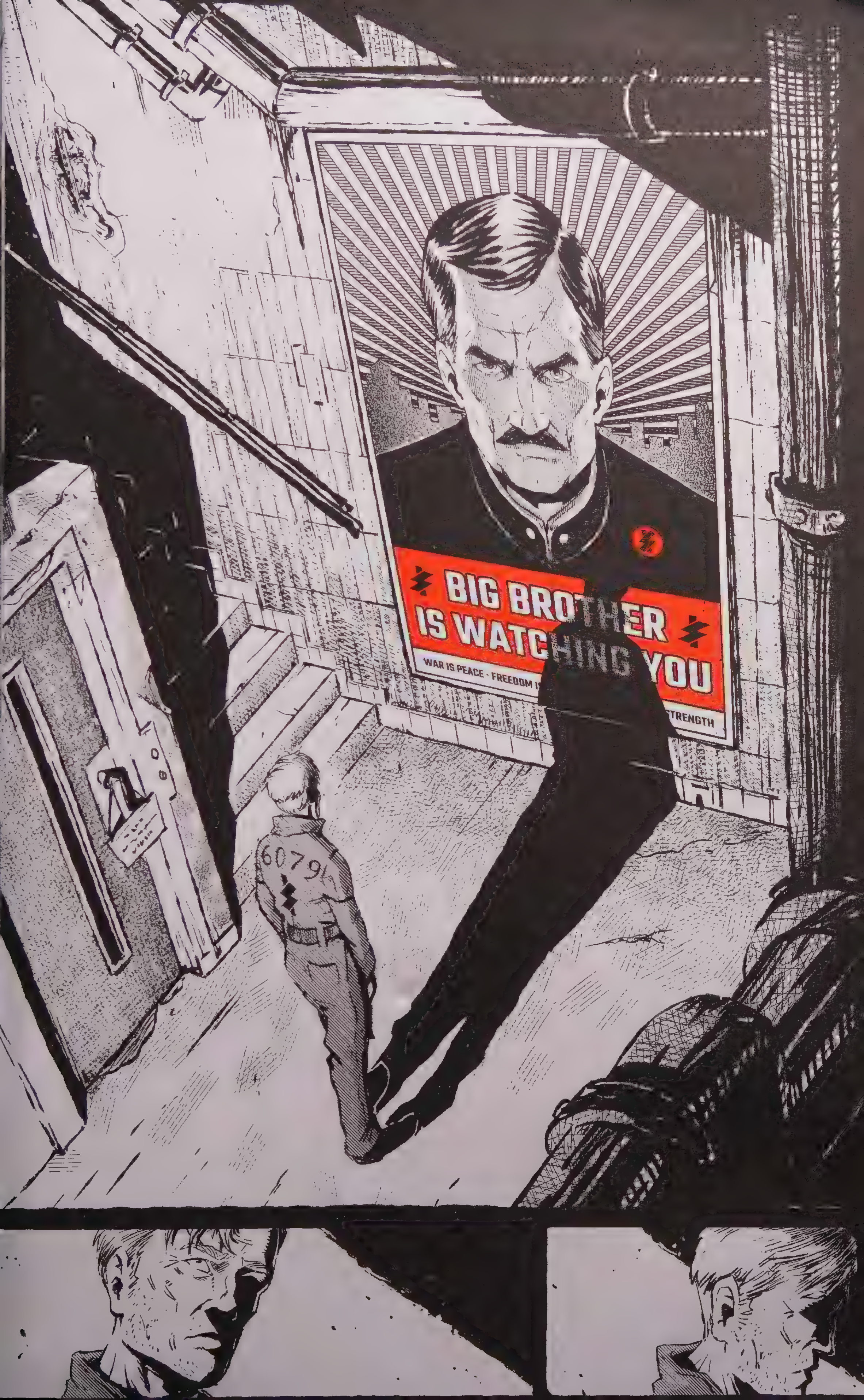
PART ONE

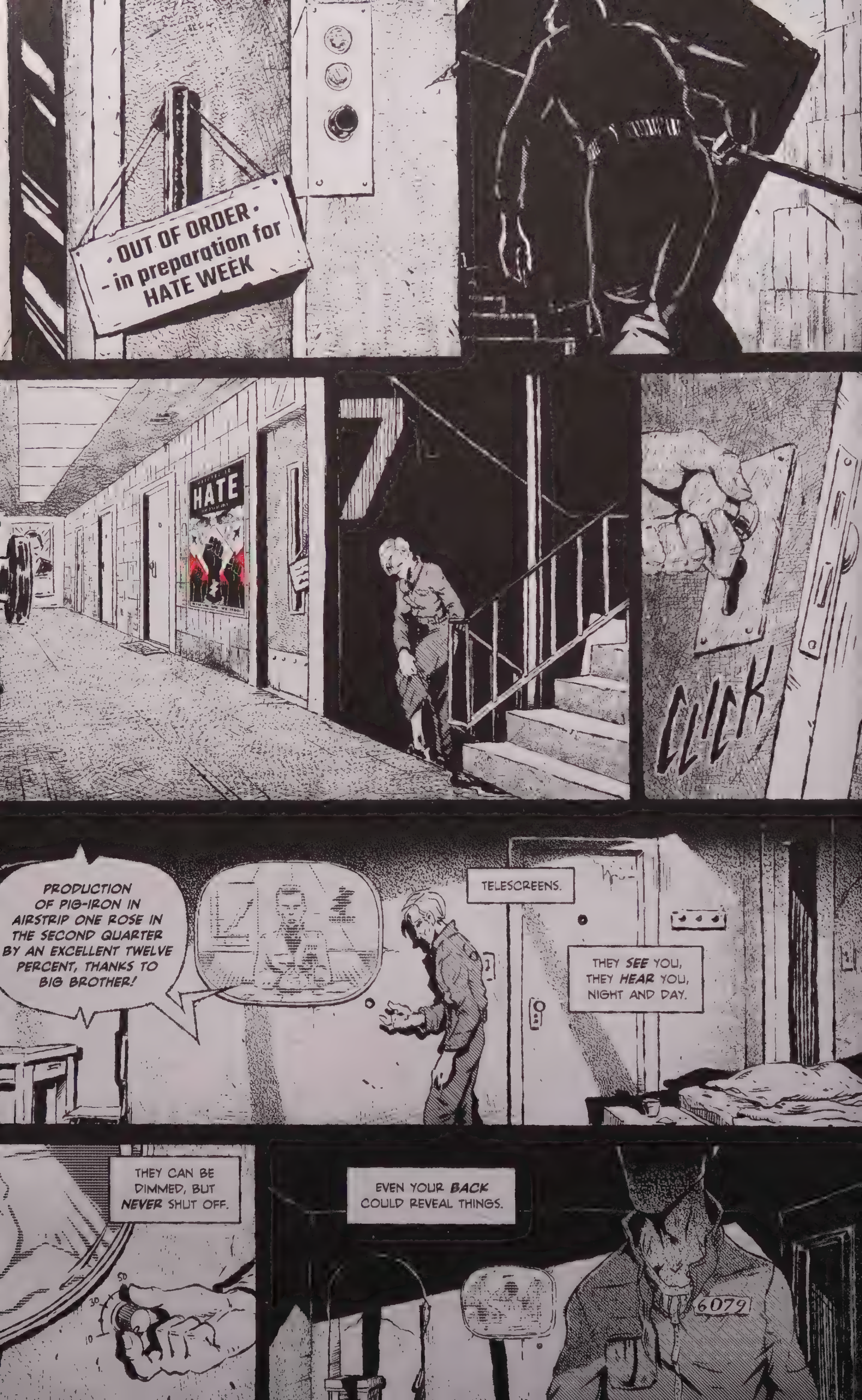
CHAPTER 1

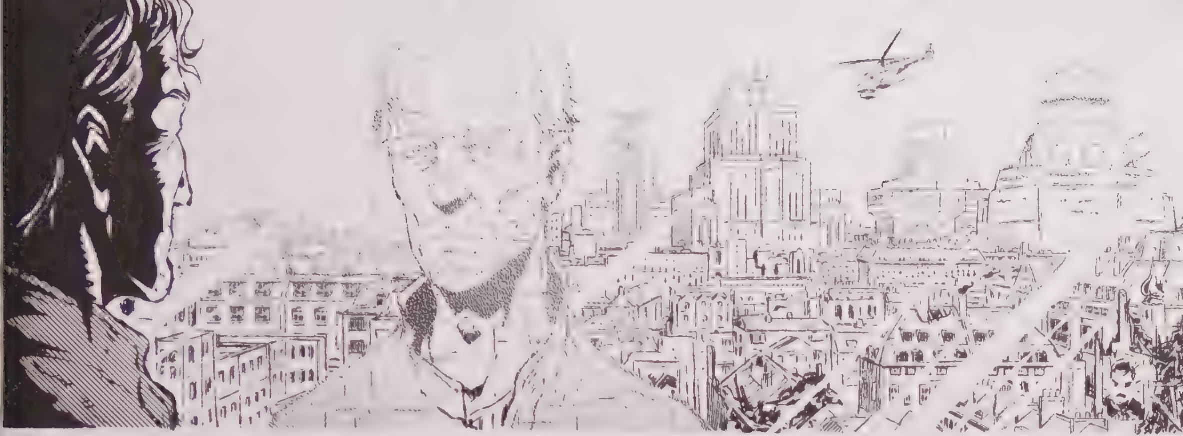
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER

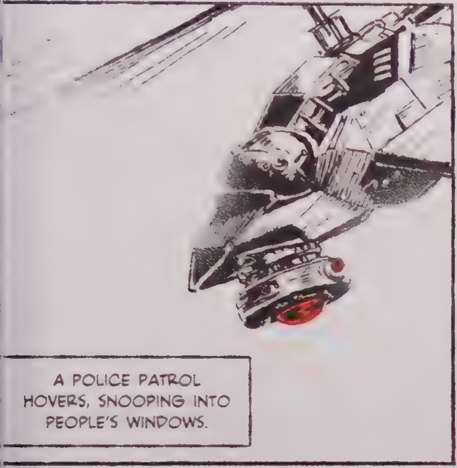

VICTORY
MANSIONS

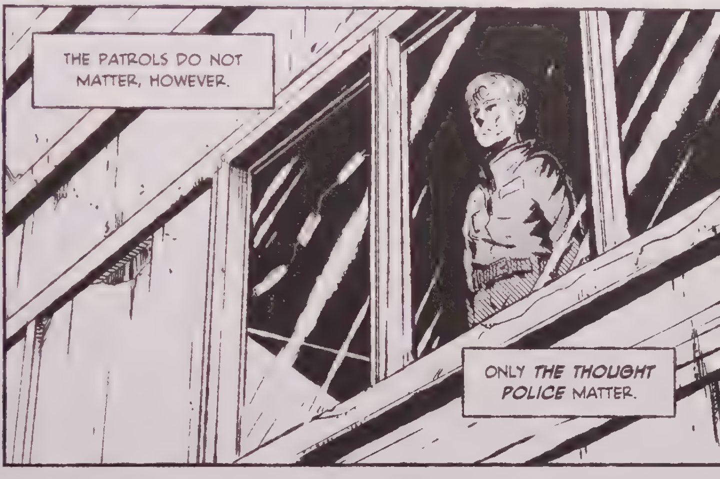


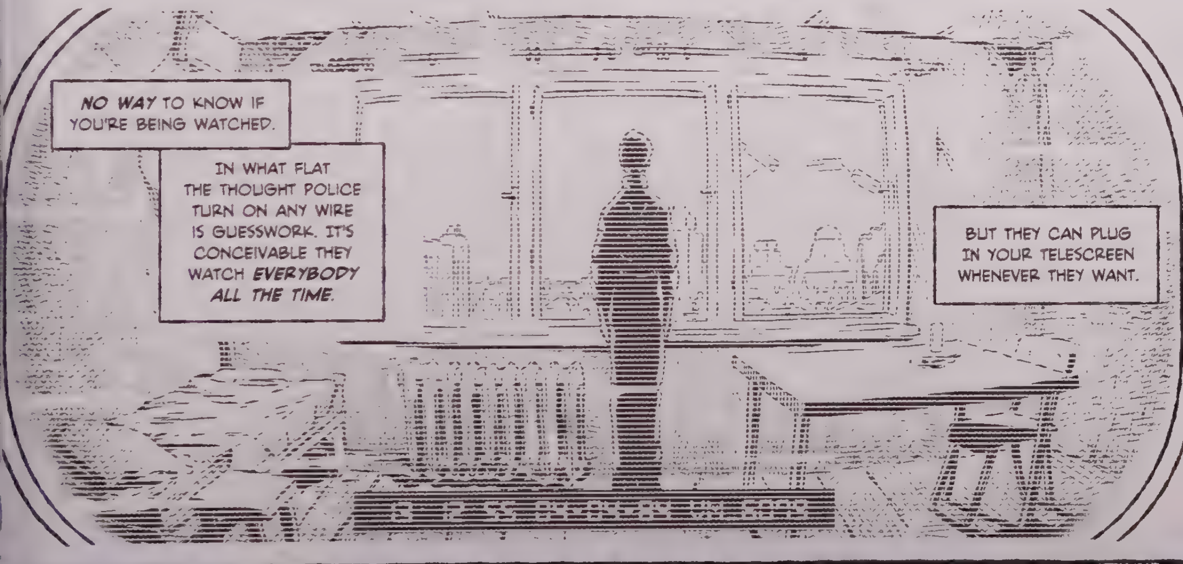

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU
WAR IS PEACE · FREEDOM I
TRENGTH
60796

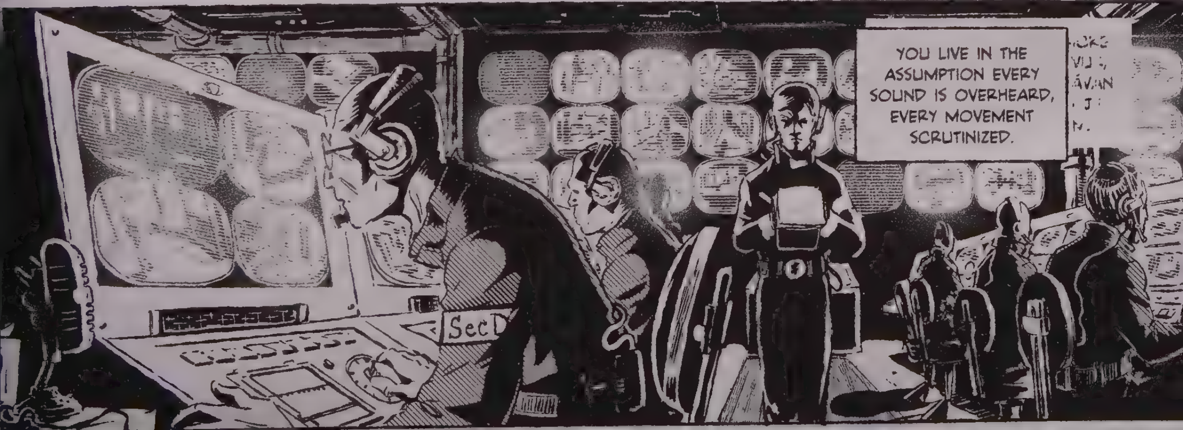

• OUT OF ORDER •
- in preparation for
HATE WEEK
HATE
7
CLICK
PRODUCTION OF PIG-IRON IN AIRSTRIP ONE ROSE IN THE SECOND QUARTER BY AN EXCELLENT TWELVE PERCENT, THANKS TO BIG BROTHER!
TELESCREENS.
THEY SEE YOU, THEY HEAR YOU, NIGHT AND DAY.
THEY CAN BE DIMMED, BUT NEVER SHUT OFF.
50
30
10
EVEN YOUR BACK COULD REVEAL THINGS.
6079

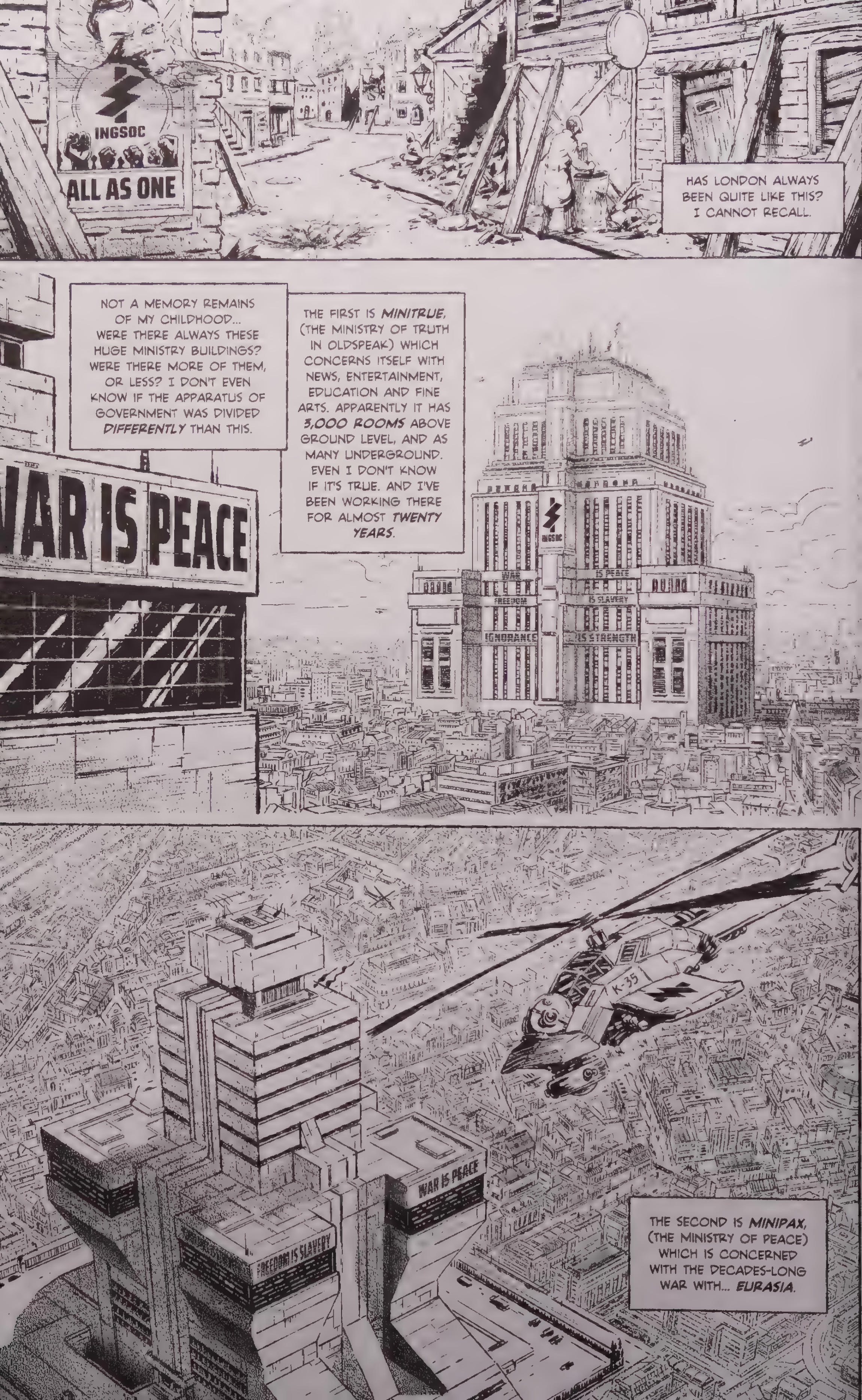


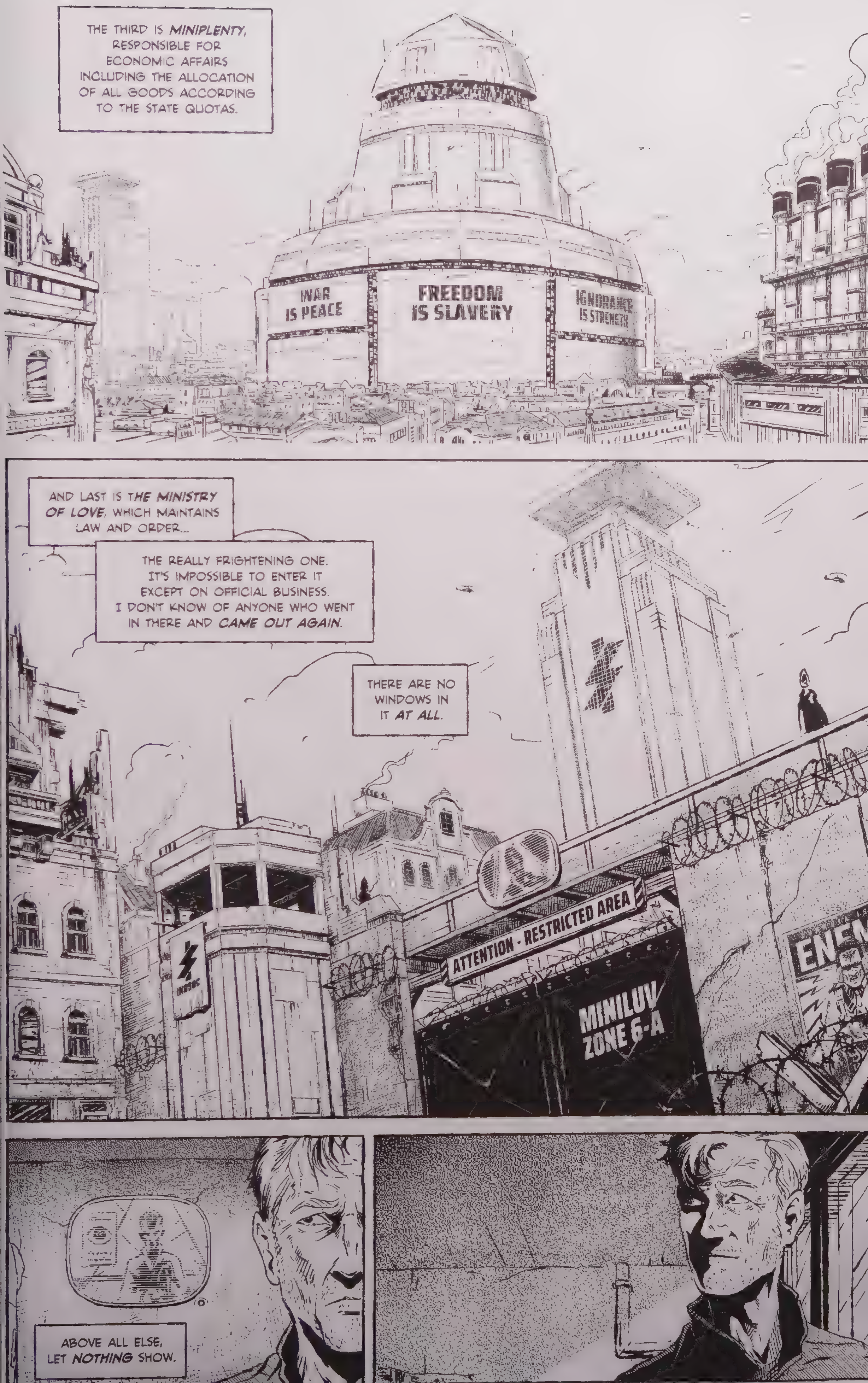

A POLICE PATROL HOVERS, SNOOPING INTO PEOPLE'S WINDOWS.

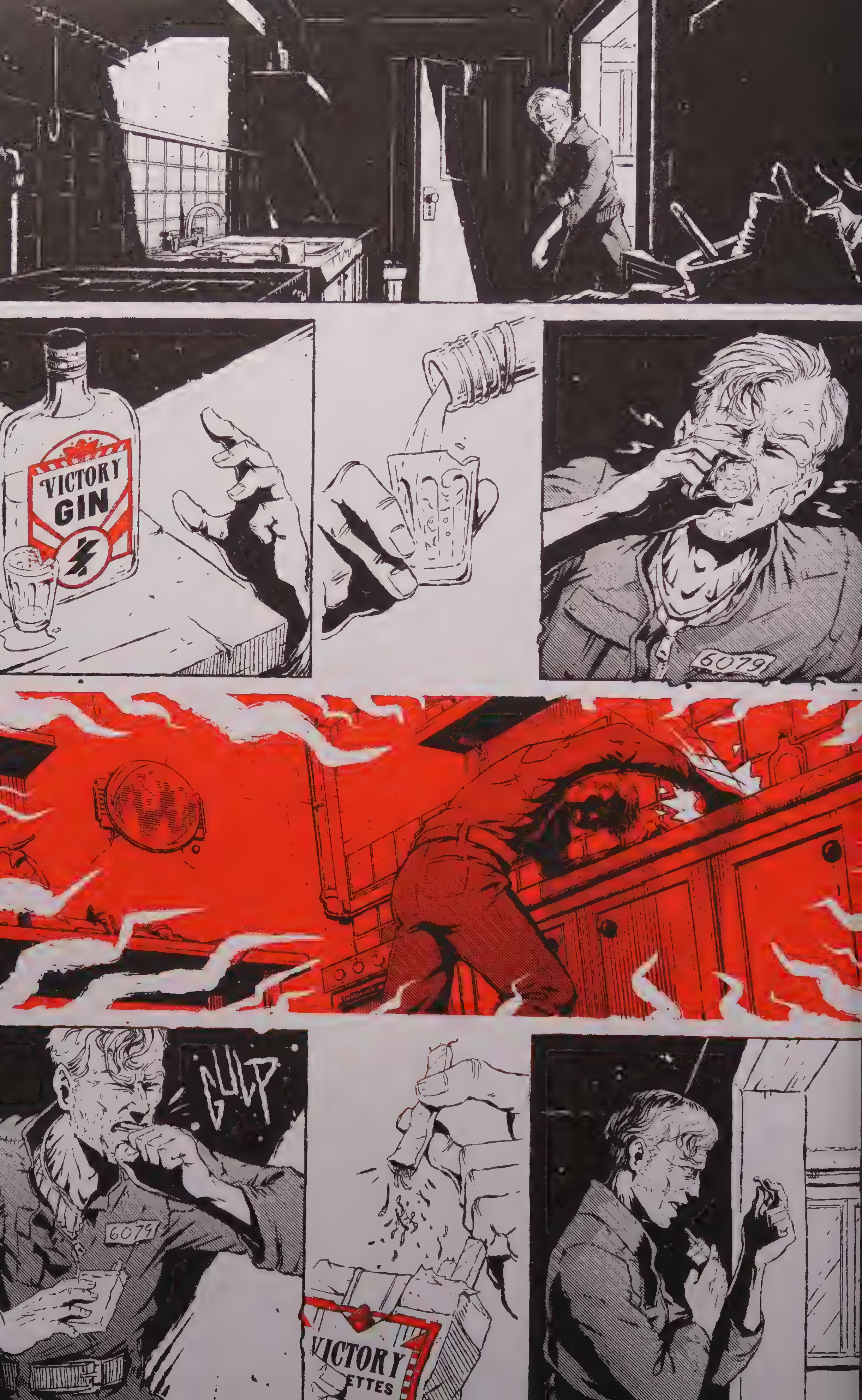

THE PATROLS DO NOT MATTER, HOWEVER.
ONLY *THE THOUGHT POLICE* MATTER.

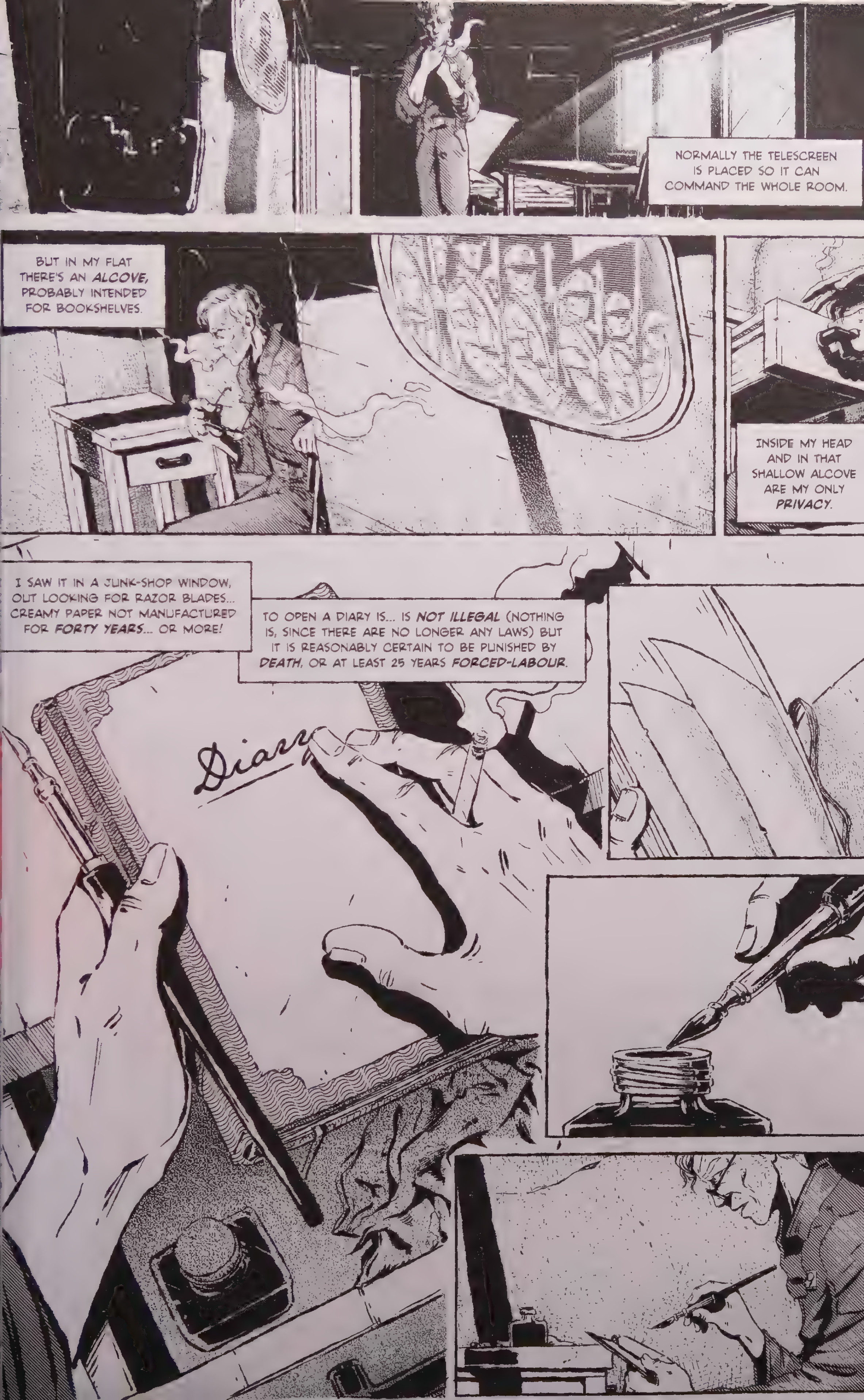

NO WAY TO KNOW IF YOU'RE BEING WATCHED.
IN WHAT FLAT THE THOUGHT POLICE TURN ON ANY WIRE IS GUESSWORK. IT'S CONCEIVABLE THEY WATCH *EVERYBODY ALL THE TIME.*
BUT THEY CAN PLUG IN YOUR TELESCREEN WHENEVER THEY WANT.

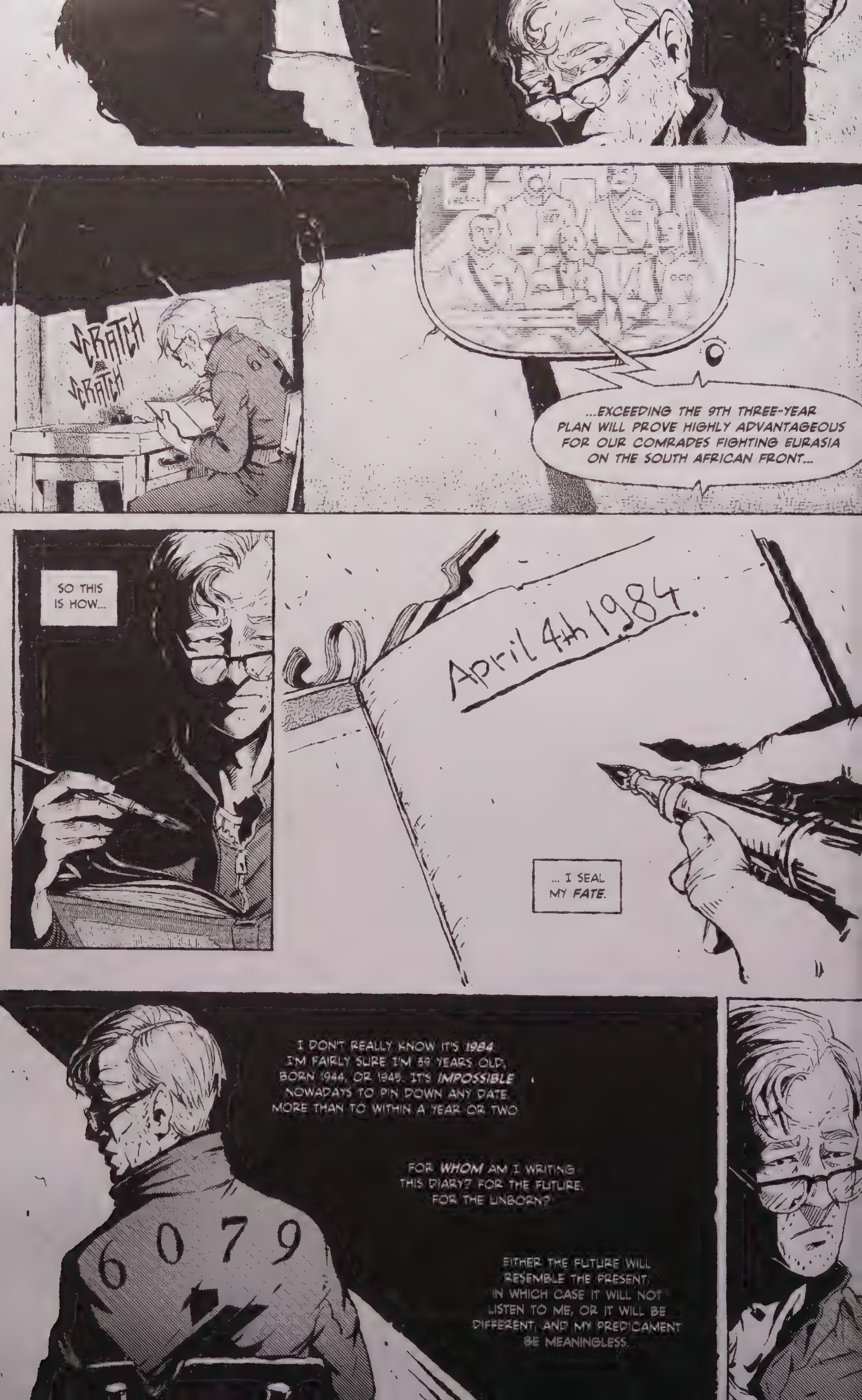

YOU LIVE IN THE ASSUMPTION EVERY SOUND IS OVERHEARD, EVERY MOVEMENT SCRUTINIZED.

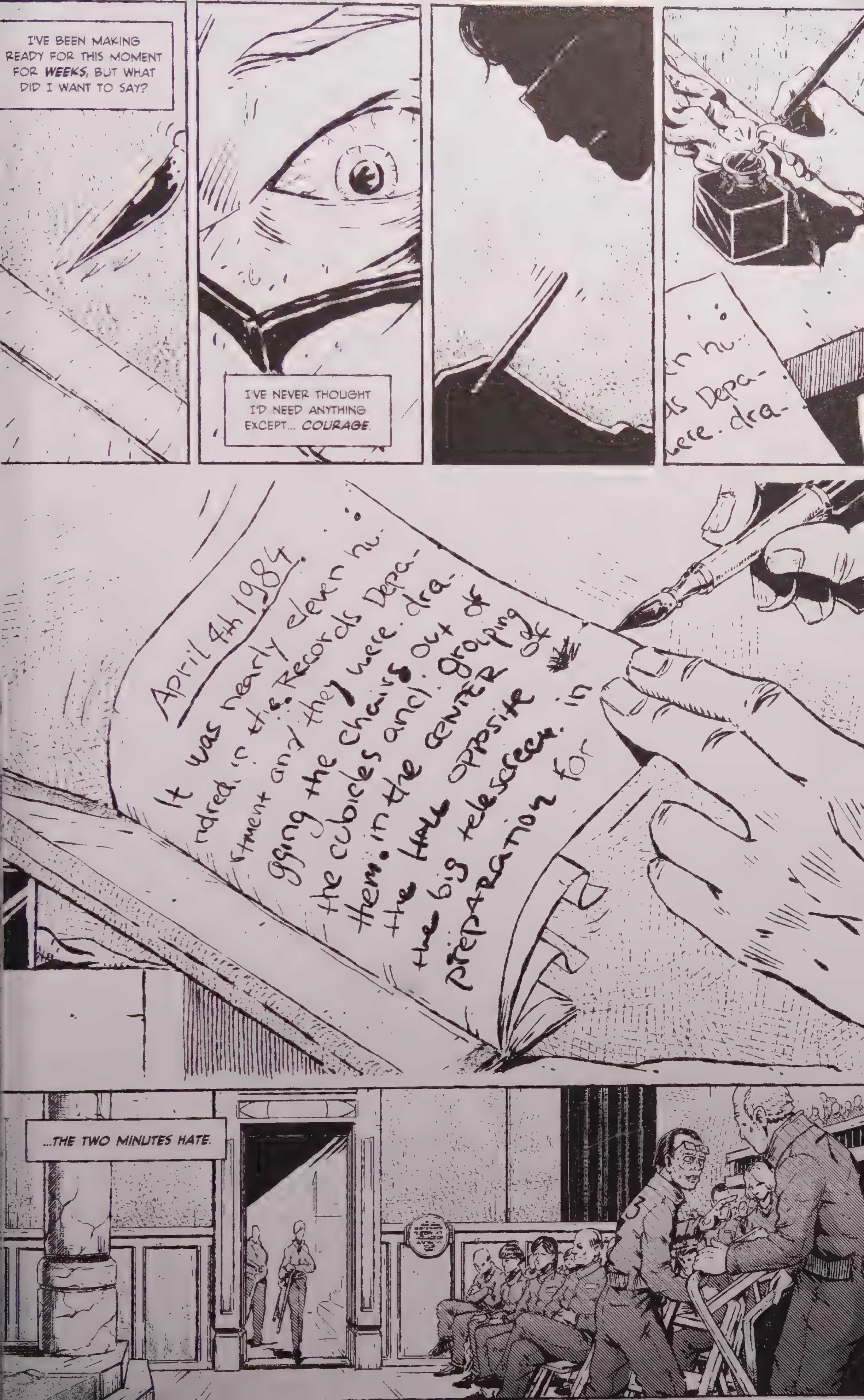

INGSOC
ALL AS ONE
HAS LONDON ALWAYS BEEN QUITE LIKE THIS? I CANNOT RECALL.
NOT A MEMORY REMAINS OF MY CHILDHOOD... WERE THERE ALWAYS THESE HUGE MINISTRY BUILDINGS? WERE THERE MORE OF THEM, OR LESS? I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF THE APPARATUS OF GOVERNMENT WAS DIVIDED *DIFFERENTLY* THAN THIS.
THE FIRST IS *MINITRUE*, (THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH IN OLDSPEAK) WHICH CONCERNS ITSELF WITH NEWS, ENTERTAINMENT, EDUCATION AND FINE ARTS. APPARENTLY IT HAS *3,000 ROOMS* ABOVE GROUND LEVEL, AND AS MANY UNDERGROUND. EVEN I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S TRUE. AND I'VE BEEN WORKING THERE FOR ALMOST *TWENTY YEARS*.
WAR IS PEACE
INGSOC
WAR
IS PEACE
FREEDOM
IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE
IS STRENGTH
K-35
WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
THE SECOND IS *MINIPAX*, (THE MINISTRY OF PEACE) WHICH IS CONCERNED WITH THE DECADES-LONG WAR WITH... *EURASIA*.

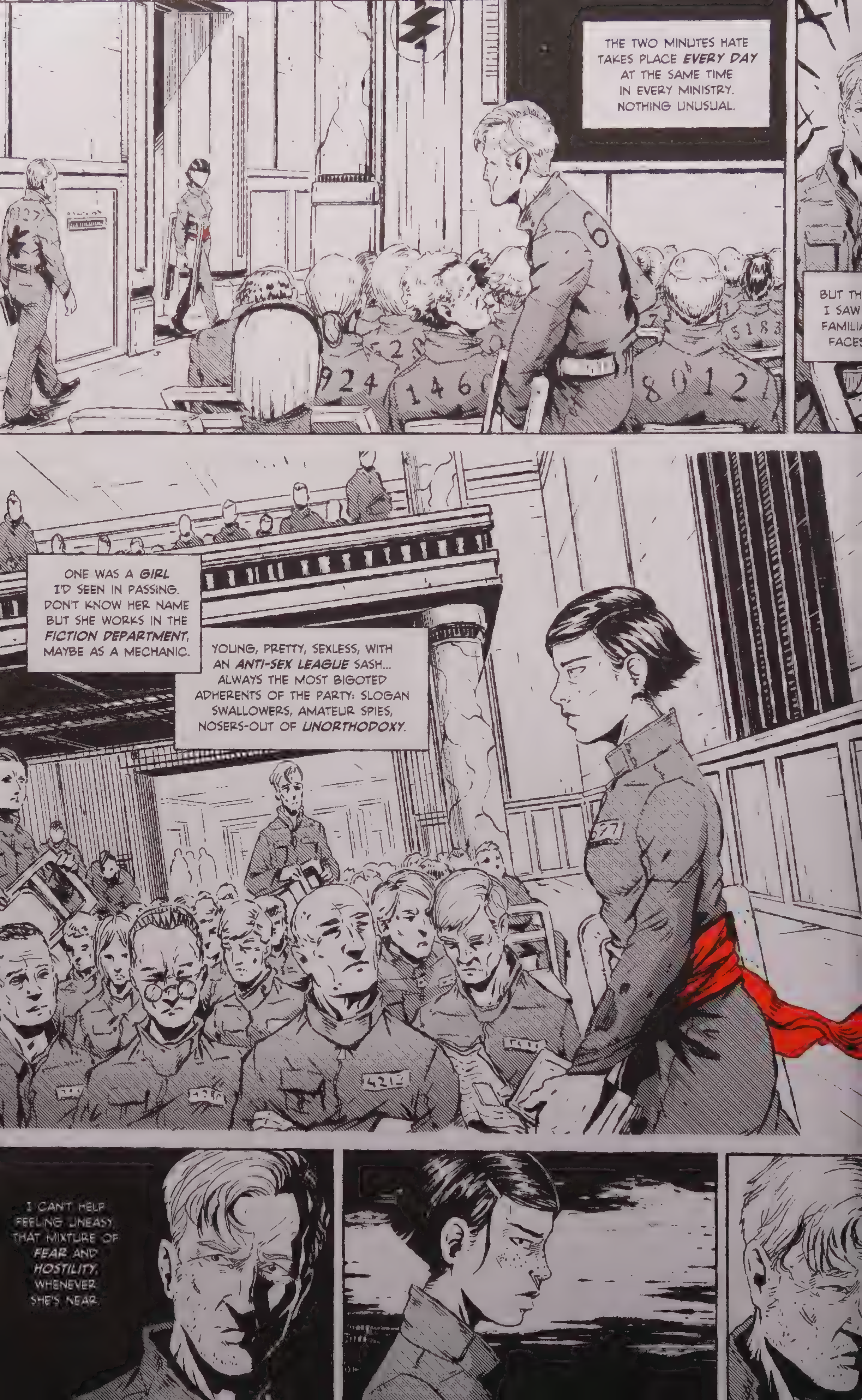

THE THIRD IS *MINIPLENTY*, RESPONSIBLE FOR ECONOMIC AFFAIRS INCLUDING THE ALLOCATION OF ALL GOODS ACCORDING TO THE STATE QUOTAS.
WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH
AND LAST IS *THE MINISTRY OF LOVE*, WHICH MAINTAINS LAW AND ORDER...
THE REALLY FRIGHTENING ONE. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO ENTER IT EXCEPT ON OFFICIAL BUSINESS. I DON'T KNOW OF ANYONE WHO WENT IN THERE AND *CAME OUT AGAIN*.
THERE ARE NO WINDOWS IN IT *AT ALL*.
INGSOC
ATTENTION - RESTRICTED AREA
MINILUV ZONE 6-A
ABOVE ALL ELSE, LET *NOTHING* SHOW.

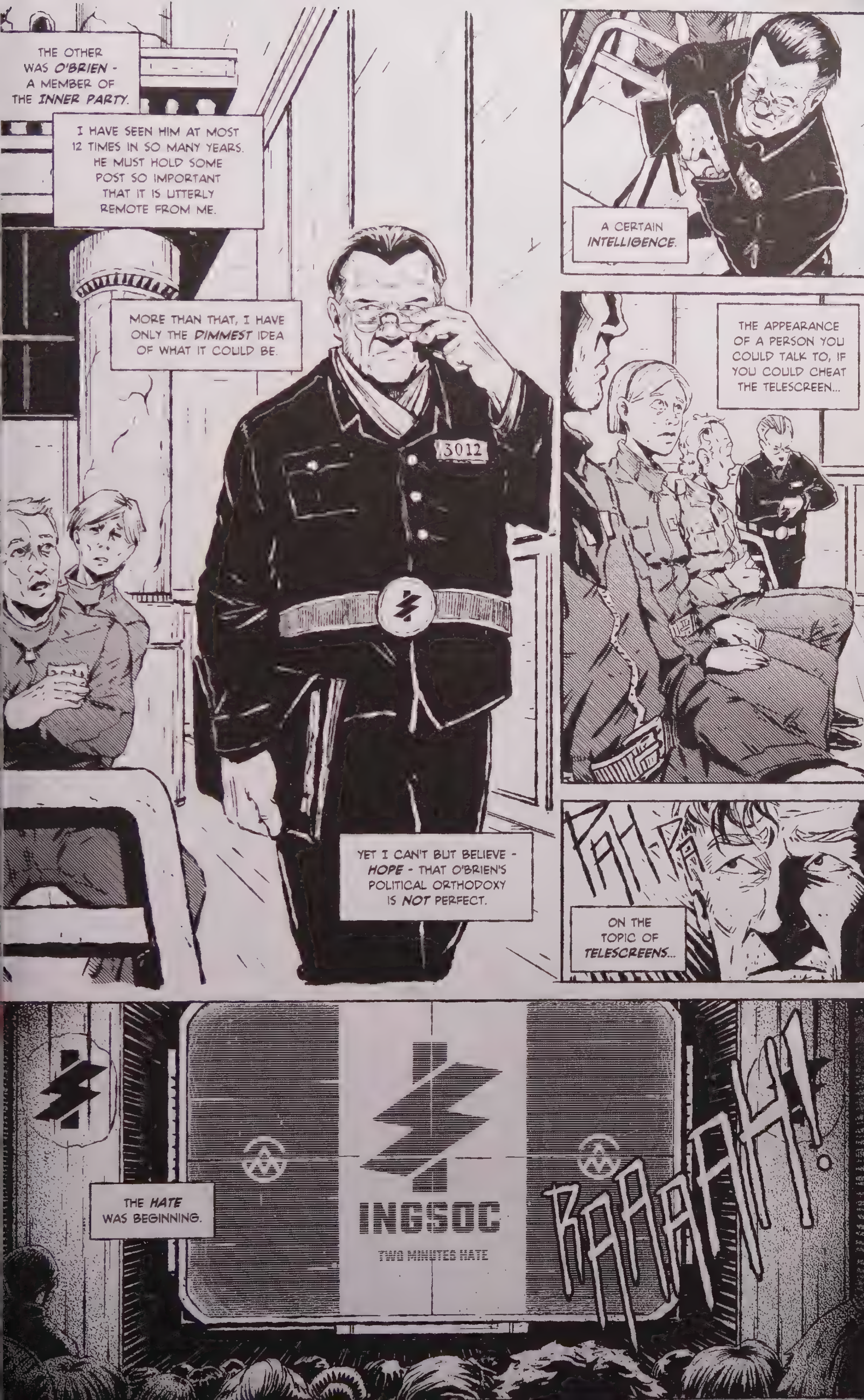

VICTORY GIN
6079
GULP
6079
VICTORY
ETTES

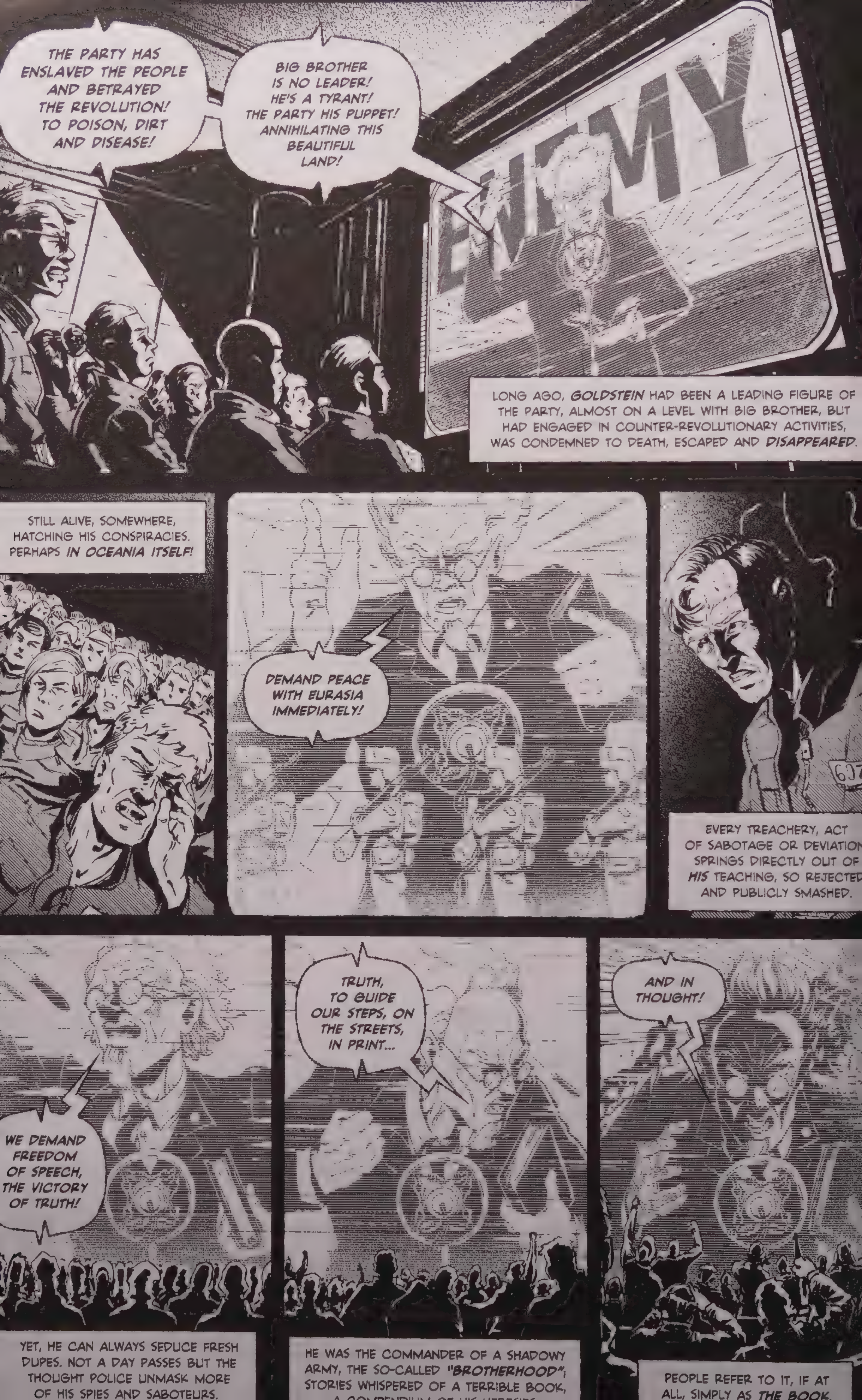

NORMALLY THE TELESCREEN IS PLACED SO IT CAN COMMAND THE WHOLE ROOM.
BUT IN MY FLAT THERE'S AN *ALCOVE,* PROBABLY INTENDED FOR BOOKSHELVES.
INSIDE MY HEAD AND IN THAT SHALLOW ALCOVE ARE MY ONLY *PRIVACY.*
I SAW IT IN A JUNK-SHOP WINDOW, OUT LOOKING FOR RAZOR BLADES... CREAMY PAPER NOT MANUFACTURED FOR *FORTY YEARS*... OR MORE!
TO OPEN A DIARY IS... IS *NOT ILLEGAL* (NOTHING IS, SINCE THERE ARE NO LONGER ANY LAWS) BUT IT IS REASONABLY CERTAIN TO BE PUNISHED BY *DEATH*, OR AT LEAST 25 YEARS *FORCED-LABOUR.*
Diary

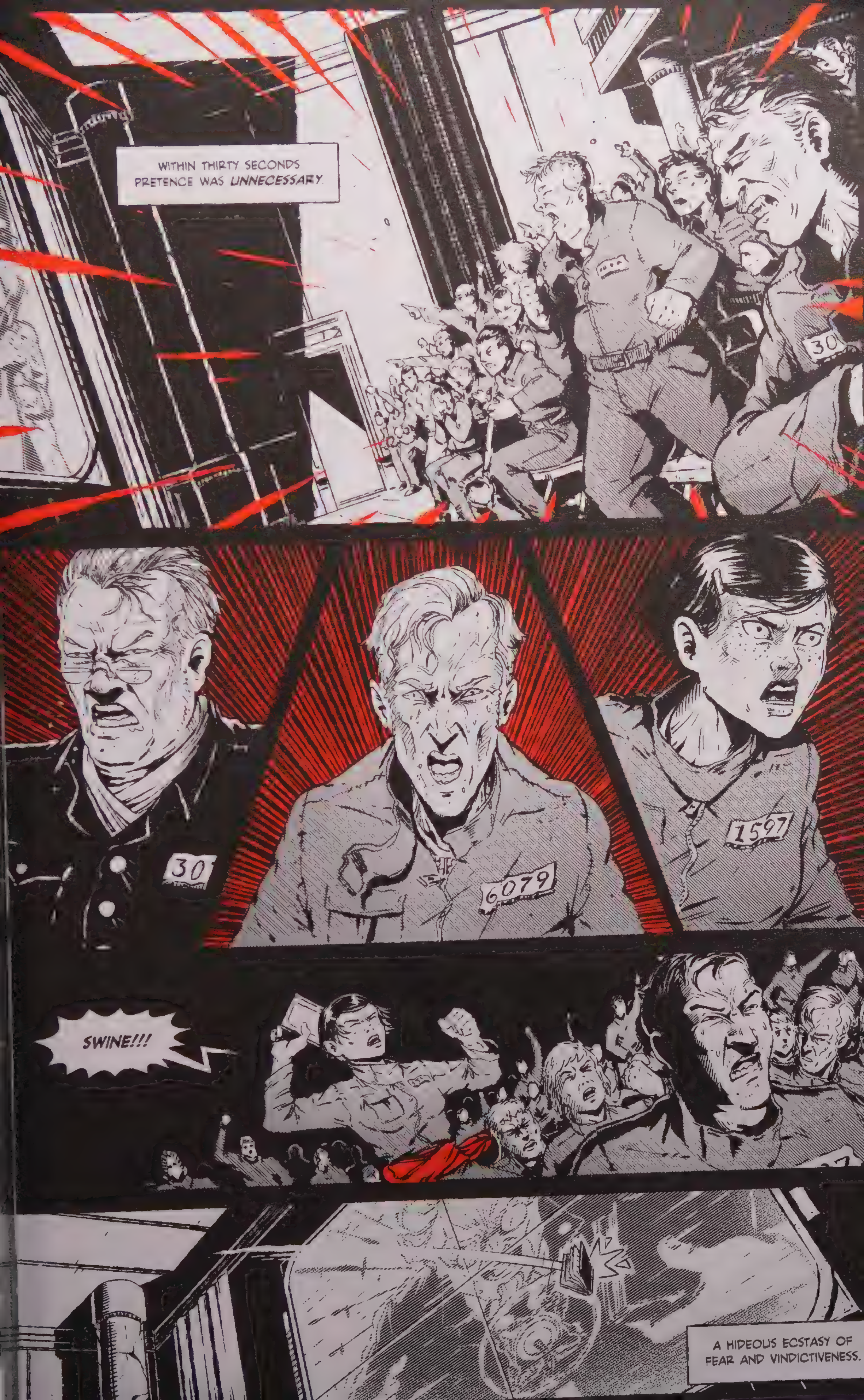

SCRATCH SCRATCH
...EXCEEDING THE 9TH THREE-YEAR PLAN WILL PROVE HIGHLY ADVANTAGEOUS FOR OUR COMRADES FIGHTING EURASIA ON THE SOUTH AFRICAN FRONT...
SO THIS IS HOW...
April 4th 1984.
... I SEAL MY FATE.
I DON'T REALLY KNOW IT'S 1984. I'M FAIRLY SURE I'M 39 YEARS OLD, BORN 1944, OR 1945. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE NOWADAYS TO PIN DOWN ANY DATE MORE THAN TO WITHIN A YEAR OR TWO.
FOR WHOM AM I WRITING THIS DIARY? FOR THE FUTURE, FOR THE UNBORN?
EITHER THE FUTURE WILL RESEMBLE THE PRESENT, IN WHICH CASE IT WILL NOT LISTEN TO ME, OR IT WILL BE DIFFERENT, AND MY PREDICAMENT BE MEANINGLESS.
6079

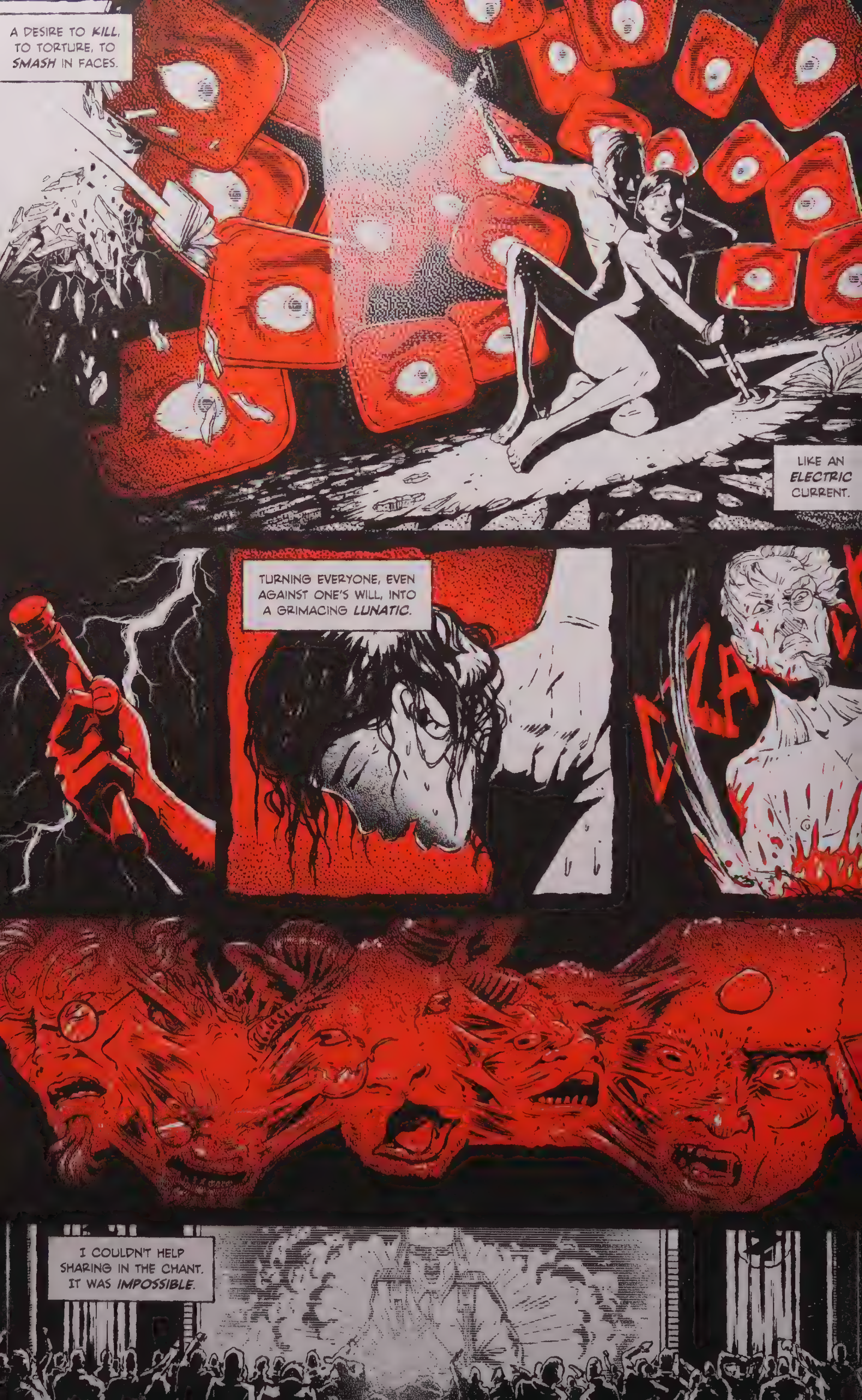

I'VE BEEN MAKING READY FOR THIS MOMENT FOR **WEEKS**, BUT WHAT DID I WANT TO SAY?
I'VE NEVER THOUGHT I'D NEED ANYTHING EXCEPT... *COURAGE*.
n hu.
s Depa-
ere. dra-
April 4th 1984.
It was nearly eleven hu-
ndred. in the Records Depa-
rtment and they were. dra-
gging the chairs out of
the cubicles and. grouping
them. in the CENTER of
the HALL opposite
the big telescreen. in
preparation for
...THE TWO MINUTES HATE.

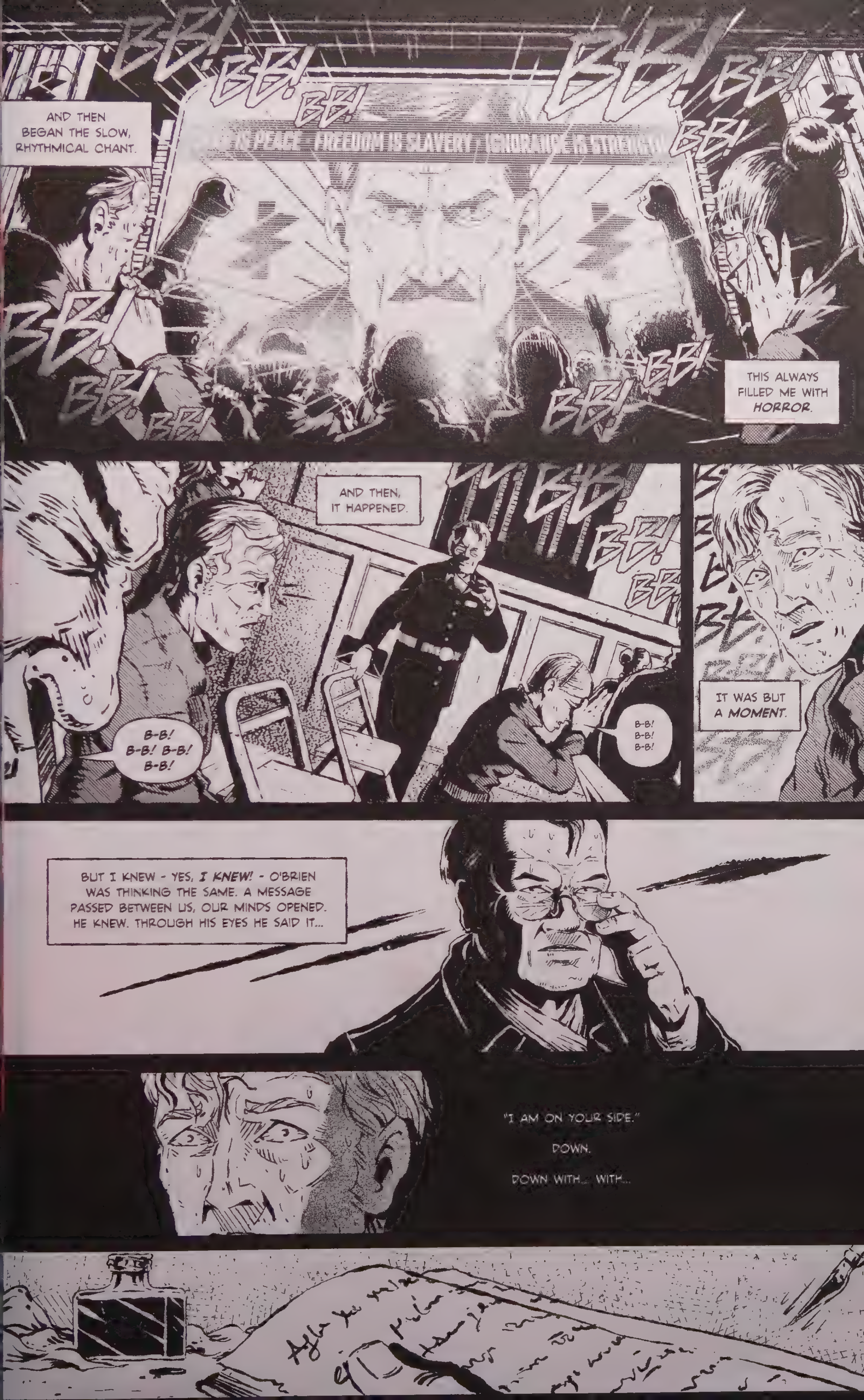

THE TWO MINUTES HATE TAKES PLACE *EVERY DAY* AT THE SAME TIME IN EVERY MINISTRY. NOTHING UNUSUAL.
BUT TH
I SAW
FAMILIA
FACES
ONE WAS A *GIRL* I'D SEEN IN PASSING. DON'T KNOW HER NAME BUT SHE WORKS IN THE *FICTION DEPARTMENT,* MAYBE AS A MECHANIC.
YOUNG, PRETTY, SEXLESS, WITH AN *ANTI-SEX LEAGUE* SASH... ALWAYS THE MOST BIGOTED ADHERENTS OF THE PARTY: SLOGAN SWALLOWERS, AMATEUR SPIES, NOSERS-OUT OF *UNORTHODOXY.*
I CAN'T HELP FEELING UNEASY, THAT MIXTURE OF *FEAR* AND *HOSTILITY,* WHENEVER SHE'S NEAR.

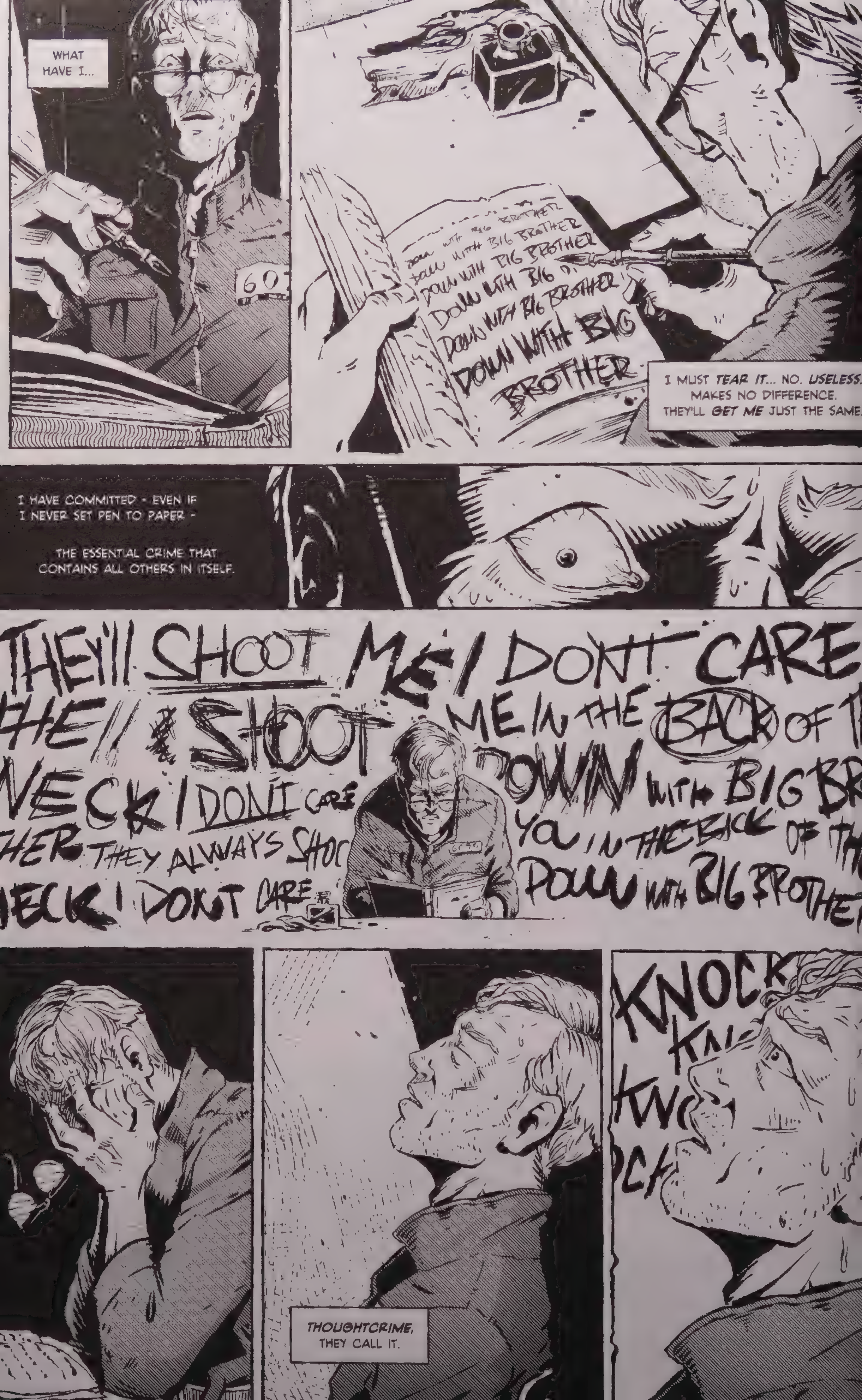

THE OTHER WAS O'BRIEN - A MEMBER OF THE INNER PARTY.
I HAVE SEEN HIM AT MOST 12 TIMES IN SO MANY YEARS. HE MUST HOLD SOME POST SO IMPORTANT THAT IT IS UTTERLY REMOTE FROM ME.
MORE THAN THAT, I HAVE ONLY THE DIMMEST IDEA OF WHAT IT COULD BE.
3012
YET I CAN'T BUT BELIEVE - HOPE - THAT O'BRIEN'S POLITICAL ORTHODOXY IS NOT PERFECT.
A CERTAIN INTELLIGENCE.
THE APPEARANCE OF A PERSON YOU COULD TALK TO, IF YOU COULD CHEAT THE TELESCREEN...
PAH-PA
ON THE TOPIC OF TELESCREENS...
THE HATE WAS BEGINNING.
INGSOC
TWO MINUTES HATE
RAAAAHH!


THE PARTY HAS ENSLAVED THE PEOPLE AND BETRAYED THE REVOLUTION! TO POISON, DIRT AND DISEASE!
BIG BROTHER IS NO LEADER! HE'S A TYRANT! THE PARTY HIS PUPPET! ANNIHILATING THIS BEAUTIFUL LAND!
ENEMY
LONG AGO, GOLDSTEIN HAD BEEN A LEADING FIGURE OF THE PARTY, ALMOST ON A LEVEL WITH BIG BROTHER, BUT HAD ENGAGED IN COUNTER-REVOLUTIONARY ACTIVITIES, WAS CONDEMNED TO DEATH, ESCAPED AND DISAPPEARED.
STILL ALIVE, SOMEWHERE, HATCHING HIS CONSPIRACIES. PERHAPS IN OCEANIA ITSELF!
DEMAND PEACE WITH EURASIA IMMEDIATELY!
EVERY TREACHERY, ACT OF SABOTAGE OR DEVIATION SPRINGS DIRECTLY OUT OF HIS TEACHING, SO REJECTED AND PUBLICLY SMASHED.
WE DEMAND FREEDOM OF SPEECH, THE VICTORY OF TRUTH!
TRUTH, TO GUIDE OUR STEPS, ON THE STREETS, IN PRINT...
AND IN THOUGHT!
YET, HE CAN ALWAYS SEDUCE FRESH DUPES. NOT A DAY PASSES BUT THE THOUGHT POLICE UNMASK MORE OF HIS SPIES AND SABOTEURS.
HE WAS THE COMMANDER OF A SHADOWY ARMY, THE SO-CALLED "BROTHERHOOD"; STORIES WHISPERED OF A TERRIBLE BOOK, A COMPENDIUM OF HIS HERESIES
PEOPLE REFER TO IT, IF AT ALL, SIMPLY AS THE BOOK.


WITHIN THIRTY SECONDS PRETENCE WAS *UNNECESSARY*.
30
30
6079
1597
SWINE!!!
A HIDEOUS ECSTASY OF FEAR AND VINDICTIVENESS.

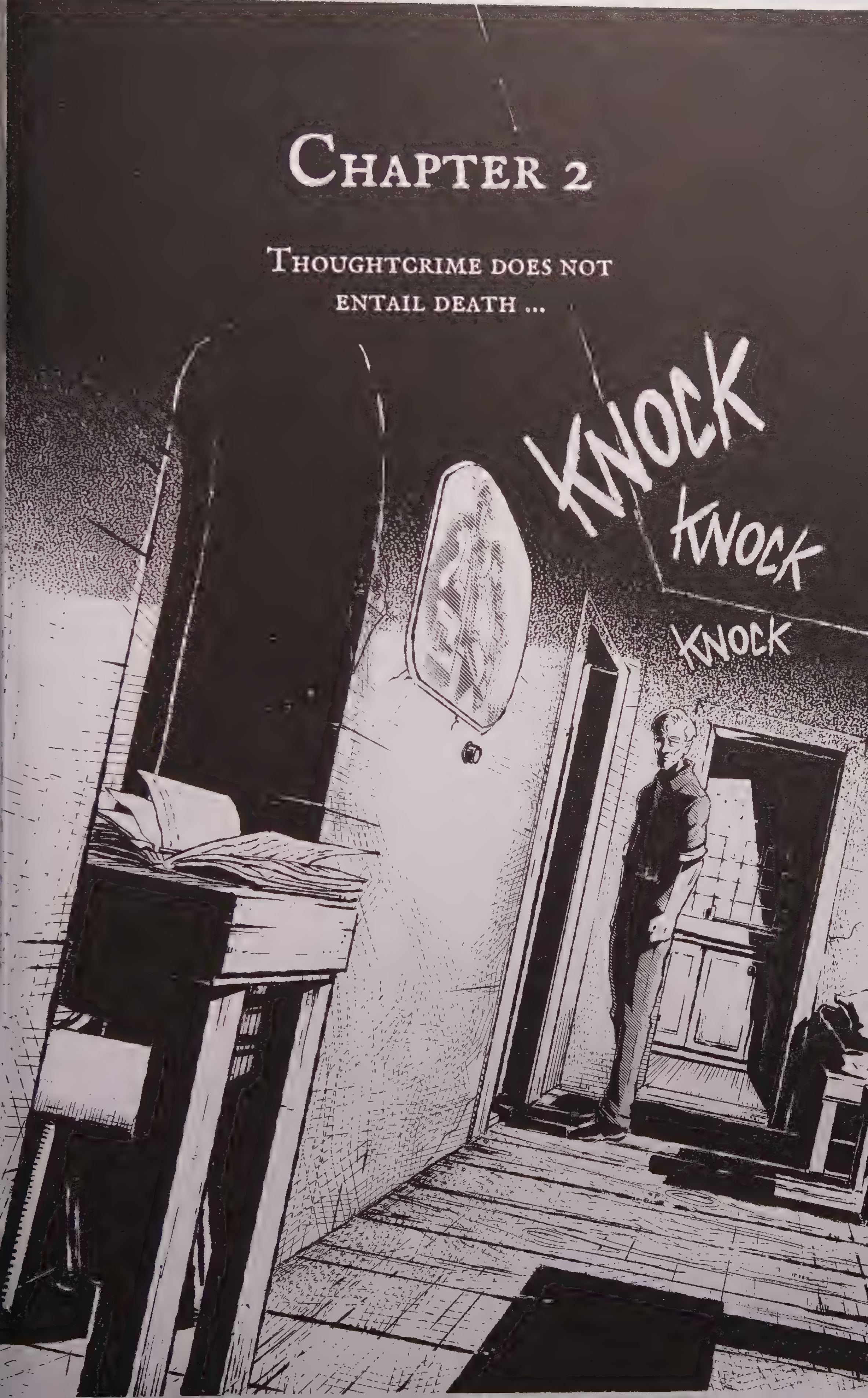

A DESIRE TO *KILL*, TO TORTURE, TO *SMASH* IN FACES.
LIKE AN *ELECTRIC* CURRENT.
TURNING EVERYONE, EVEN AGAINST ONE'S WILL, INTO A GRIMACING *LUNATIC*.
CZAC
I COULDN'T HELP SHARING IN THE CHANT. IT WAS *IMPOSSIBLE*.

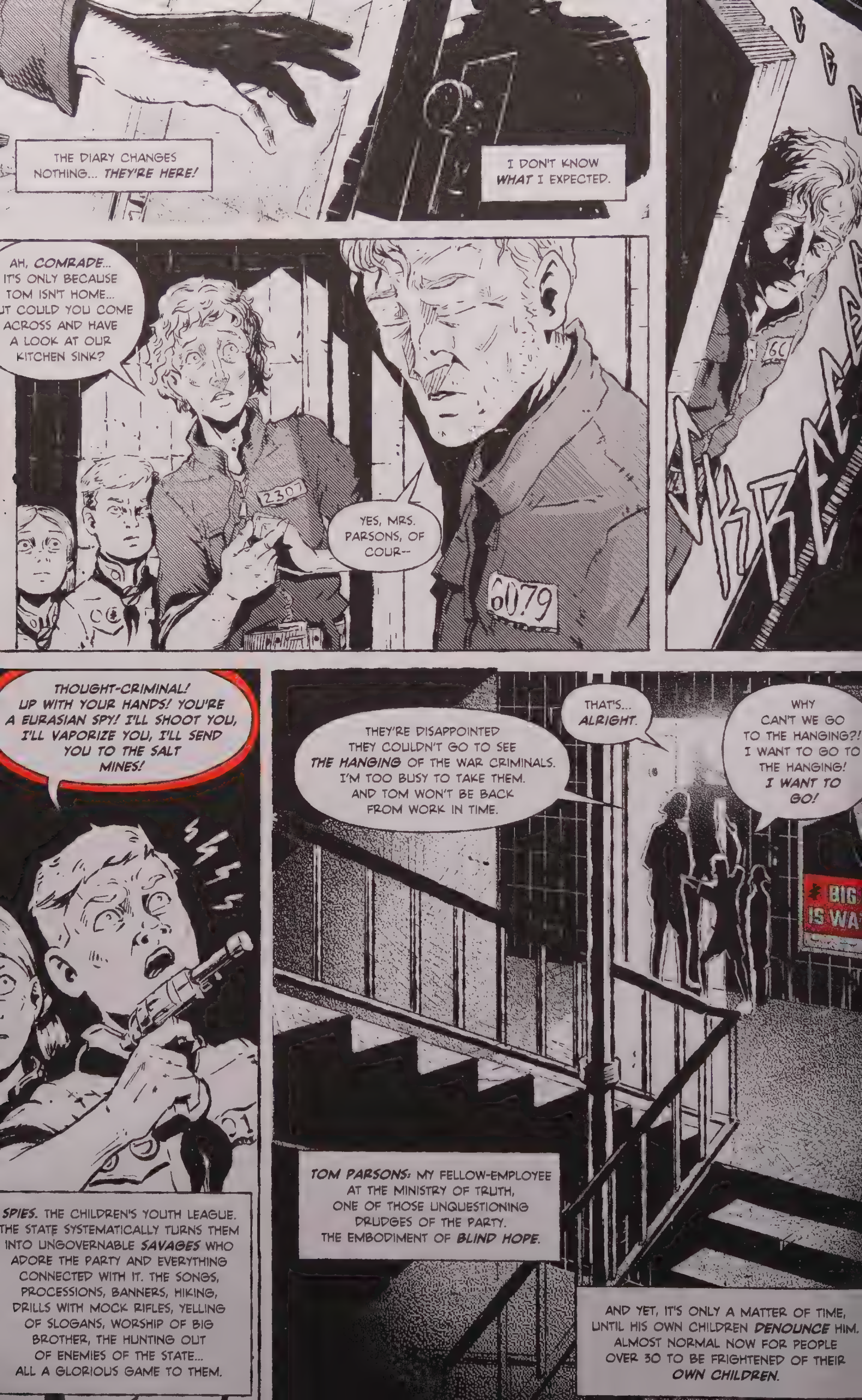

BB! BB! BB! BB! BB! BB!
AND THEN BEGAN THE SLOW, RHYTHMICAL CHANT.
IS PEACE · FREEDOM IS SLAVERY · IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH
BB! BB! BB! BB! BB!
THIS ALWAYS FILLED ME WITH *HORROR*.
AND THEN, IT HAPPENED.
BB! BB! BB!
B-B! B-B! B-B! B-B!
B-B! B-B! B-B!
IT WAS BUT A *MOMENT*.
BUT I KNEW - YES, *I KNEW!* - O'BRIEN WAS THINKING THE SAME. A MESSAGE PASSED BETWEEN US, OUR MINDS OPENED. HE KNEW. THROUGH HIS EYES HE SAID IT...
"I AM ON YOUR SIDE."
DOWN.
DOWN WITH... WITH...

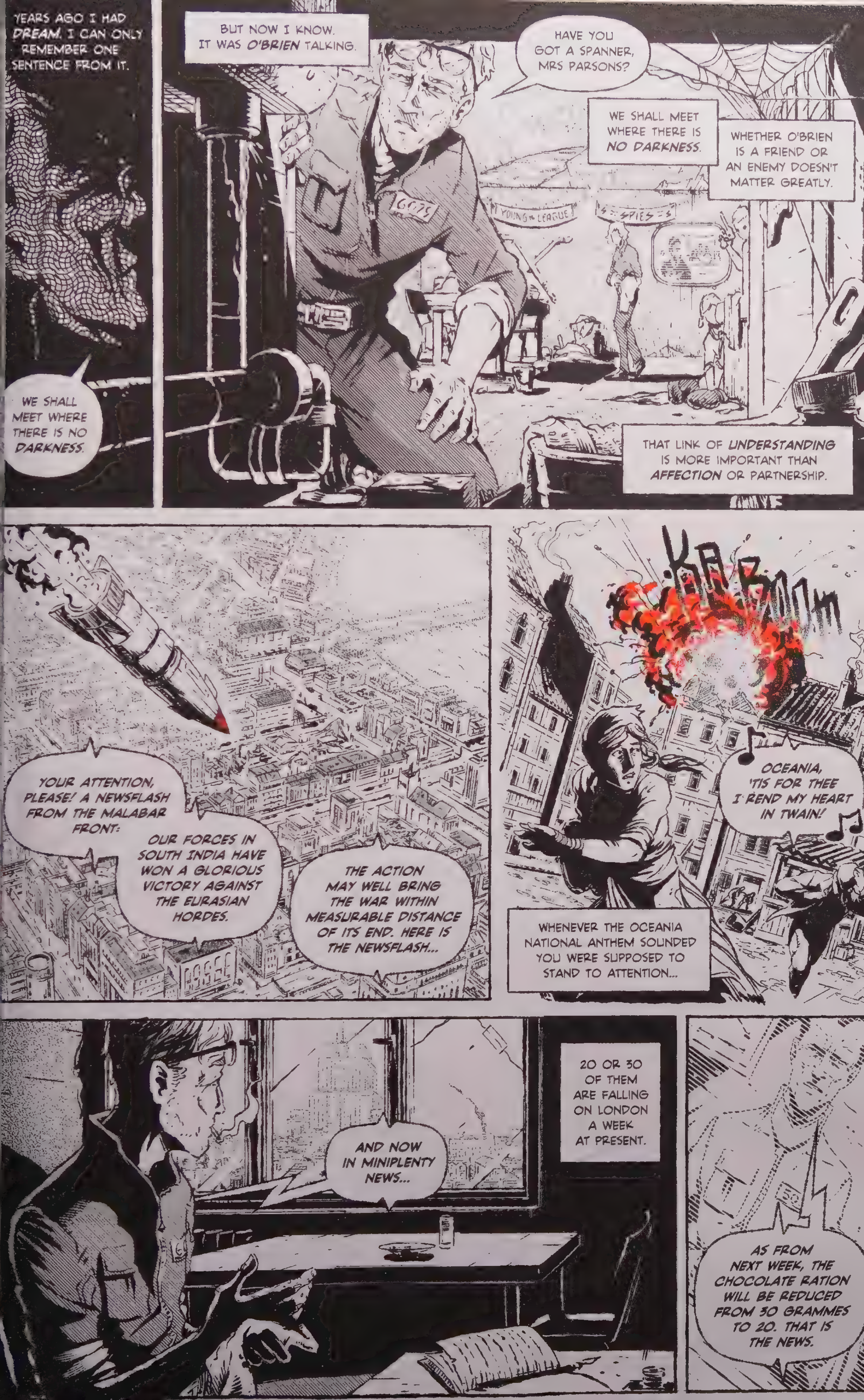

WHAT HAVE I...
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG B
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
I MUST *TEAR IT*... NO. *USELESS.* MAKES NO DIFFERENCE. THEY'LL *GET ME* JUST THE SAME.
I HAVE COMMITTED - EVEN IF I NEVER SET PEN TO PAPER -
THE ESSENTIAL CRIME THAT CONTAINS ALL OTHERS IN ITSELF.
THEY'll SHOOT ME I DONT CARE
THE// & SHOOT ME IN THE BACK OF T
NECK I DONT CARE DOWN WITH BIG BR
THER THEY ALWAYS SHOO YOU IN THE BACK OF TH
ECK I DONT CARE DOWN WITH BIG BROTHE
THOUGHTCRIME, THEY CALL IT.
KNOCK
KN
KNO
CK

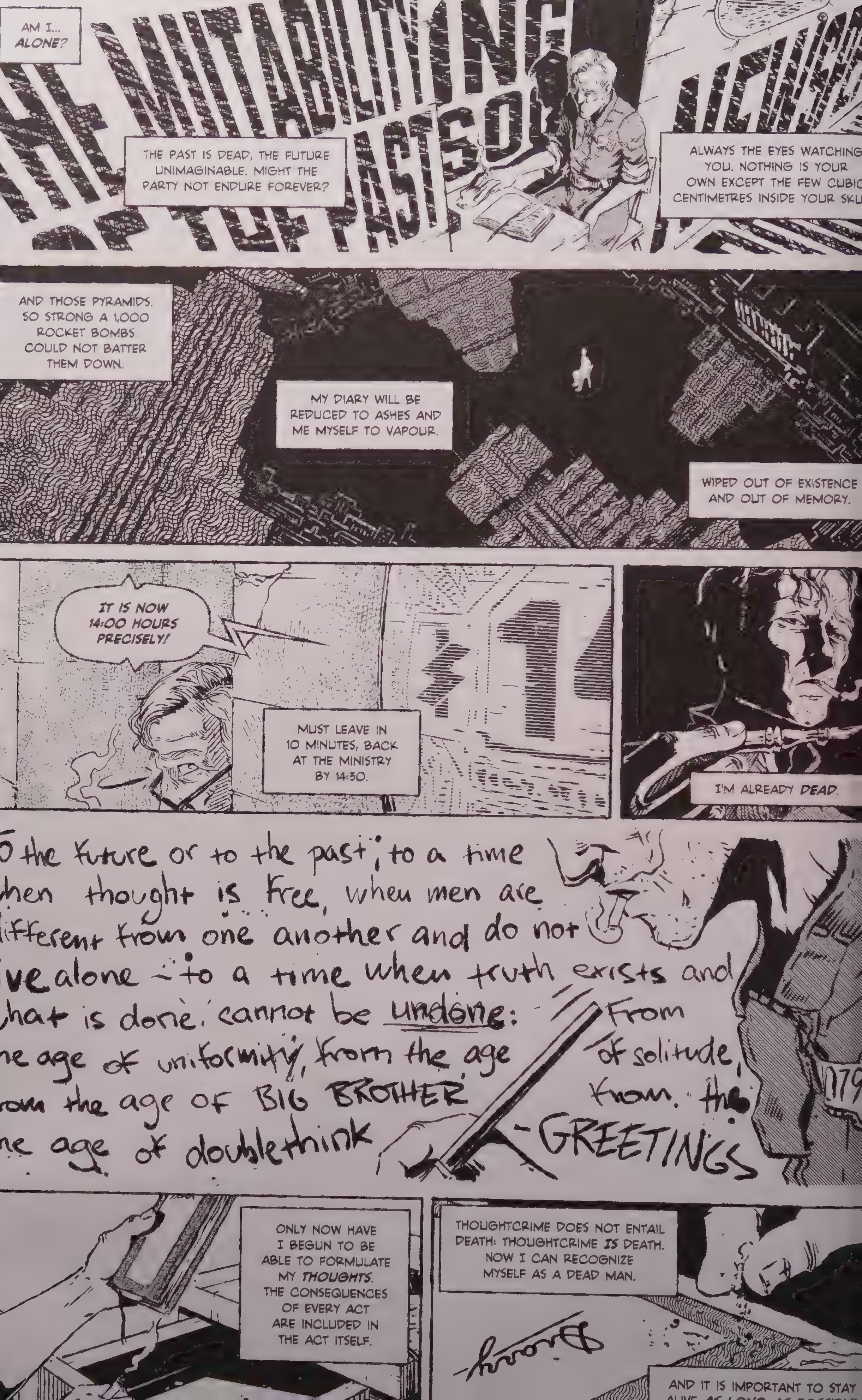
Chapter 2

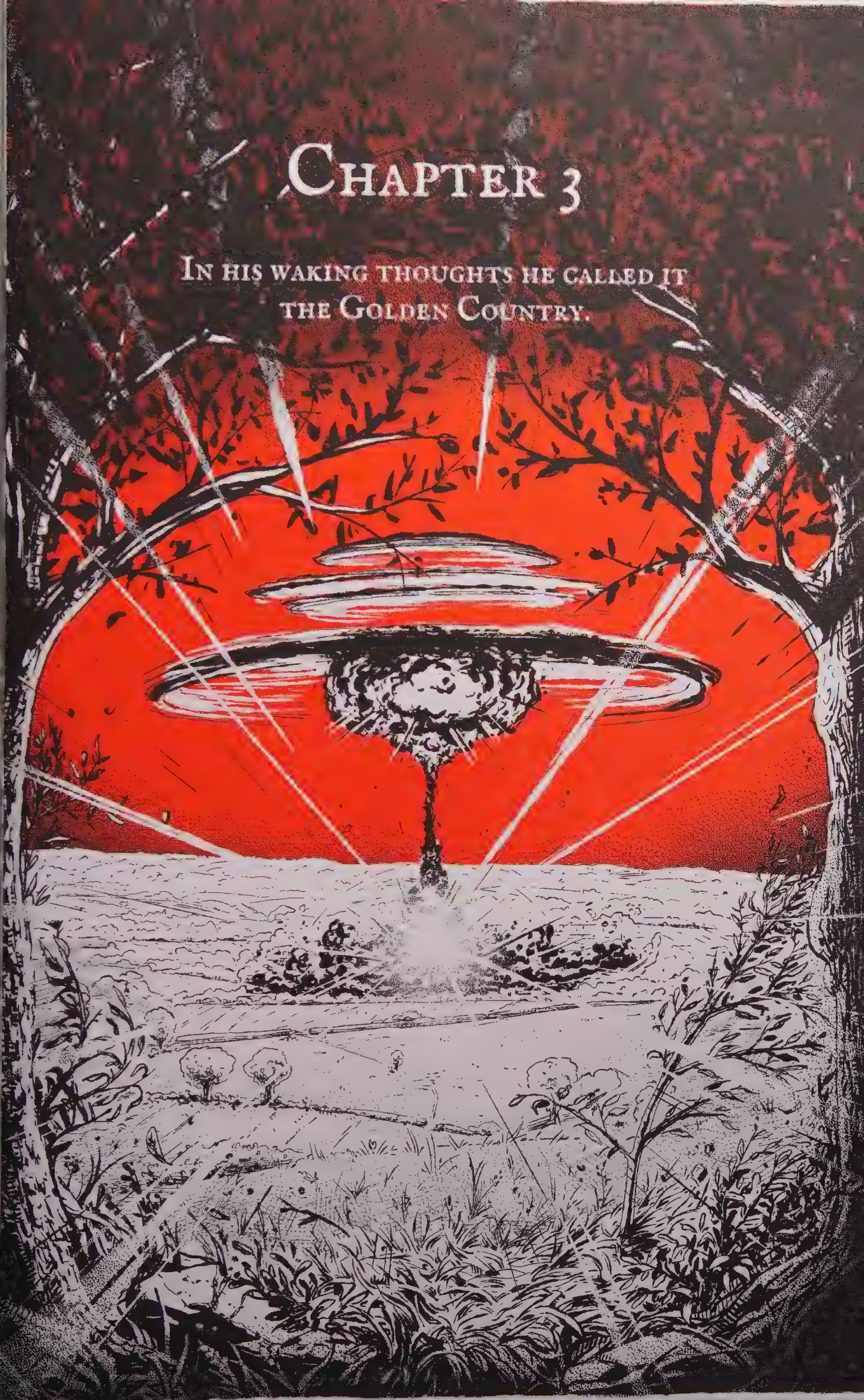
Thoughtcrime does not entail death ...


KNOCK
KNOCK
KNOCK


THE DIARY CHANGES NOTHING... *THEY'RE HERE!*
I DON'T KNOW *WHAT* I EXPECTED.
AH, *COMRADE*... IT'S ONLY BECAUSE TOM ISN'T HOME... UT COULD YOU COME ACROSS AND HAVE A LOOK AT OUR KITCHEN SINK?
2307
YES, MRS. PARSONS, OF COUR--
6079
60
THOUGHT-CRIMINAL! UP WITH YOUR HANDS! YOU'RE A EURASIAN SPY! I'LL SHOOT YOU, I'LL VAPORIZE YOU, I'LL SEND YOU TO THE SALT MINES!
THEY'RE DISAPPOINTED THEY COULDN'T GO TO SEE *THE HANGING* OF THE WAR CRIMINALS. I'M TOO BUSY TO TAKE THEM. AND TOM WON'T BE BACK FROM WORK IN TIME.
THAT'S... *ALRIGHT.*
WHY CAN'T WE GO TO THE HANGING?! I WANT TO GO TO THE HANGING! *I WANT TO GO!*
BIG IS WA
SPIES. THE CHILDREN'S YOUTH LEAGUE. THE STATE SYSTEMATICALLY TURNS THEM INTO UNGOVERNABLE *SAVAGES* WHO ADORE THE PARTY AND EVERYTHING CONNECTED WITH IT. THE SONGS, PROCESSIONS, BANNERS, HIKING, DRILLS WITH MOCK RIFLES, YELLING OF SLOGANS, WORSHIP OF BIG BROTHER, THE HUNTING OUT OF ENEMIES OF THE STATE... ALL A GLORIOUS GAME TO THEM.
TOM PARSONS: MY FELLOW-EMPLOYEE AT THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH, ONE OF THOSE UNQUESTIONING DRUDGES OF THE PARTY. THE EMBODIMENT OF *BLIND HOPE.*
AND YET, IT'S ONLY A MATTER OF TIME, UNTIL HIS OWN CHILDREN *DENOUNCE* HIM. ALMOST NORMAL NOW FOR PEOPLE OVER 30 TO BE FRIGHTENED OF THEIR *OWN CHILDREN.*

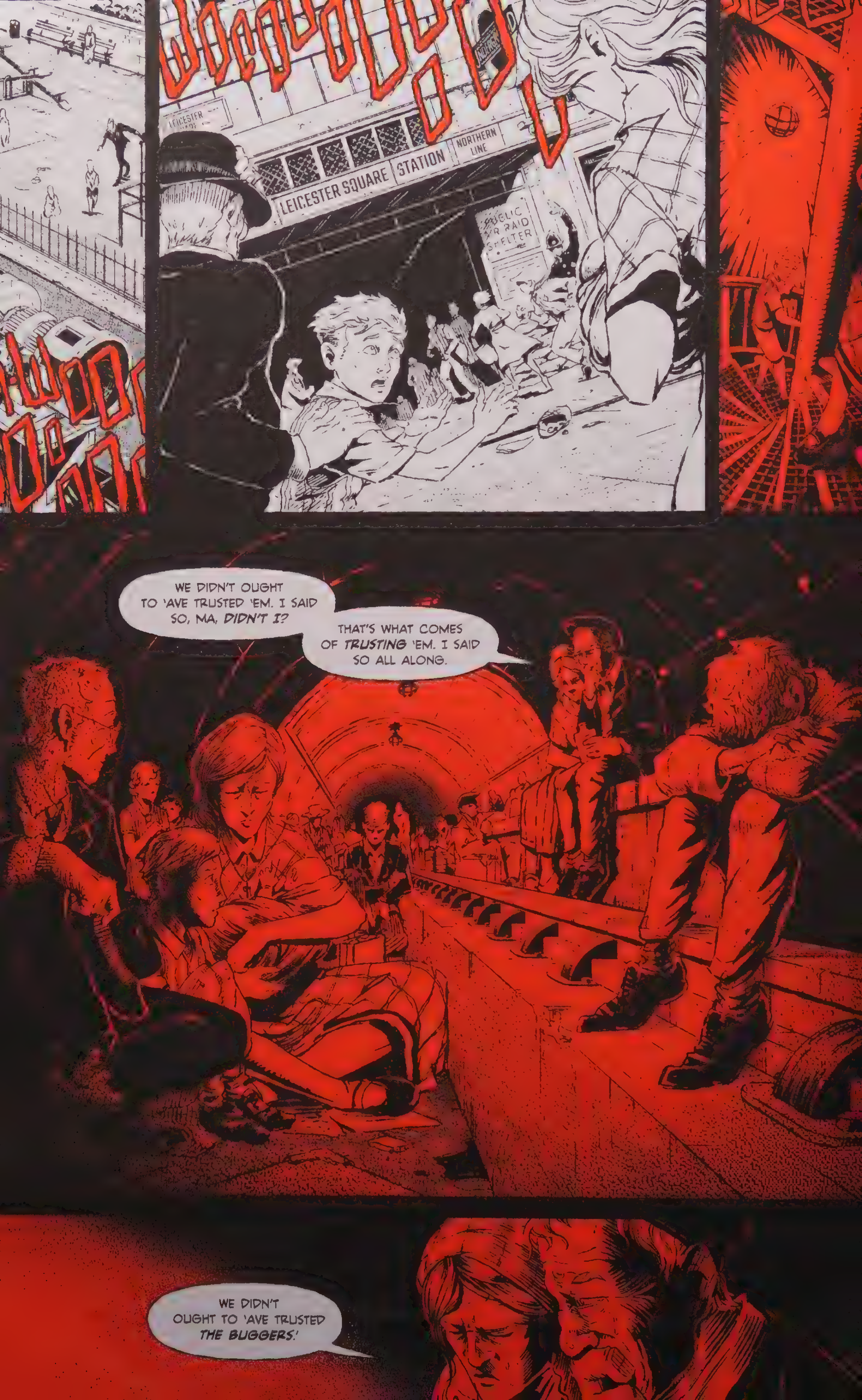

YEARS AGO I HAD DREAM. I CAN ONLY REMEMBER ONE SENTENCE FROM IT.
WE SHALL MEET WHERE THERE IS NO DARKNESS.
BUT NOW I KNOW. IT WAS O'BRIEN TALKING.
HAVE YOU GOT A SPANNER, MRS PARSONS?
6079
YOUNG LEAGUE
SPIES
WE SHALL MEET WHERE THERE IS NO DARKNESS.
WHETHER O'BRIEN IS A FRIEND OR AN ENEMY DOESN'T MATTER GREATLY.
THAT LINK OF UNDERSTANDING IS MORE IMPORTANT THAN AFFECTION OR PARTNERSHIP.
YOUR ATTENTION, PLEASE! A NEWSFLASH FROM THE MALABAR FRONT:
OUR FORCES IN SOUTH INDIA HAVE WON A GLORIOUS VICTORY AGAINST THE EURASIAN HORDES.
THE ACTION MAY WELL BRING THE WAR WITHIN MEASURABLE DISTANCE OF ITS END. HERE IS THE NEWSFLASH...
KA-BOOM
OCEANIA, 'TIS FOR THEE I REND MY HEART IN TWAIN!
WHENEVER THE OCEANIA NATIONAL ANTHEM SOUNDED YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO STAND TO ATTENTION...
AND NOW IN MINIPLENTY NEWS...
20 OR 30 OF THEM ARE FALLING ON LONDON A WEEK AT PRESENT.
AS FROM NEXT WEEK, THE CHOCOLATE RATION WILL BE REDUCED FROM 30 GRAMMES TO 20. THAT IS THE NEWS.

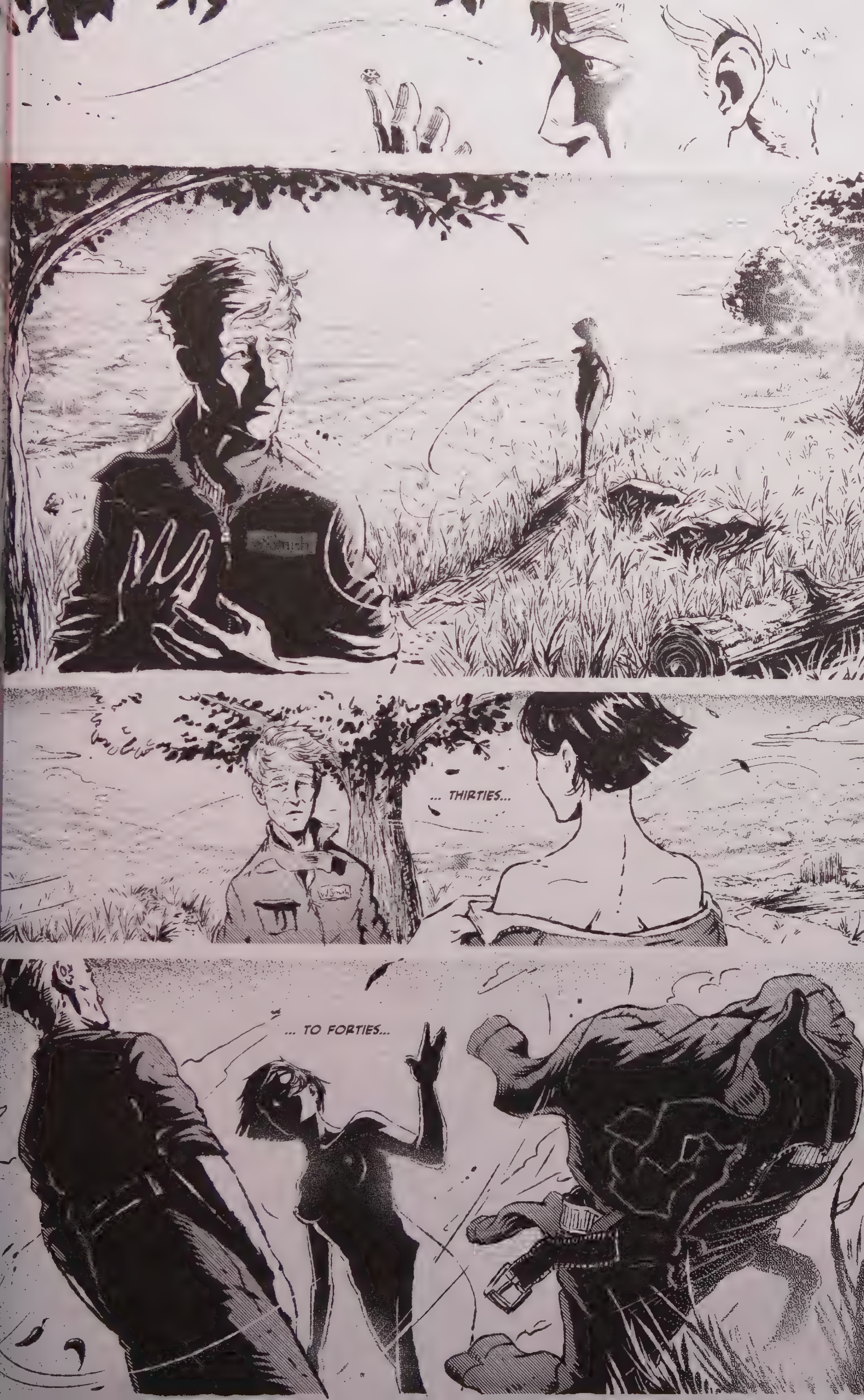

AM I... ALONE?
HE MUTABILITY OF THE PAST
THE PAST IS DEAD, THE FUTURE UNIMAGINABLE. MIGHT THE PARTY NOT ENDURE FOREVER?
ALWAYS THE EYES WATCHING YOU. NOTHING IS YOUR OWN EXCEPT THE FEW CUBIC CENTIMETRES INSIDE YOUR SKU
AND THOSE PYRAMIDS. SO STRONG A 1,000 ROCKET BOMBS COULD NOT BATTER THEM DOWN.
MY DIARY WILL BE REDUCED TO ASHES AND ME MYSELF TO VAPOUR.
WIPED OUT OF EXISTENCE AND OUT OF MEMORY.
IT IS NOW 14:00 HOURS PRECISELY!
MUST LEAVE IN 10 MINUTES, BACK AT THE MINISTRY BY 14:30.
I'M ALREADY DEAD.
o the future or to the past, to a time
hen thought is free, when men are
ifferent from one another and do not
ive alone - to a time when truth exists and
hat is done cannot be undone: From
he age of uniformity, from the age of solitude,
rom the age of BIG BROTHER from the
he age of doublethink - GREETINGS
079
ONLY NOW HAVE I BEGUN TO BE ABLE TO FORMULATE MY THOUGHTS. THE CONSEQUENCES OF EVERY ACT ARE INCLUDED IN THE ACT ITSELF.
THOUGHTCRIME DOES NOT ENTAIL DEATH: THOUGHTCRIME IS DEATH. NOW I CAN RECOGNIZE MYSELF AS A DEAD MAN.
Diary
AND IT IS IMPORTANT TO STAY

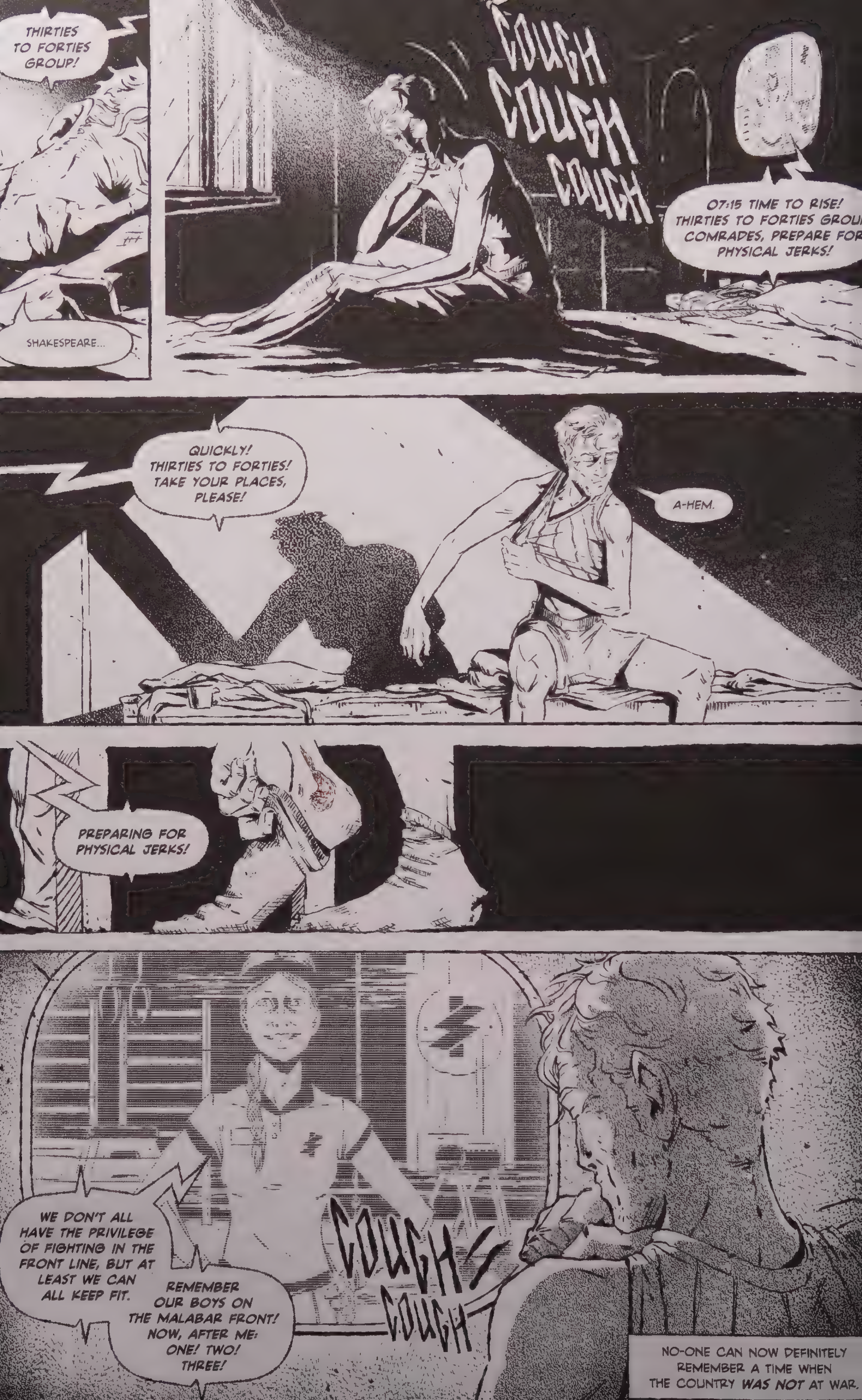


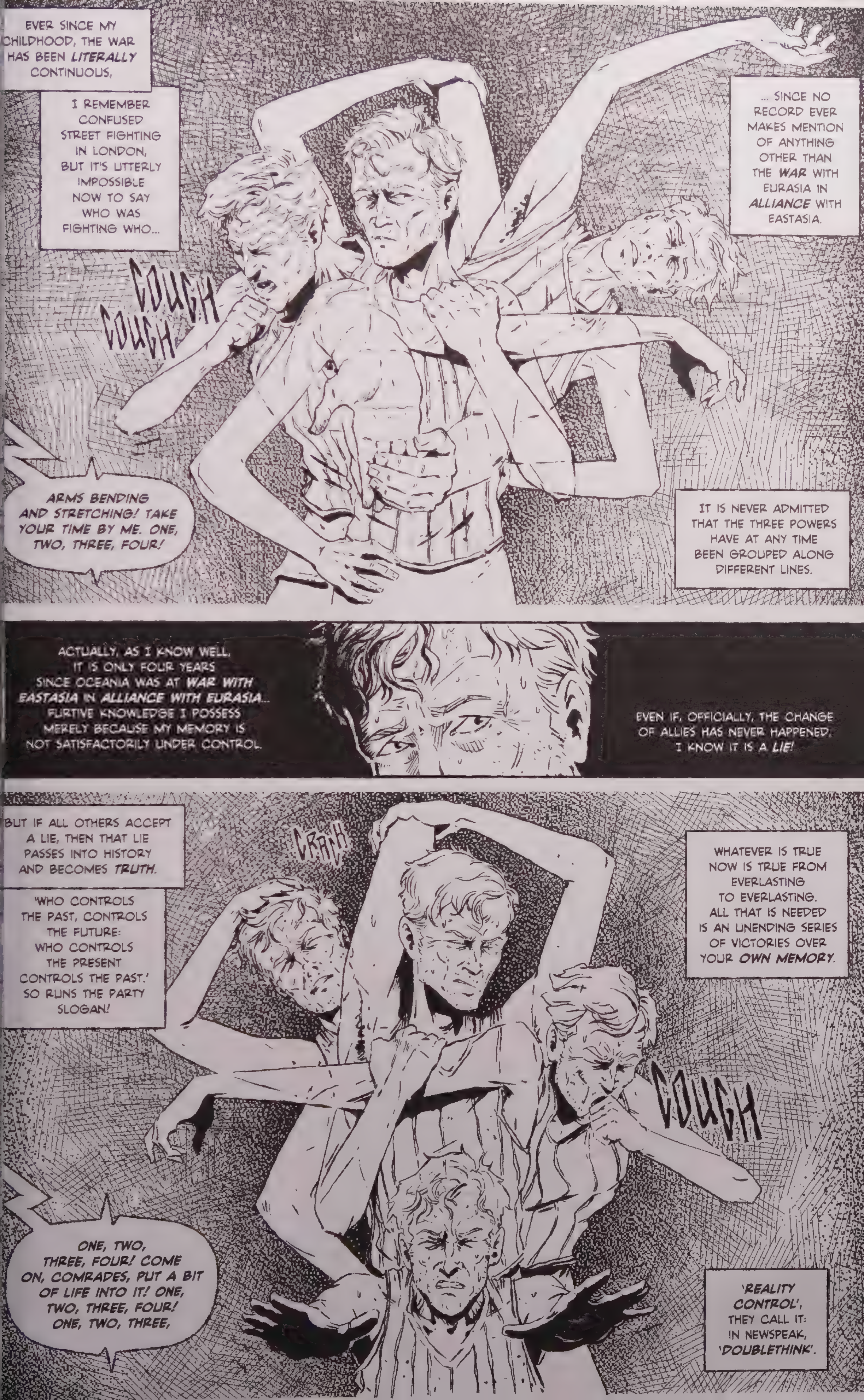
CHAPTER 3

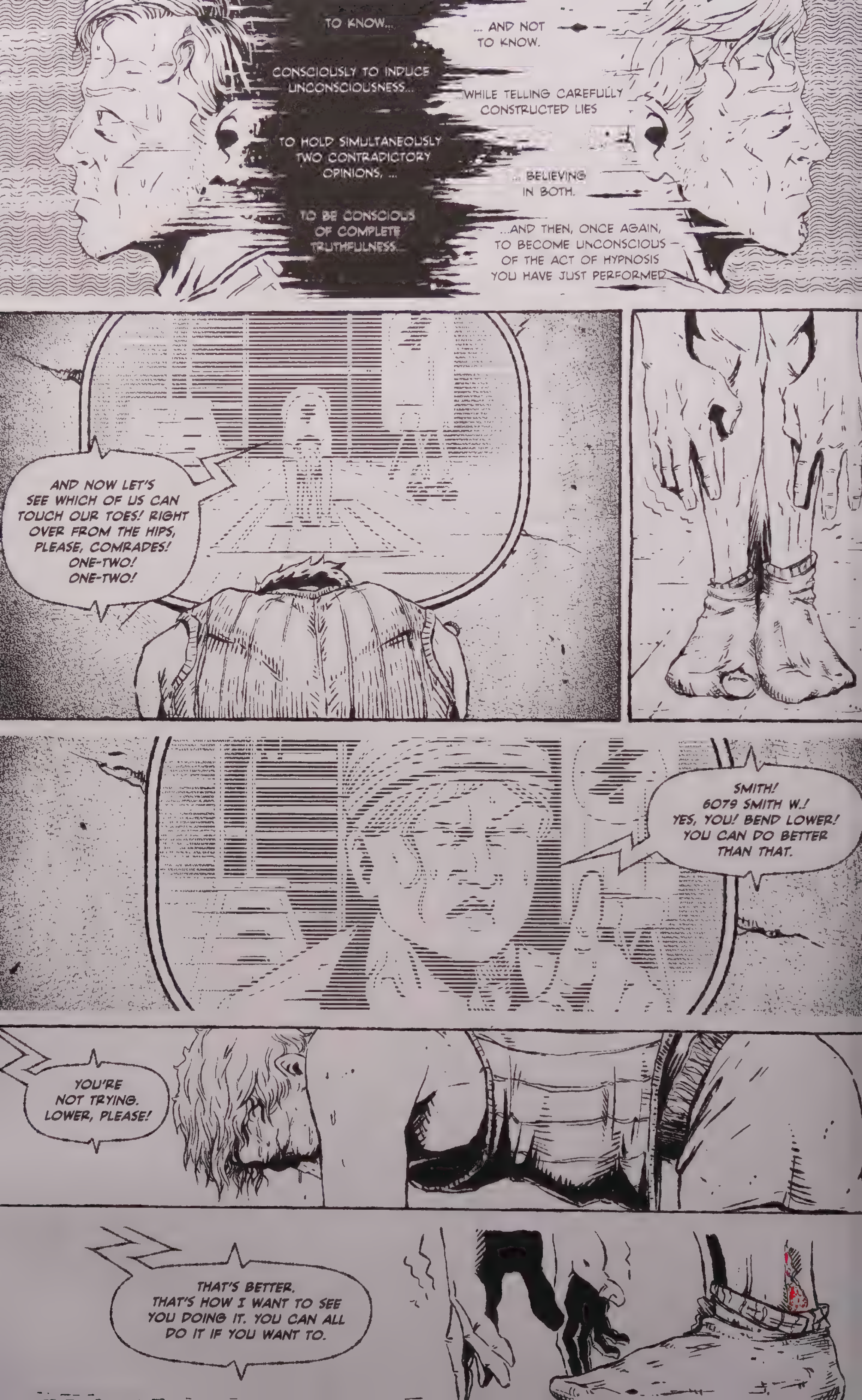
In his waking thoughts he called it the Golden Country.


LEICESTER SQUARE
LEICESTER SQUARE STATION
NORTHERN LINE
NORTHERN LINE
PUBLIC AIR RAID SHELTER
WE DIDN'T OUGHT TO 'AVE TRUSTED 'EM. I SAID SO, MA, *DIDN'T I?*
THAT'S WHAT COMES OF *TRUSTING* 'EM. I SAID SO ALL ALONG.
WE DIDN'T OUGHT TO 'AVE TRUSTED *THE BUGGERS.*


... THIRTIES...
... TO FORTIES...

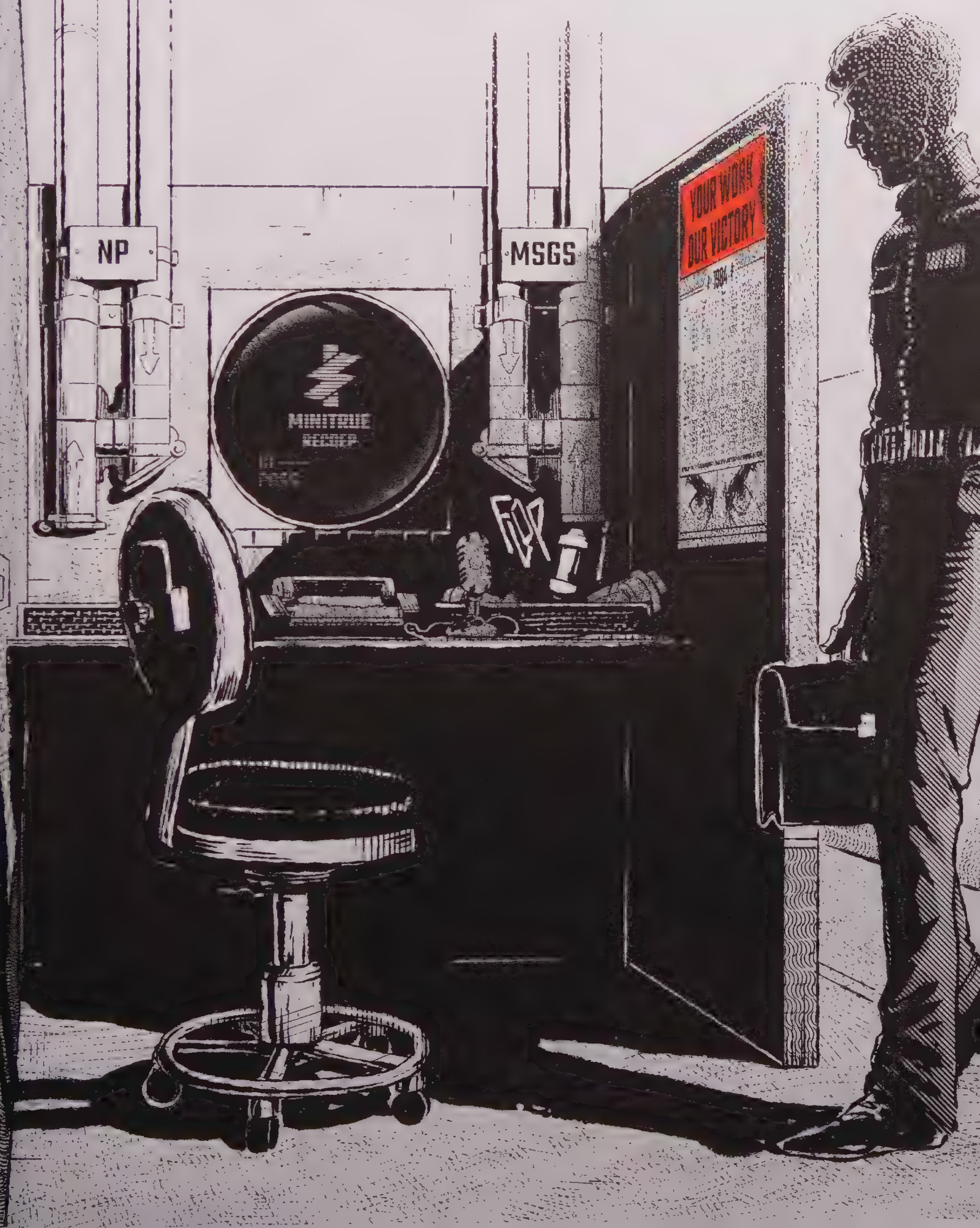

THIRTIES TO FORTIES GROUP!
SHAKESPEARE...
COUGH COUGH COUGH
07:15 TIME TO RISE! THIRTIES TO FORTIES GROU COMRADES, PREPARE FOR PHYSICAL JERKS!
QUICKLY! THIRTIES TO FORTIES! TAKE YOUR PLACES, PLEASE!
A-HEM.
PREPARING FOR PHYSICAL JERKS!
WE DON'T ALL HAVE THE PRIVILEGE OF FIGHTING IN THE FRONT LINE, BUT AT LEAST WE CAN ALL KEEP FIT.
REMEMBER OUR BOYS ON THE MALABAR FRONT! NOW, AFTER ME: ONE! TWO! THREE!
COUGH! COUGH
NO-ONE CAN NOW DEFINITELY REMEMBER A TIME WHEN THE COUNTRY *WAS NOT* AT WAR.

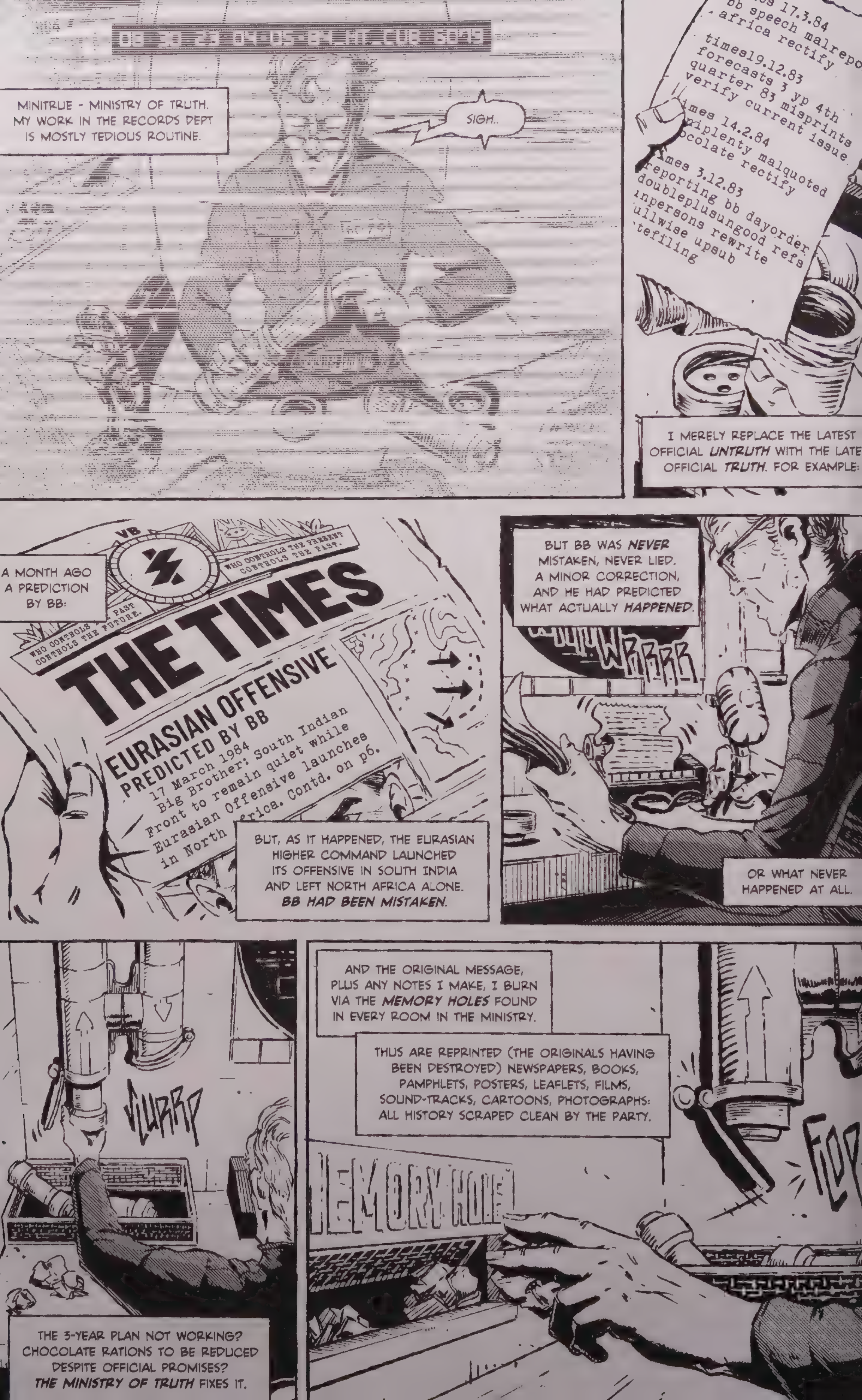

EVER SINCE MY CHILDHOOD, THE WAR HAS BEEN *LITERALLY* CONTINUOUS,
I REMEMBER CONFUSED STREET FIGHTING IN LONDON, BUT IT'S UTTERLY IMPOSSIBLE NOW TO SAY WHO WAS FIGHTING WHO...
... SINCE NO RECORD EVER MAKES MENTION OF ANYTHING OTHER THAN THE *WAR* WITH EURASIA IN *ALLIANCE* WITH EASTASIA.
COUGH COUGH
ARMS BENDING AND STRETCHING! TAKE YOUR TIME BY ME. ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR!
IT IS NEVER ADMITTED THAT THE THREE POWERS HAVE AT ANY TIME BEEN GROUPED ALONG DIFFERENT LINES.
ACTUALLY, AS I KNOW WELL, IT IS ONLY FOUR YEARS SINCE OCEANIA WAS AT *WAR WITH EASTASIA* IN *ALLIANCE WITH EURASIA*... FURTIVE KNOWLEDGE I POSSESS MERELY BECAUSE MY MEMORY IS NOT SATISFACTORILY UNDER CONTROL.
EVEN IF, OFFICIALLY, THE CHANGE OF ALLIES HAS NEVER HAPPENED, I KNOW IT IS A *LIE!*
BUT IF ALL OTHERS ACCEPT A LIE, THEN THAT LIE PASSES INTO HISTORY AND BECOMES *TRUTH*.
'WHO CONTROLS THE PAST, CONTROLS THE FUTURE: WHO CONTROLS THE PRESENT CONTROLS THE PAST.' SO RUNS THE PARTY SLOGAN!
CRACK
WHATEVER IS TRUE NOW IS TRUE FROM EVERLASTING TO EVERLASTING. ALL THAT IS NEEDED IS AN UNENDING SERIES OF VICTORIES OVER YOUR *OWN MEMORY*.
COUGH
ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR! COME ON, COMRADES, PUT A BIT OF LIFE INTO IT! ONE, TWO, THREE, FOUR! ONE, TWO, THREE,
'REALITY CONTROL', THEY CALL IT: IN NEWSPEAK, *'DOUBLETHINK'*.

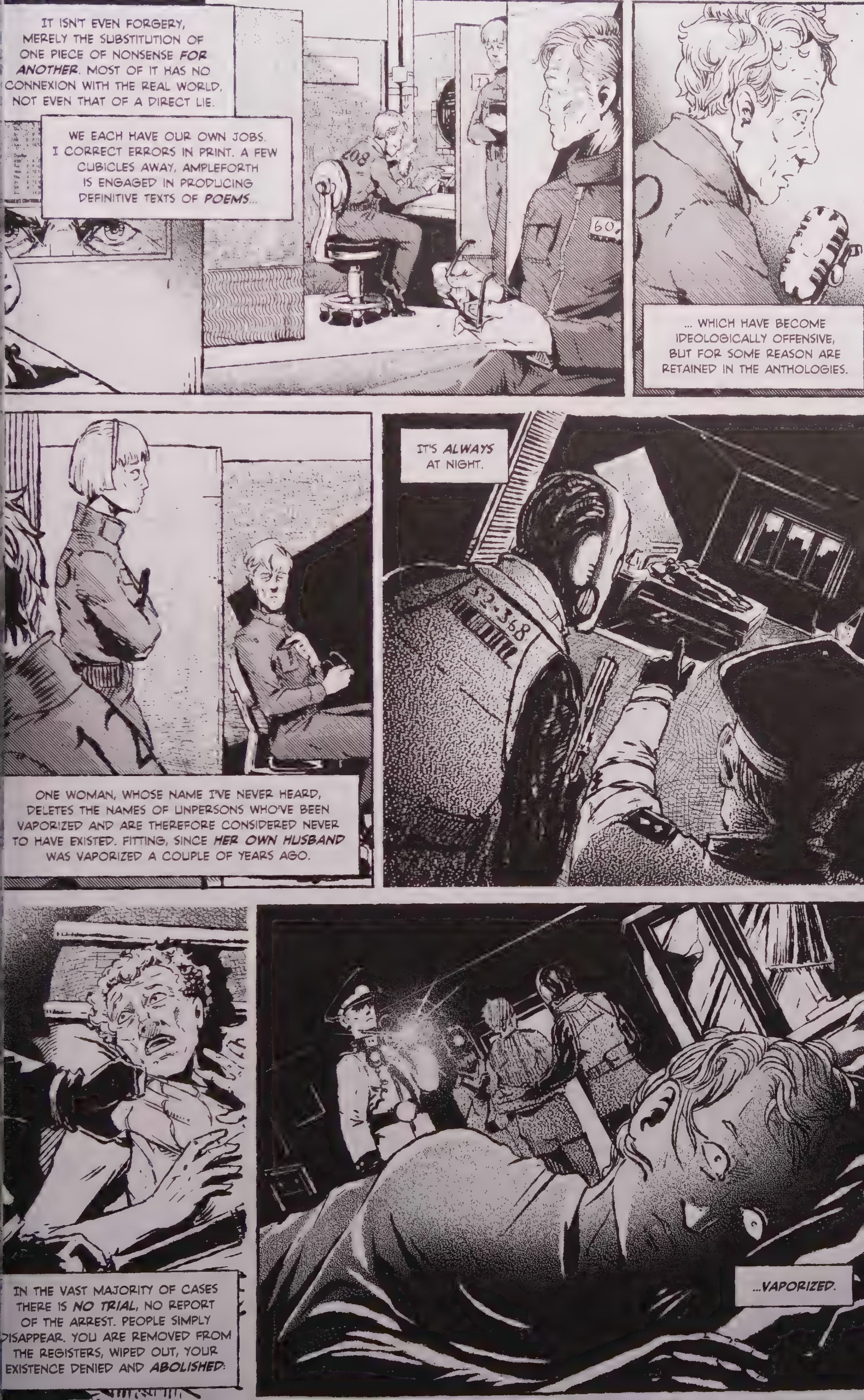

TO KNOW...
... AND NOT TO KNOW.
CONSCIOUSLY TO INDUCE UNCONSCIOUSNESS...
WHILE TELLING CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTED LIES
TO HOLD SIMULTANEOUSLY TWO CONTRADICTORY OPINIONS, ...
... BELIEVING IN BOTH.
TO BE CONSCIOUS OF COMPLETE TRUTHFULNESS...
...AND THEN, ONCE AGAIN, TO BECOME UNCONSCIOUS OF THE ACT OF HYPNOSIS YOU HAVE JUST PERFORMED.
AND NOW LET'S SEE WHICH OF US CAN TOUCH OUR TOES! RIGHT OVER FROM THE HIPS, PLEASE, COMRADES! ONE-TWO! ONE-TWO!
SMITH! 6079 SMITH W.! YES, YOU! BEND LOWER! YOU CAN DO BETTER THAN THAT.
YOU'RE NOT TRYING. LOWER, PLEASE!
THAT'S BETTER. THAT'S HOW I WANT TO SEE YOU DOING IT. YOU CAN ALL DO IT IF YOU WANT TO.

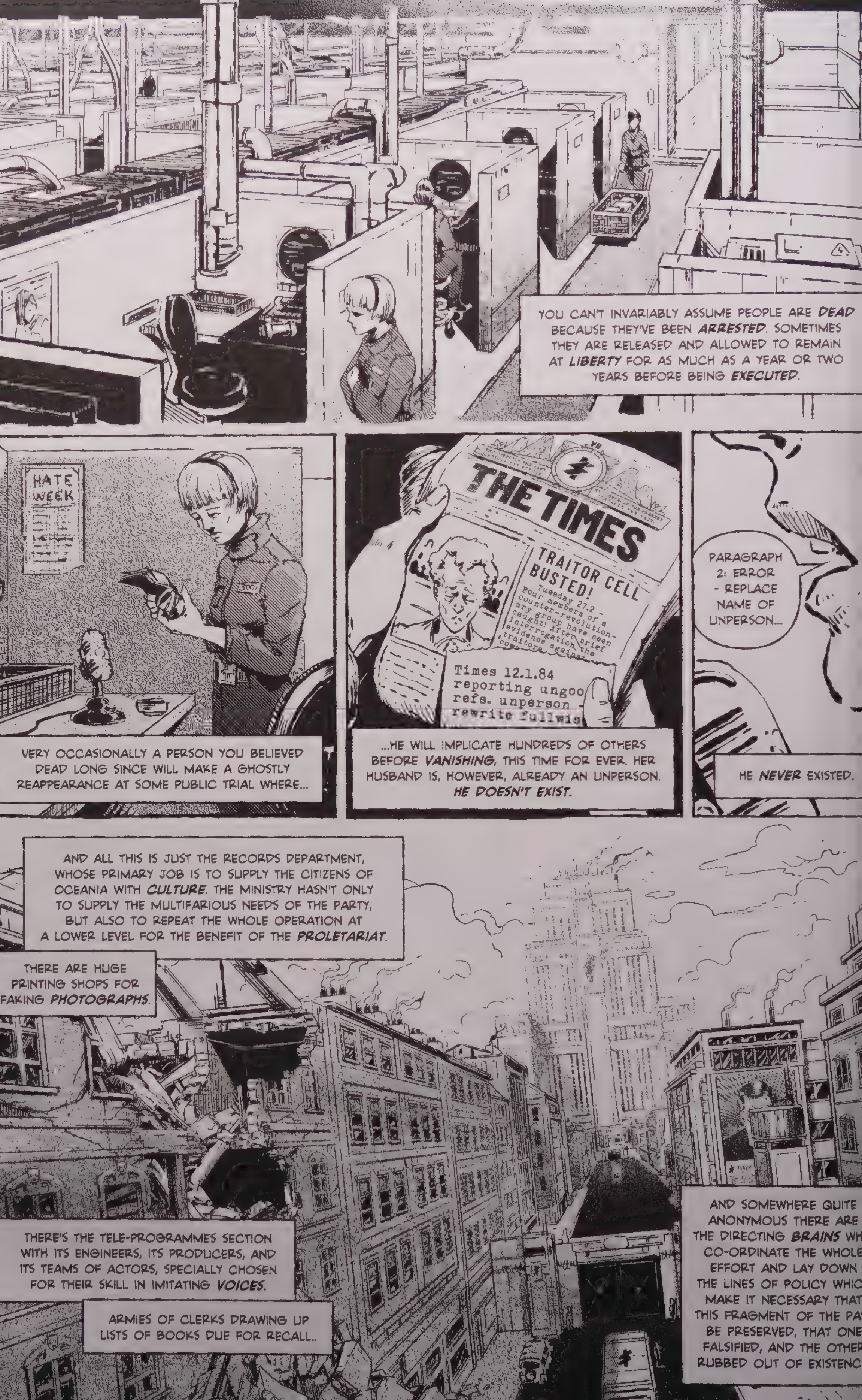
CHAPTER 4

DAY BY DAY AND ALMOST MINUTE BY MINUTE THE PAST WAS BROUGHT UP TO DATE.


NP
MSGS
MINITRUE
RECORD
YOUR WORK
OUR VICTORY
1984

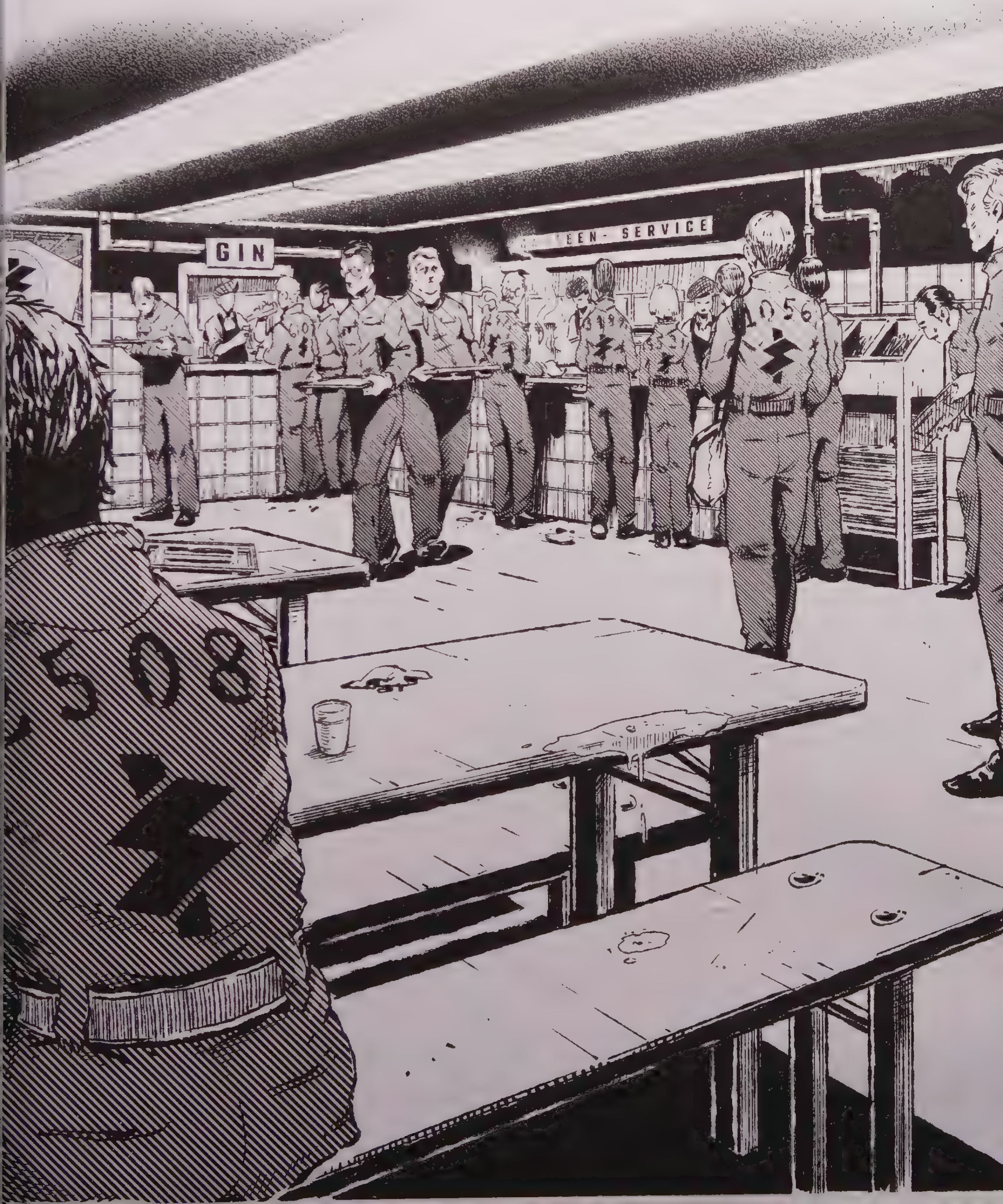

08 20 23 04 05 84 MT.CUB 6079
MINITRUE - MINISTRY OF TRUTH. MY WORK IN THE RECORDS DEPT IS MOSTLY TEDIOUS ROUTINE.
SIGH..
es 17.3.84
bb speech malrepo
africa rectify
times19.12.83
forecasts 3 yp 4th
quarter 83 misprints
verify current issue.
imes 14.2.84
iplenty malquoted
ocolate rectify
mes 3.12.83
reporting bb dayorder
doubleplusungood refs
inpersons rewrite
ullwise upsub
tefiling
I MERELY REPLACE THE LATEST OFFICIAL *UNTRUTH* WITH THE LATE OFFICIAL *TRUTH*. FOR EXAMPLE:
A MONTH AGO A PREDICTION BY BB:
VB
WHO CONTROLS THE PRESENT CONTROLS THE PAST.
WHO CONTROLS THE PAST CONTROLS THE FUTURE.
THE TIMES
EURASIAN OFFENSIVE
PREDICTED BY BB
17 March 1984
Big Brother: South Indian Front to remain quiet while Eurasian Offensive launches in North Africa. Contd. on p6.
BUT, AS IT HAPPENED, THE EURASIAN HIGHER COMMAND LAUNCHED ITS OFFENSIVE IN SOUTH INDIA AND LEFT NORTH AFRICA ALONE. ***BB HAD BEEN MISTAKEN.***
BUT BB WAS *NEVER* MISTAKEN, NEVER LIED. A MINOR CORRECTION, AND HE HAD PREDICTED WHAT ACTUALLY *HAPPENED*.
WRRRR
OR WHAT NEVER HAPPENED AT ALL.
SLURRP
THE 3-YEAR PLAN NOT WORKING? CHOCOLATE RATIONS TO BE REDUCED DESPITE OFFICIAL PROMISES? ***THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH*** FIXES IT.
AND THE ORIGINAL MESSAGE, PLUS ANY NOTES I MAKE, I BURN VIA THE *MEMORY HOLES* FOUND IN EVERY ROOM IN THE MINISTRY.
THUS ARE REPRINTED (THE ORIGINALS HAVING BEEN DESTROYED) NEWSPAPERS, BOOKS, PAMPHLETS, POSTERS, LEAFLETS, FILMS, SOUND-TRACKS, CARTOONS, PHOTOGRAPHS: ALL HISTORY SCRAPED CLEAN BY THE PARTY.
MEMORY HOLE
FLOP


IT ISN'T EVEN FORGERY, MERELY THE SUBSTITUTION OF ONE PIECE OF NONSENSE *FOR ANOTHER*. MOST OF IT HAS NO CONNEXION WITH THE REAL WORLD, NOT EVEN THAT OF A DIRECT LIE.
WE EACH HAVE OUR OWN JOBS. I CORRECT ERRORS IN PRINT. A FEW CUBICLES AWAY, AMPLEFORTH IS ENGAGED IN PRODUCING DEFINITIVE TEXTS OF *POEMS*...
... WHICH HAVE BECOME IDEOLOGICALLY OFFENSIVE, BUT FOR SOME REASON ARE RETAINED IN THE ANTHOLOGIES.
ONE WOMAN, WHOSE NAME I'VE NEVER HEARD, DELETES THE NAMES OF UNPERSONS WHO'VE BEEN VAPORIZED AND ARE THEREFORE CONSIDERED NEVER TO HAVE EXISTED. FITTING, SINCE *HER OWN HUSBAND* WAS VAPORIZED A COUPLE OF YEARS AGO.
IT'S *ALWAYS* AT NIGHT.
IN THE VAST MAJORITY OF CASES THERE IS *NO TRIAL*, NO REPORT OF THE ARREST. PEOPLE SIMPLY DISAPPEAR. YOU ARE REMOVED FROM THE REGISTERS, WIPED OUT, YOUR EXISTENCE DENIED AND *ABOLISHED*:
...VAPORIZED.


YOU CAN'T INVARIABLY ASSUME PEOPLE ARE *DEAD* BECAUSE THEY'VE BEEN *ARRESTED*. SOMETIMES THEY ARE RELEASED AND ALLOWED TO REMAIN AT *LIBERTY* FOR AS MUCH AS A YEAR OR TWO YEARS BEFORE BEING *EXECUTED*.
HATE WEEK
VERY OCCASIONALLY A PERSON YOU BELIEVED DEAD LONG SINCE WILL MAKE A GHOSTLY REAPPEARANCE AT SOME PUBLIC TRIAL WHERE...
THE TIMES
TRAITOR CELL BUSTED!
Tuesday 27.2 - Four members of a counter-revolutionary group have been caught! After brief interrogation the evidence against the traitors
Times 12.1.84
reporting ungoo
refs. unperson
rewrite fullwis
...HE WILL IMPLICATE HUNDREDS OF OTHERS BEFORE *VANISHING*, THIS TIME FOR EVER. HER HUSBAND IS, HOWEVER, ALREADY AN UNPERSON. ***HE DOESN'T EXIST.***
PARAGRAPH 2: ERROR - REPLACE NAME OF UNPERSON...
HE *NEVER* EXISTED.
AND ALL THIS IS JUST THE RECORDS DEPARTMENT, WHOSE PRIMARY JOB IS TO SUPPLY THE CITIZENS OF OCEANIA WITH *CULTURE*. THE MINISTRY HASN'T ONLY TO SUPPLY THE MULTIFARIOUS NEEDS OF THE PARTY, BUT ALSO TO REPEAT THE WHOLE OPERATION AT A LOWER LEVEL FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE *PROLETARIAT*.
THERE ARE HUGE PRINTING SHOPS FOR FAKING *PHOTOGRAPHS*.
THERE'S THE TELE-PROGRAMMES SECTION WITH ITS ENGINEERS, ITS PRODUCERS, AND ITS TEAMS OF ACTORS, SPECIALLY CHOSEN FOR THEIR SKILL IN IMITATING *VOICES*.
ARMIES OF CLERKS DRAWING UP LISTS OF BOOKS DUE FOR RECALL...
AND SOMEWHERE QUITE
ANONYMOUS THERE ARE
THE DIRECTING *BRAINS* WH
CO-ORDINATE THE WHOLE
EFFORT AND LAY DOWN
THE LINES OF POLICY WHIC
MAKE IT NECESSARY THAT
THIS FRAGMENT OF THE PA
BE PRESERVED, THAT ONE
FALSIFIED, AND THE OTHER
RUBBED OUT OF EXISTENC

Chapter 5

Zeal was not enough.
Orthodoxy was unconsciousness.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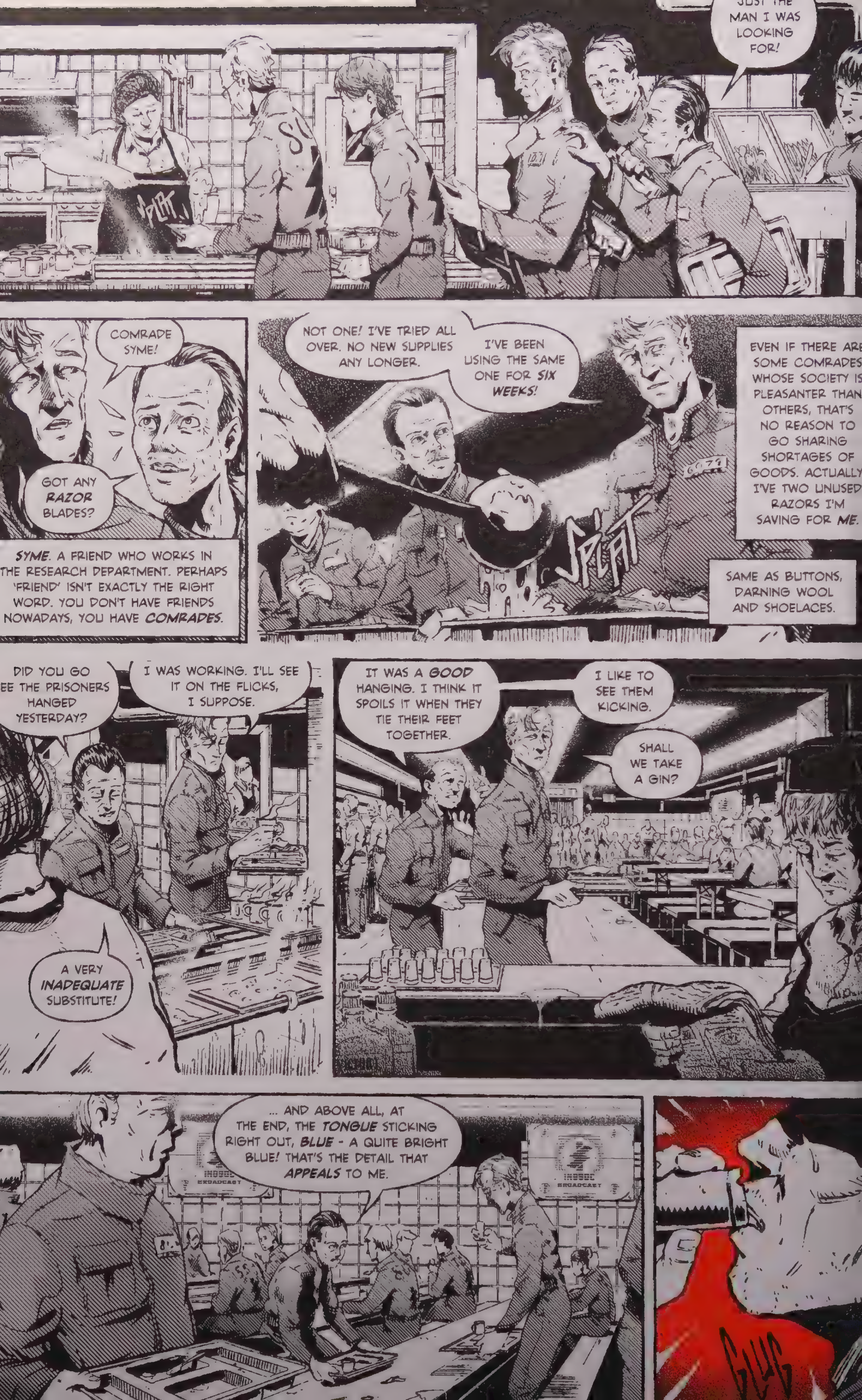
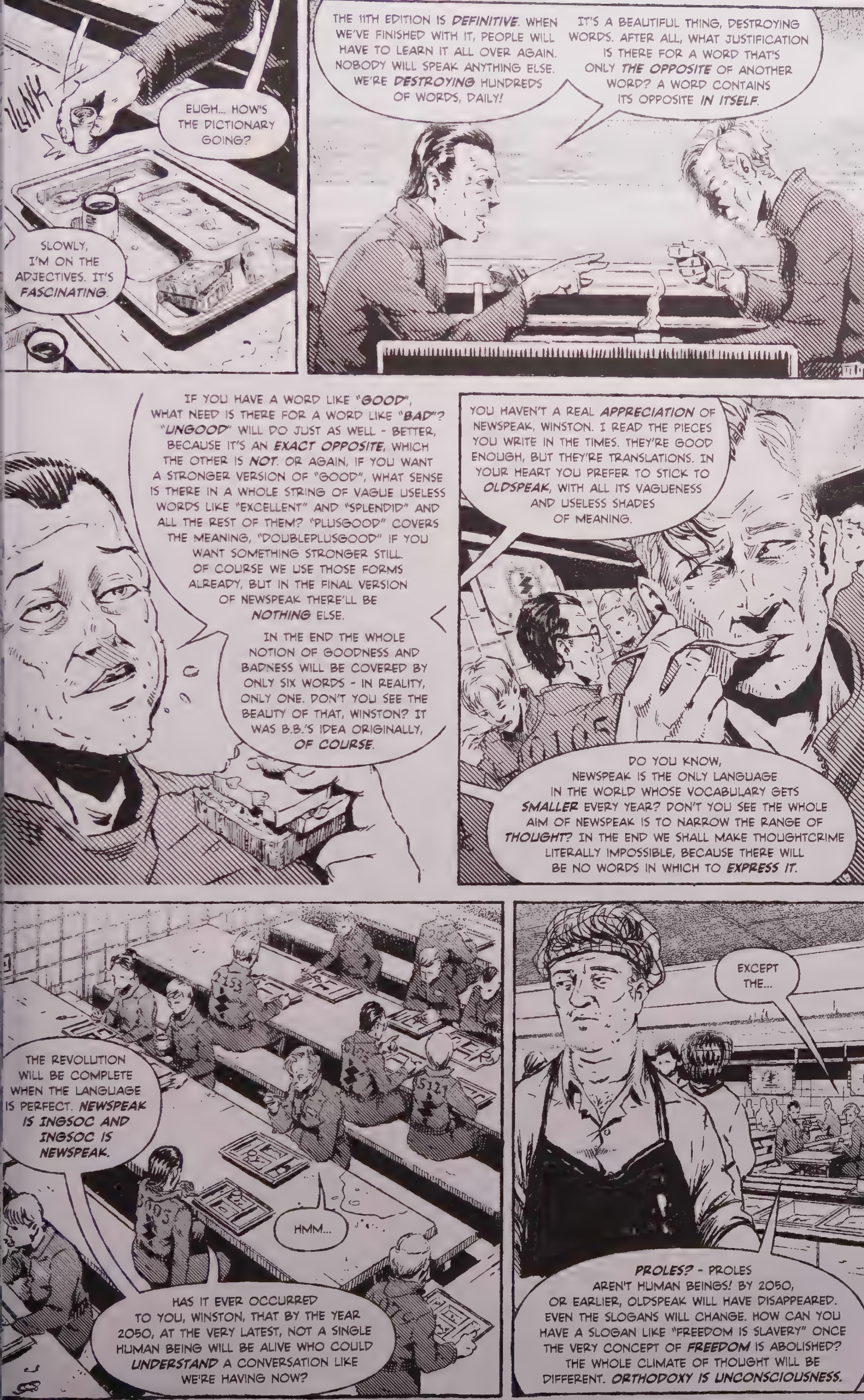
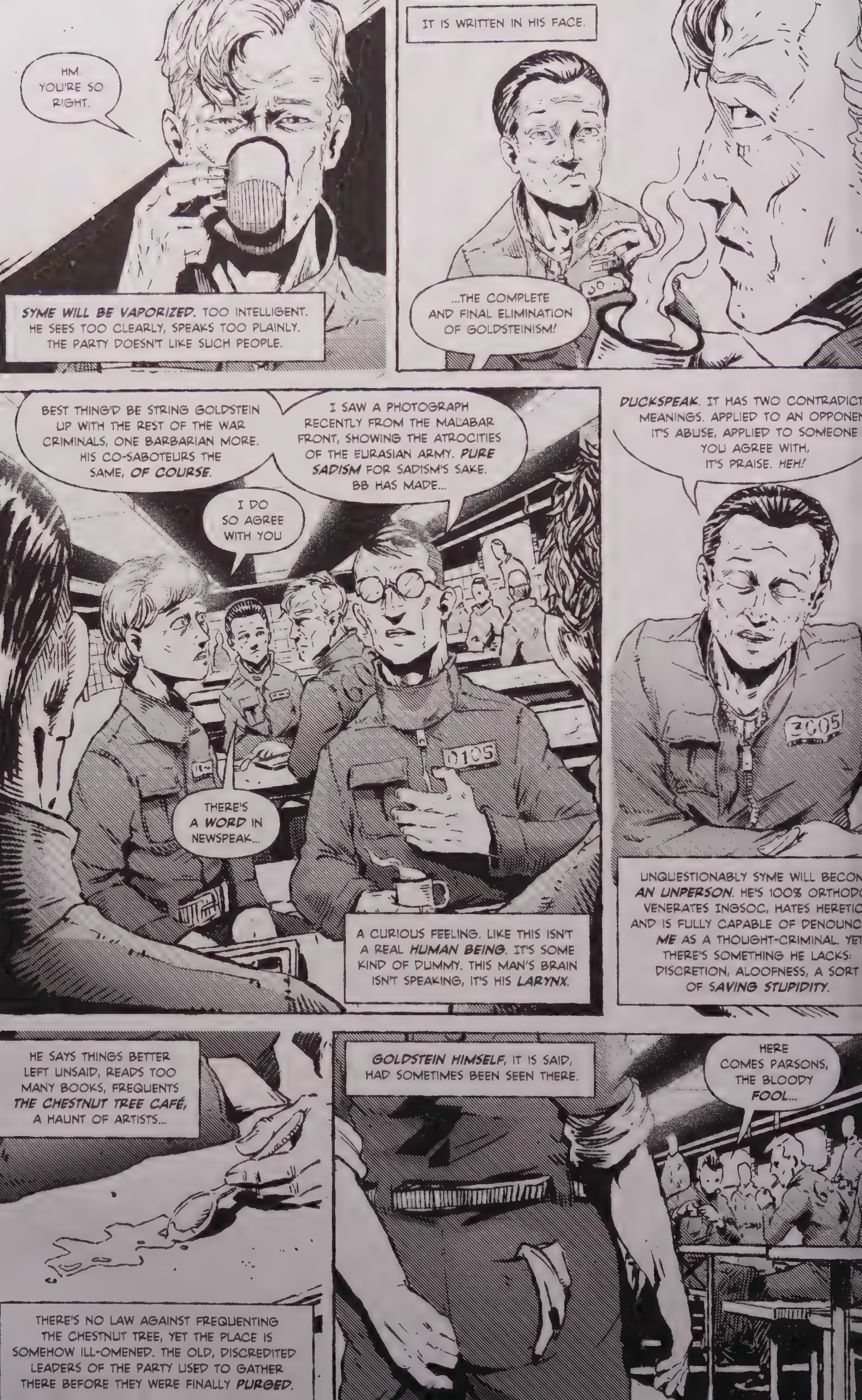
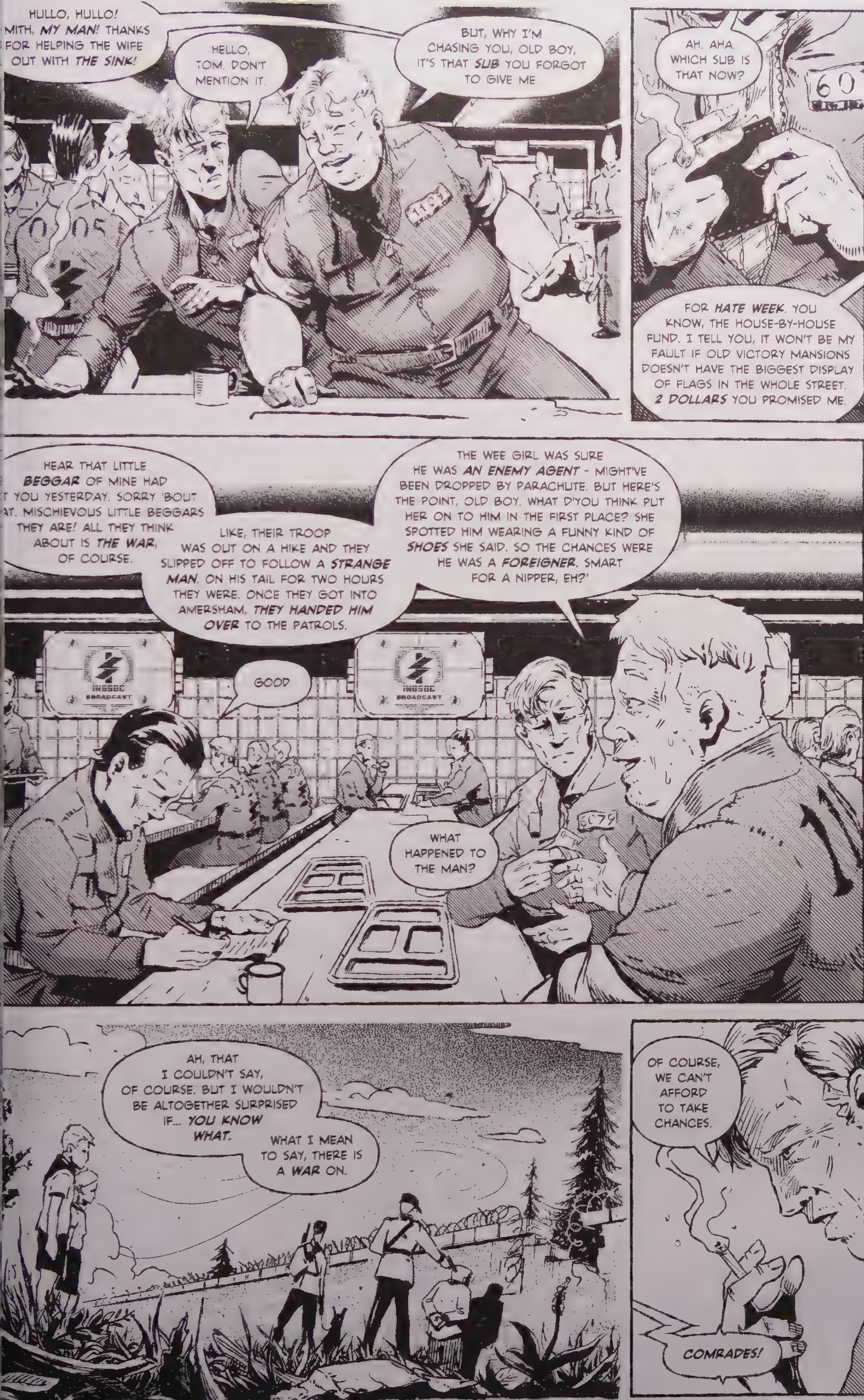
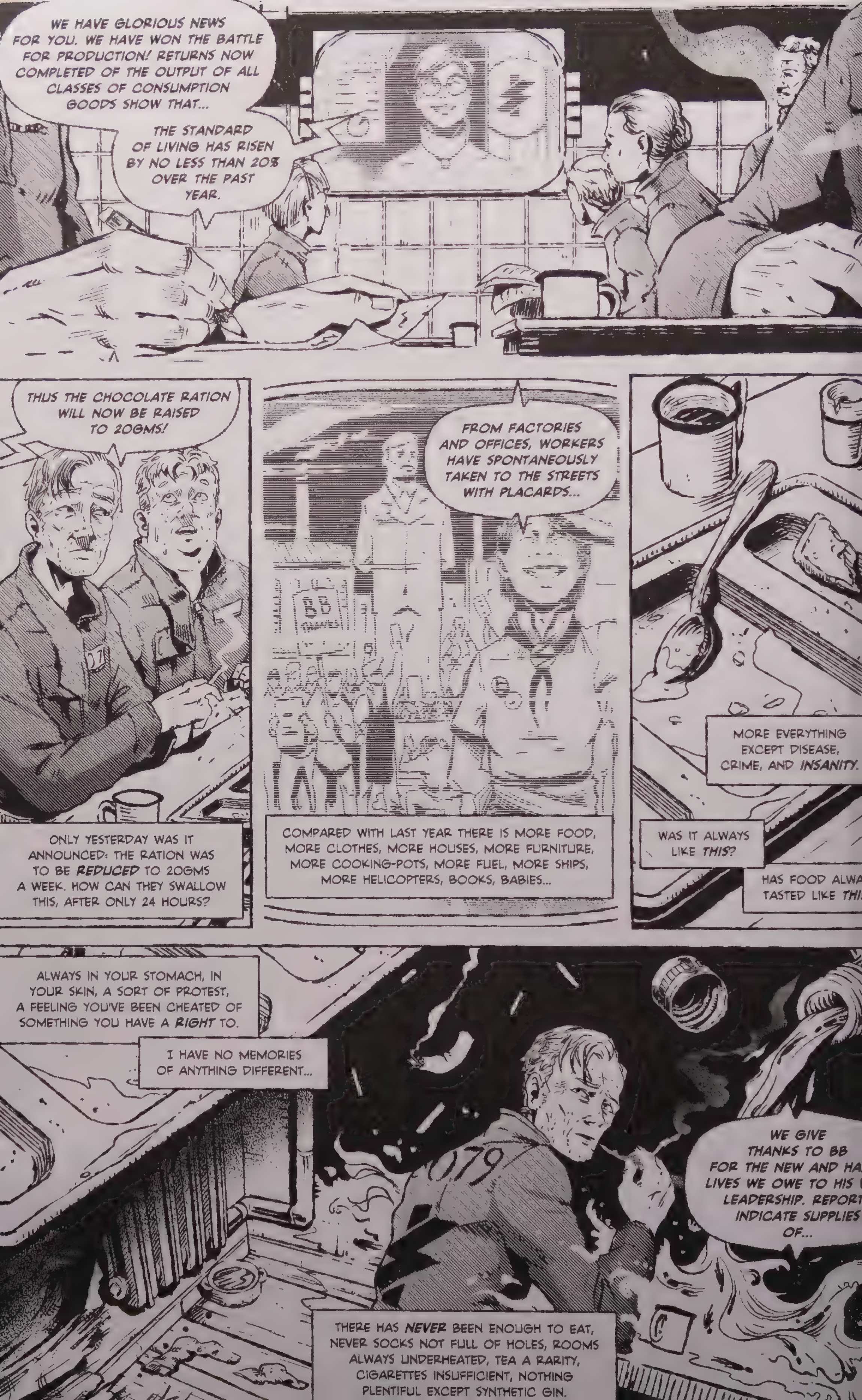
EEN- SERVICE
1056
508

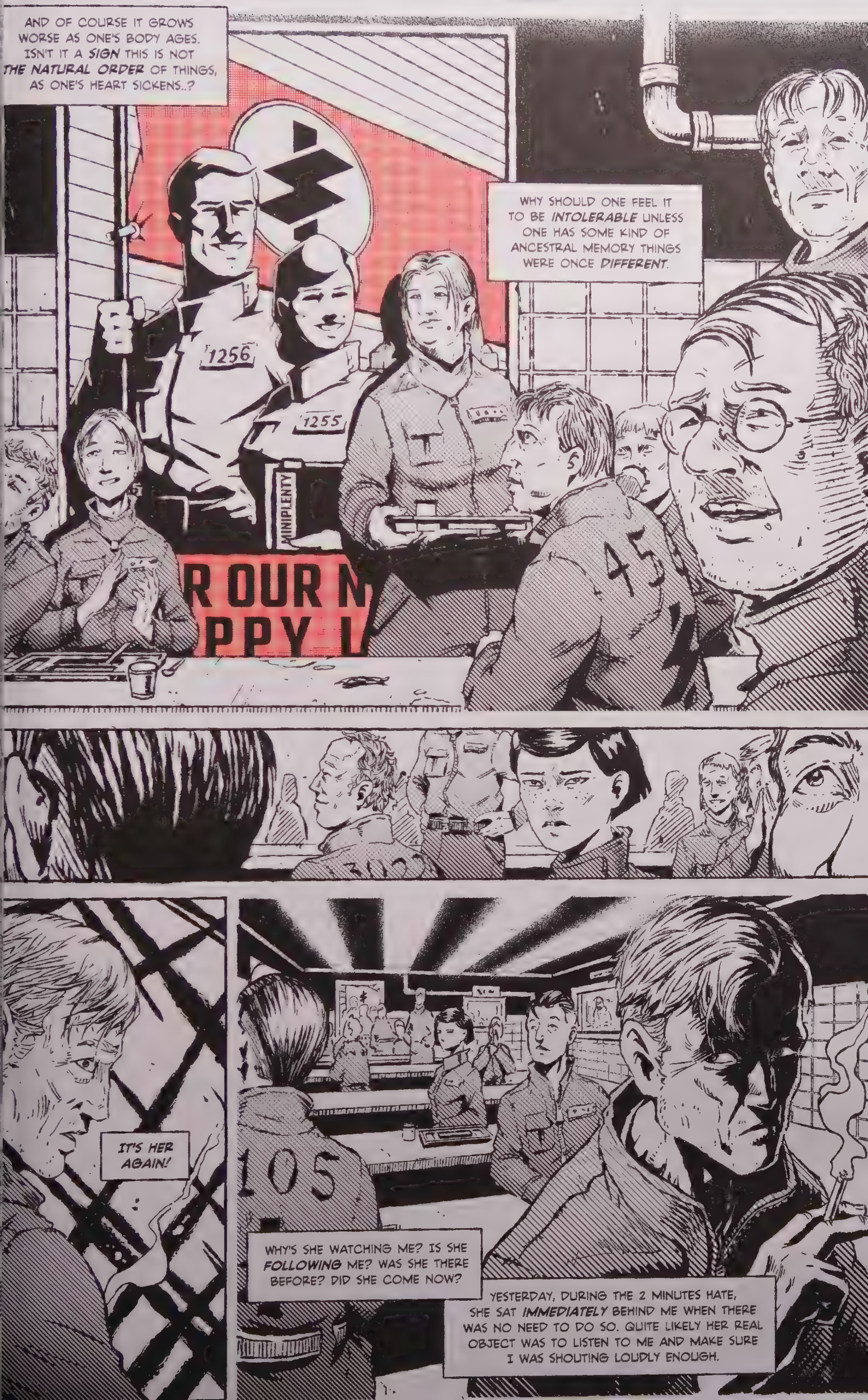

JUST THE MAN I WAS LOOKING FOR!
SPLAT
COMRADE SYME!
GOT ANY RAZOR BLADES?
SYME. A FRIEND WHO WORKS IN THE RESEARCH DEPARTMENT. PERHAPS 'FRIEND' ISN'T EXACTLY THE RIGHT WORD. YOU DON'T HAVE FRIENDS NOWADAYS, YOU HAVE COMRADES.
NOT ONE! I'VE TRIED ALL OVER. NO NEW SUPPLIES ANY LONGER.
I'VE BEEN USING THE SAME ONE FOR SIX WEEKS!
SPLAT
EVEN IF THERE ARE SOME COMRADES WHOSE SOCIETY IS PLEASANTER THAN OTHERS, THAT'S NO REASON TO GO SHARING SHORTAGES OF GOODS. ACTUALLY I'VE TWO UNUSED RAZORS I'M SAVING FOR ME.
SAME AS BUTTONS, DARNING WOOL AND SHOELACES.
DID YOU GO EE THE PRISONERS HANGED YESTERDAY?
I WAS WORKING. I'LL SEE IT ON THE FLICKS, I SUPPOSE.
A VERY INADEQUATE SUBSTITUTE!
IT WAS A GOOD HANGING. I THINK IT SPOILS IT WHEN THEY TIE THEIR FEET TOGETHER.
I LIKE TO SEE THEM KICKING.
SHALL WE TAKE A GIN?
... AND ABOVE ALL, AT THE END, THE TONGUE STICKING RIGHT OUT, BLUE - A QUITE BRIGHT BLUE! THAT'S THE DETAIL THAT APPEALS TO ME.
BROADCAST
BROADCAST
GLUG

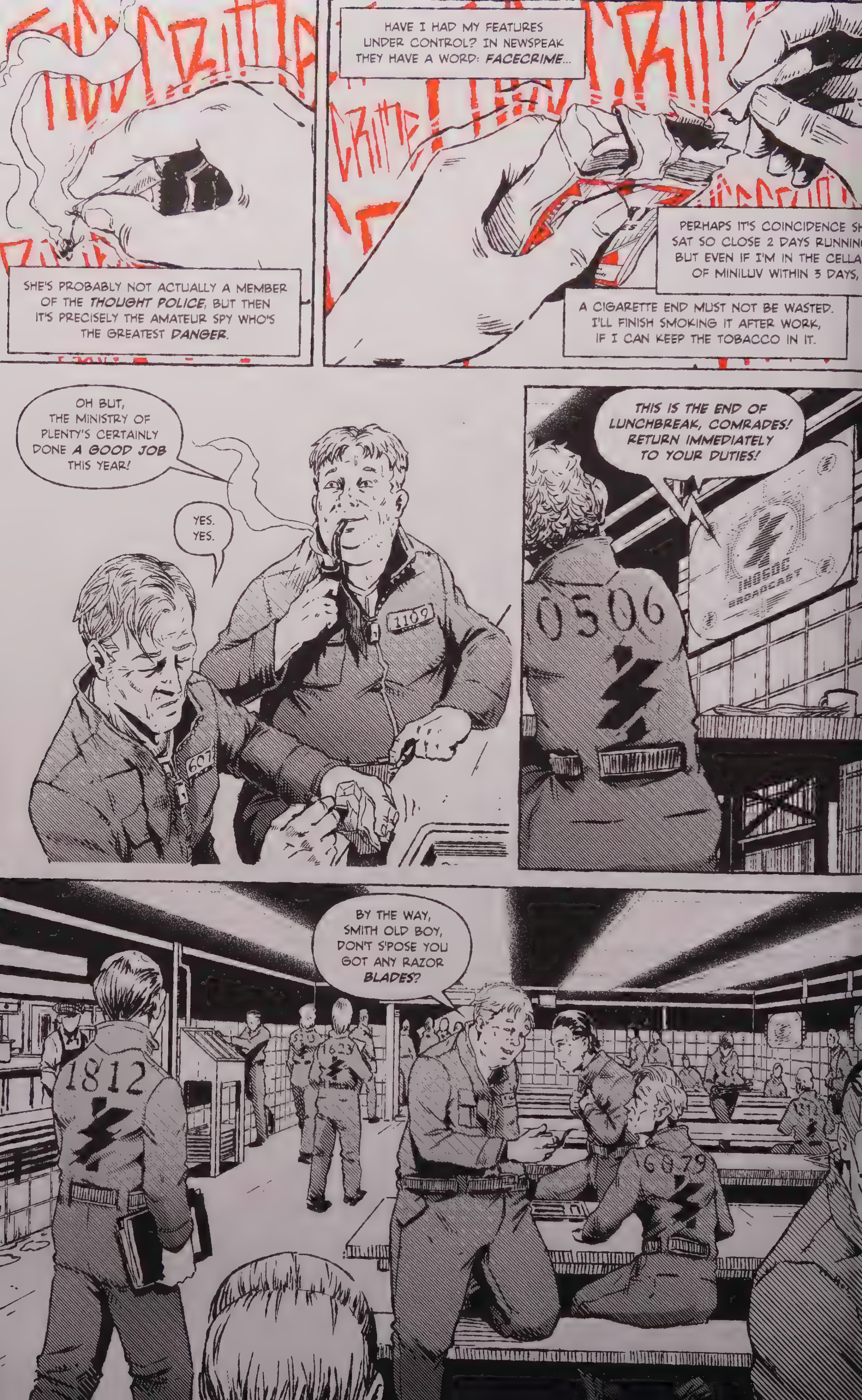

KLUNK
EUGH... HOW'S THE DICTIONARY GOING?
SLOWLY, I'M ON THE ADJECTIVES. IT'S *FASCINATING*.
THE 11TH EDITION IS *DEFINITIVE*. WHEN WE'VE FINISHED WITH IT, PEOPLE WILL HAVE TO LEARN IT ALL OVER AGAIN. NOBODY WILL SPEAK ANYTHING ELSE. WE'RE *DESTROYING* HUNDREDS OF WORDS, DAILY!
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL THING, DESTROYING WORDS. AFTER ALL, WHAT JUSTIFICATION IS THERE FOR A WORD THAT'S ONLY *THE OPPOSITE* OF ANOTHER WORD? A WORD CONTAINS ITS OPPOSITE *IN ITSELF*.
IF YOU HAVE A WORD LIKE "*GOOD*", WHAT NEED IS THERE FOR A WORD LIKE "*BAD*"? "*UNGOOD*" WILL DO JUST AS WELL - BETTER, BECAUSE IT'S AN *EXACT OPPOSITE*, WHICH THE OTHER IS *NOT*. OR AGAIN, IF YOU WANT A STRONGER VERSION OF "GOOD", WHAT SENSE IS THERE IN A WHOLE STRING OF VAGUE USELESS WORDS LIKE "EXCELLENT" AND "SPLENDID" AND ALL THE REST OF THEM? "PLUSGOOD" COVERS THE MEANING, "DOUBLEPLUSGOOD" IF YOU WANT SOMETHING STRONGER STILL. OF COURSE WE USE THOSE FORMS ALREADY, BUT IN THE FINAL VERSION OF NEWSPEAK THERE'LL BE *NOTHING* ELSE.
IN THE END THE WHOLE NOTION OF GOODNESS AND BADNESS WILL BE COVERED BY ONLY SIX WORDS - IN REALITY, ONLY ONE. DON'T YOU SEE THE BEAUTY OF THAT, WINSTON? IT WAS B.B.'S IDEA ORIGINALLY, *OF COURSE*.
YOU HAVEN'T A REAL *APPRECIATION* OF NEWSPEAK, WINSTON. I READ THE PIECES YOU WRITE IN THE TIMES. THEY'RE GOOD ENOUGH, BUT THEY'RE TRANSLATIONS. IN YOUR HEART YOU PREFER TO STICK TO *OLDSPEAK*, WITH ALL ITS VAGUENESS AND USELESS SHADES OF MEANING.
DO YOU KNOW, NEWSPEAK IS THE ONLY LANGUAGE IN THE WORLD WHOSE VOCABULARY GETS *SMALLER* EVERY YEAR? DON'T YOU SEE THE WHOLE AIM OF NEWSPEAK IS TO NARROW THE RANGE OF *THOUGHT*? IN THE END WE SHALL MAKE THOUGHTCRIME LITERALLY IMPOSSIBLE, BECAUSE THERE WILL BE NO WORDS IN WHICH TO *EXPRESS IT*.
THE REVOLUTION WILL BE COMPLETE WHEN THE LANGUAGE IS PERFECT. *NEWSPEAK IS INGSOC AND INGSOC IS NEWSPEAK.*
HMM...
HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU, WINSTON, THAT BY THE YEAR 2050, AT THE VERY LATEST, NOT A SINGLE HUMAN BEING WILL BE ALIVE WHO COULD *UNDERSTAND* A CONVERSATION LIKE WE'RE HAVING NOW?
EXCEPT THE...
PROLES? - PROLES AREN'T HUMAN BEINGS! BY 2050, OR EARLIER, OLDSPEAK WILL HAVE DISAPPEARED. EVEN THE SLOGANS WILL CHANGE. HOW CAN YOU HAVE A SLOGAN LIKE "FREEDOM IS SLAVERY" ONCE THE VERY CONCEPT OF *FREEDOM* IS ABOLISHED? THE WHOLE CLIMATE OF THOUGHT WILL BE DIFFERENT. *ORTHODOXY IS UNCONSCIOUSNESS.*


HM. YOU'RE SO RIGHT.
SYME WILL BE VAPORIZED. TOO INTELLIGENT. HE SEES TOO CLEARLY, SPEAKS TOO PLAINLY. THE PARTY DOESN'T LIKE SUCH PEOPLE.
IT IS WRITTEN IN HIS FACE.
...THE COMPLETE AND FINAL ELIMINATION OF GOLDSTEINISM!
BEST THING'D BE STRING GOLDSTEIN UP WITH THE REST OF THE WAR CRIMINALS, ONE BARBARIAN MORE. HIS CO-SABOTEURS THE SAME, *OF COURSE*.
I SAW A PHOTOGRAPH RECENTLY FROM THE MALABAR FRONT, SHOWING THE ATROCITIES OF THE EURASIAN ARMY. *PURE SADISM* FOR SADISM'S SAKE. BB HAS MADE...
I DO SO AGREE WITH YOU
0105
THERE'S A *WORD* IN NEWSPEAK...
A CURIOUS FEELING. LIKE THIS ISN'T A REAL *HUMAN BEING*. IT'S SOME KIND OF DUMMY. THIS MAN'S BRAIN ISN'T SPEAKING, IT'S HIS *LARYNX*.
DUCKSPEAK. IT HAS TWO CONTRADICT MEANINGS. APPLIED TO AN OPPONEN IT'S ABUSE, APPLIED TO SOMEONE YOU AGREE WITH, IT'S PRAISE. *HEH!*
3005
UNQUESTIONABLY SYME WILL BECON *AN UNPERSON*. HE'S 100% ORTHODO VENERATES INGSOC, HATES HERETIC AND IS FULLY CAPABLE OF DENOUNC *ME* AS A THOUGHT-CRIMINAL. YET THERE'S SOMETHING HE LACKS: DISCRETION, ALOOFNESS, A SORT OF *SAVING STUPIDITY*.
HE SAYS THINGS BETTER LEFT UNSAID, READS TOO MANY BOOKS, FREQUENTS *THE CHESTNUT TREE CAFÉ*, A HAUNT OF ARTISTS...
THERE'S NO LAW AGAINST FREQUENTING THE CHESTNUT TREE, YET THE PLACE IS SOMEHOW ILL-OMENED. THE OLD, DISCREDITED LEADERS OF THE PARTY USED TO GATHER THERE BEFORE THEY WERE FINALLY *PURGED*.
GOLDSTEIN HIMSELF, IT IS SAID, HAD SOMETIMES BEEN SEEN THERE.
HERE COMES PARSONS, THE BLOODY *FOOL*...


HULLO, HULLO! MITH, *MY MAN!* THANKS FOR HELPING THE WIFE OUT WITH *THE SINK!*
HELLO, TOM. DON'T MENTION IT.
BUT, WHY I'M CHASING YOU, OLD BOY, IT'S THAT *SUB* YOU FORGOT TO GIVE ME
AH. AHA. WHICH SUB IS THAT NOW?
FOR *HATE WEEK*. YOU KNOW, THE HOUSE-BY-HOUSE FUND. I TELL YOU, IT WON'T BE MY FAULT IF OLD VICTORY MANSIONS DOESN'T HAVE THE BIGGEST DISPLAY OF FLAGS IN THE WHOLE STREET. *2 DOLLARS* YOU PROMISED ME.
HEAR THAT LITTLE *BEGGAR* OF MINE HAD T YOU YESTERDAY. SORRY 'BOUT AT. MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE BEGGARS THEY ARE! ALL THEY THINK ABOUT IS *THE WAR*, OF COURSE.
LIKE, THEIR TROOP WAS OUT ON A HIKE AND THEY SLIPPED OFF TO FOLLOW A *STRANGE MAN*. ON HIS TAIL FOR TWO HOURS THEY WERE. ONCE THEY GOT INTO AMERSHAM, *THEY HANDED HIM OVER* TO THE PATROLS.
THE WEE GIRL WAS SURE HE WAS *AN ENEMY AGENT* - MIGHT'VE BEEN DROPPED BY PARACHUTE. BUT HERE'S THE POINT, OLD BOY. WHAT D'YOU THINK PUT HER ON TO HIM IN THE FIRST PLACE? SHE SPOTTED HIM WEARING A FUNNY KIND OF *SHOES* SHE SAID. SO THE CHANCES WERE HE WAS A *FOREIGNER*. SMART FOR A NIPPER, EH?'
INGSOC BROADCAST
INGSOC BROADCAST
GOOD
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE MAN?
AH, THAT I COULDN'T SAY, OF COURSE. BUT I WOULDN'T BE ALTOGETHER SURPRISED IF... *YOU KNOW WHAT.*
WHAT I MEAN TO SAY, THERE IS A *WAR* ON.
OF COURSE, WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES.
COMRADES!

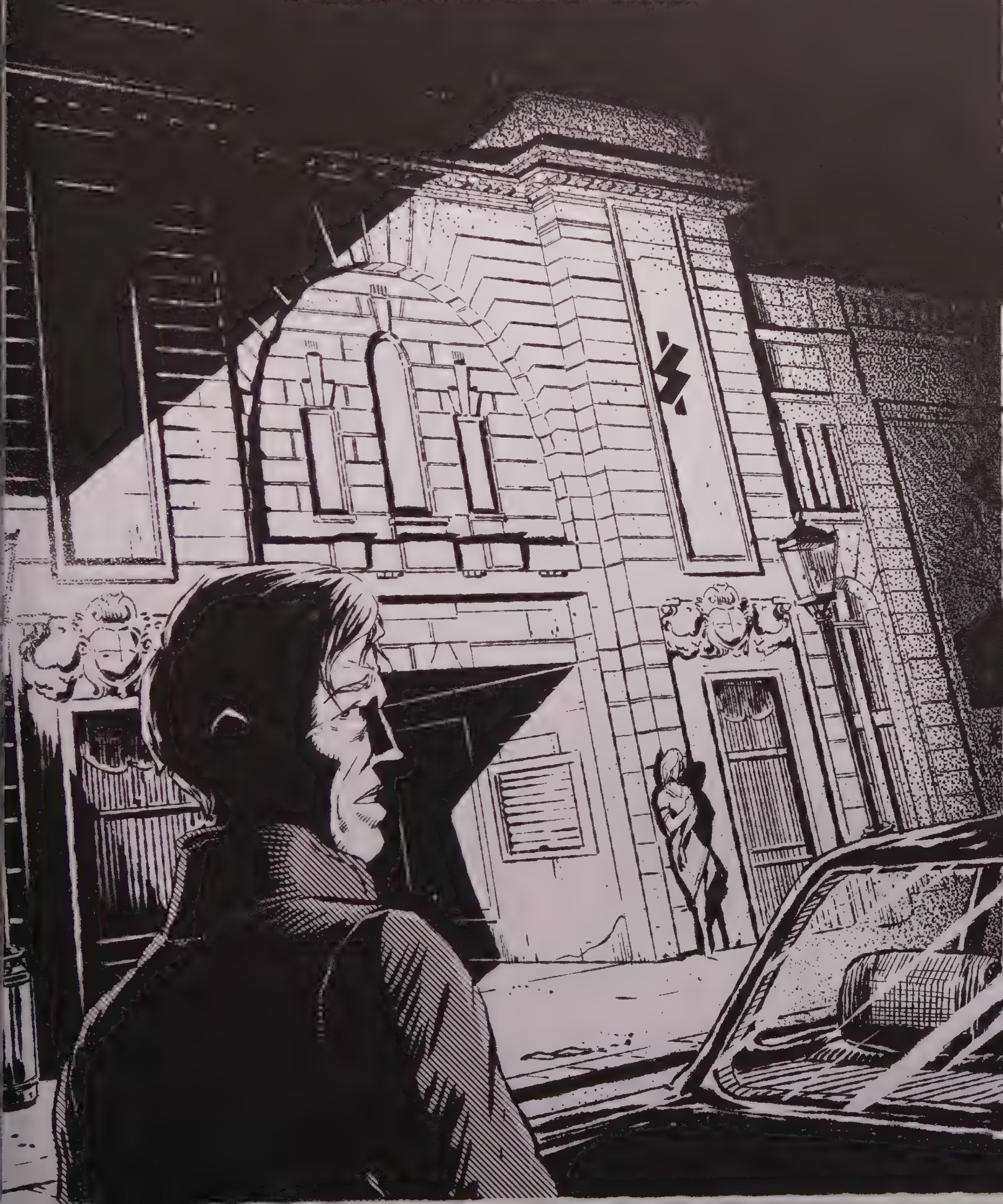

WE HAVE GLORIOUS NEWS FOR YOU. WE HAVE WON THE BATTLE FOR PRODUCTION! RETURNS NOW COMPLETED OF THE OUTPUT OF ALL CLASSES OF CONSUMPTION GOODS SHOW THAT...
THE STANDARD OF LIVING HAS RISEN BY NO LESS THAN 20% OVER THE PAST YEAR.
THUS THE CHOCOLATE RATION WILL NOW BE RAISED TO 20GMS!
07
ONLY YESTERDAY WAS IT ANNOUNCED: THE RATION WAS TO BE *REDUCED* TO 20GMS A WEEK. HOW CAN THEY SWALLOW THIS, AFTER ONLY 24 HOURS?
FROM FACTORIES AND OFFICES, WORKERS HAVE SPONTANEOUSLY TAKEN TO THE STREETS WITH PLACARDS...
BB THANKS
COMPARED WITH LAST YEAR THERE IS MORE FOOD, MORE CLOTHES, MORE HOUSES, MORE FURNITURE, MORE COOKING-POTS, MORE FUEL, MORE SHIPS, MORE HELICOPTERS, BOOKS, BABIES...
MORE EVERYTHING EXCEPT DISEASE, CRIME, AND *INSANITY.*
WAS IT ALWAYS LIKE *THIS?*
HAS FOOD ALWA TASTED LIKE *THI*
ALWAYS IN YOUR STOMACH, IN YOUR SKIN, A SORT OF PROTEST, A FEELING YOU'VE BEEN CHEATED OF SOMETHING YOU HAVE A *RIGHT* TO.
I HAVE NO MEMORIES OF ANYTHING DIFFERENT...
079
WE GIVE THANKS TO BB FOR THE NEW AND HA LIVES WE OWE TO HIS LEADERSHIP. REPORT INDICATE SUPPLIES OF...
THERE HAS *NEVER* BEEN ENOUGH TO EAT, NEVER SOCKS NOT FULL OF HOLES, ROOMS ALWAYS UNDERHEATED, TEA A RARITY, CIGARETTES INSUFFICIENT, NOTHING PLENTIFUL EXCEPT SYNTHETIC GIN.

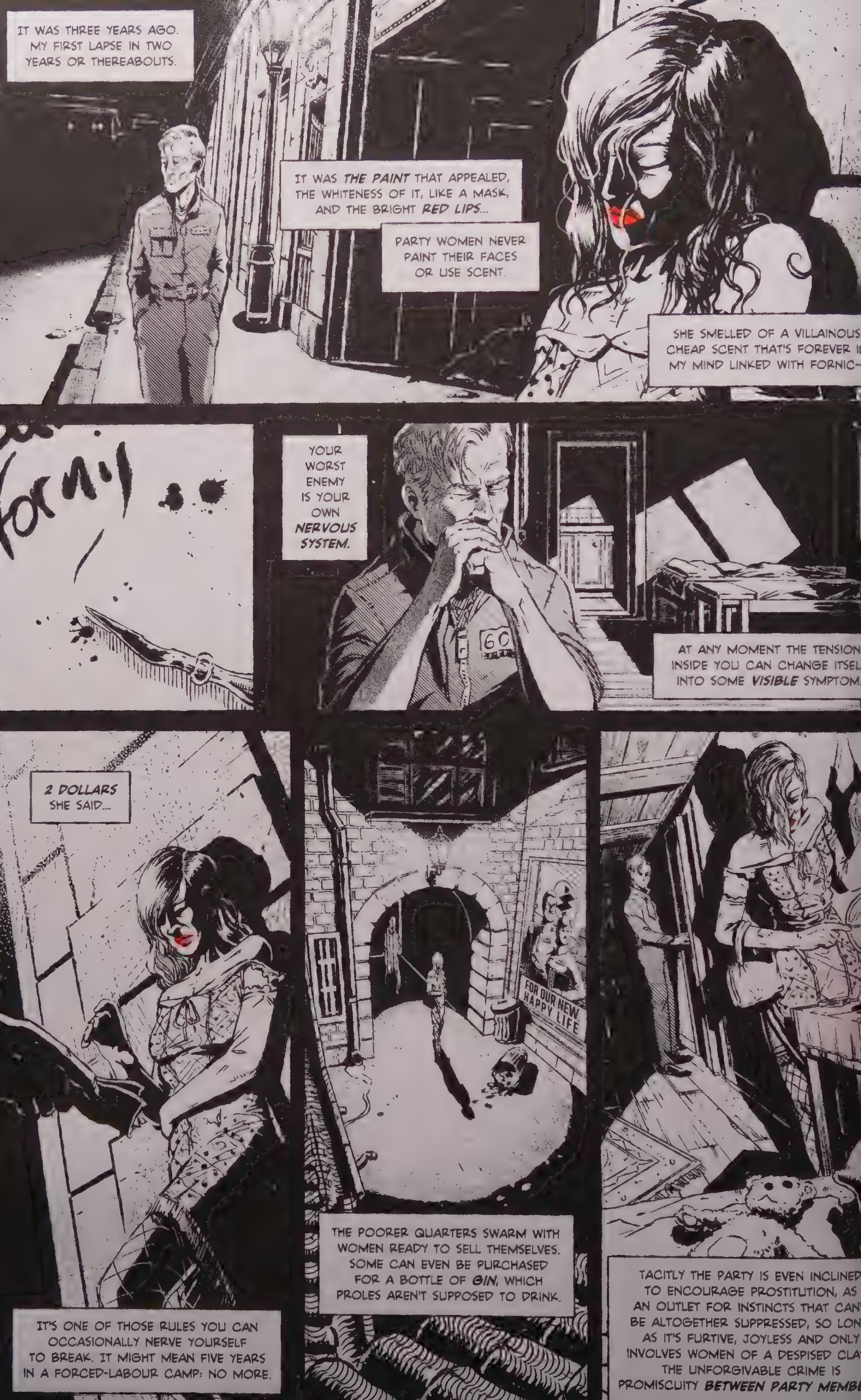

AND OF COURSE IT GROWS WORSE AS ONE'S BODY AGES. ISN'T IT A *SIGN* THIS IS NOT *THE NATURAL ORDER* OF THINGS, AS ONE'S HEART SICKENS..?
1256
1255
MINIPLENTY
R OUR N
PPY L
WHY SHOULD ONE FEEL IT TO BE *INTOLERABLE* UNLESS ONE HAS SOME KIND OF ANCESTRAL MEMORY THINGS WERE ONCE *DIFFERENT*.
45
IT'S HER AGAIN!
105
WHY'S SHE WATCHING ME? IS SHE *FOLLOWING* ME? WAS SHE THERE BEFORE? DID SHE COME NOW?
YESTERDAY, DURING THE 2 MINUTES HATE, SHE SAT *IMMEDIATELY* BEHIND ME WHEN THERE WAS NO NEED TO DO SO. QUITE LIKELY HER REAL OBJECT WAS TO LISTEN TO ME AND MAKE SURE I WAS SHOUTING LOUDLY ENOUGH.

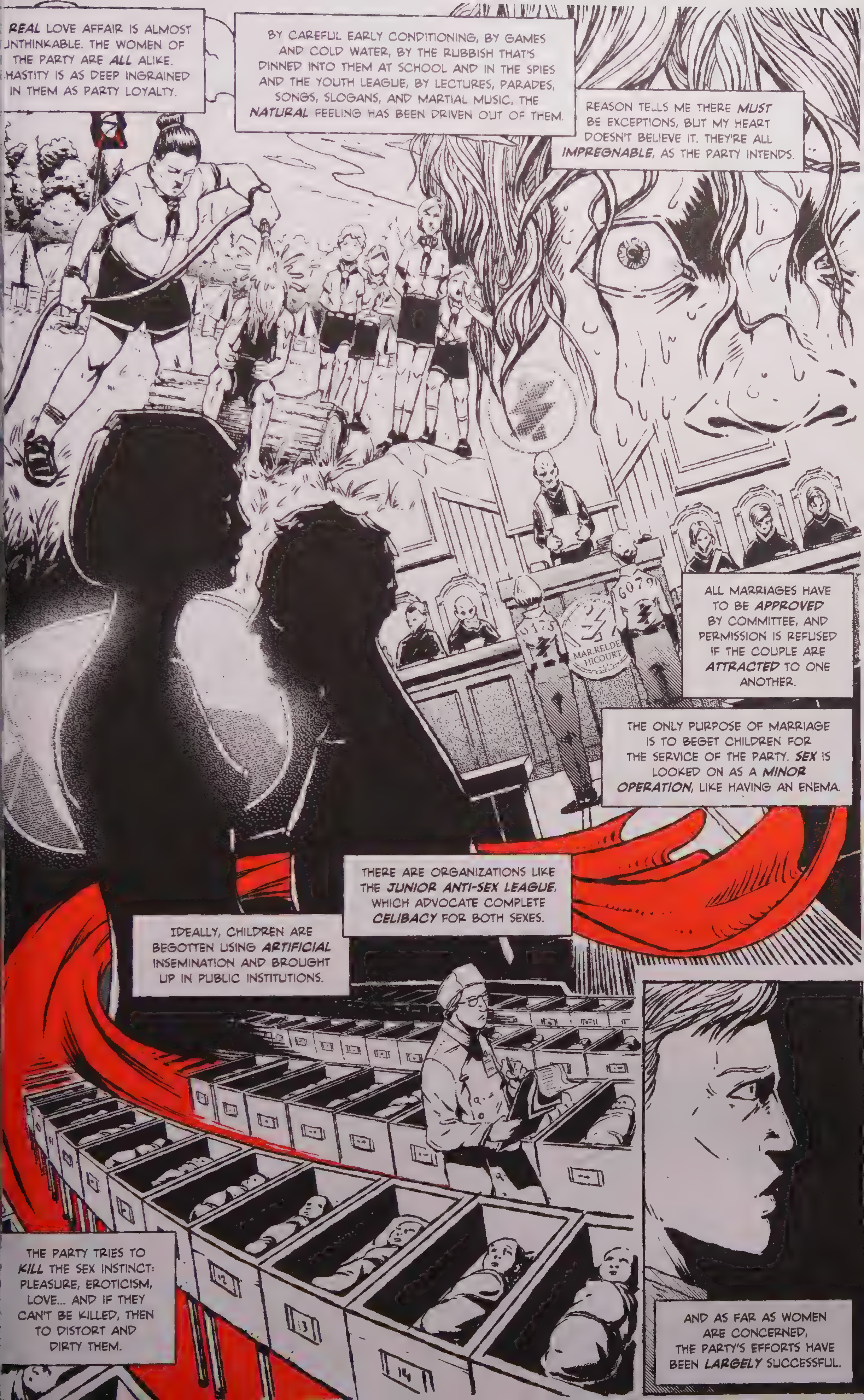

SHE'S PROBABLY NOT ACTUALLY A MEMBER OF THE *THOUGHT POLICE*, BUT THEN IT'S PRECISELY THE AMATEUR SPY WHO'S THE GREATEST *DANGER*.
HAVE I HAD MY FEATURES UNDER CONTROL? IN NEWSPEAK THEY HAVE A WORD: *FACECRIME*...
CRIME
PERHAPS IT'S COINCIDENCE SH SAT SO CLOSE 2 DAYS RUNNIN BUT EVEN IF I'M IN THE CELLA OF MINILUV WITHIN 3 DAYS,
A CIGARETTE END MUST NOT BE WASTED. I'LL FINISH SMOKING IT AFTER WORK, IF I CAN KEEP THE TOBACCO IN IT.
OH BUT, THE MINISTRY OF PLENTY'S CERTAINLY DONE *A GOOD JOB* THIS YEAR!
YES. YES.
1109
607
THIS IS THE END OF LUNCHBREAK, COMRADES! RETURN IMMEDIATELY TO YOUR DUTIES!
INGSOC BROADCAST
0506
BY THE WAY, SMITH OLD BOY, DON'T S'POSE YOU GOT ANY RAZOR *BLADES?*
1812
1623
6879

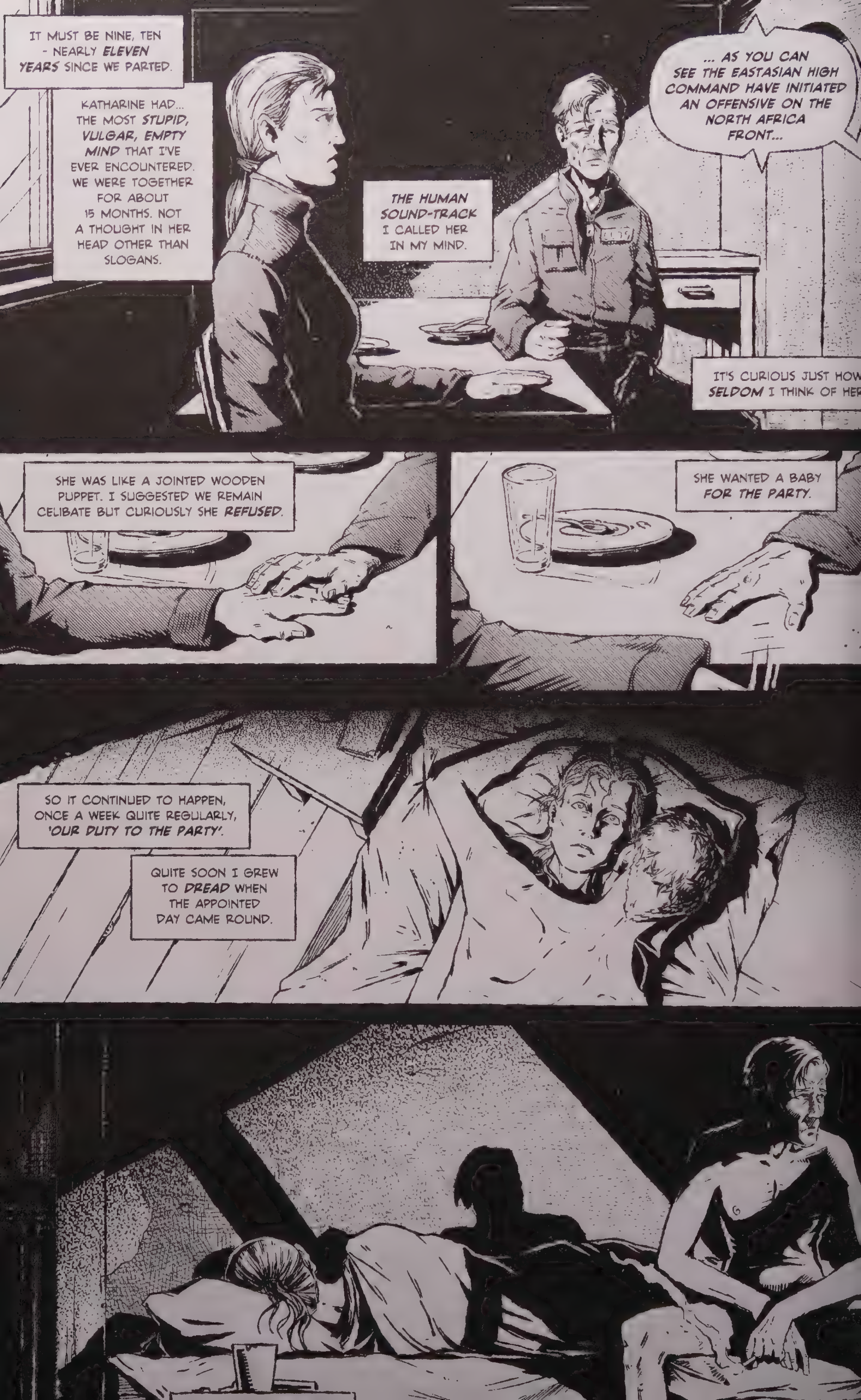
CHAPTER 6

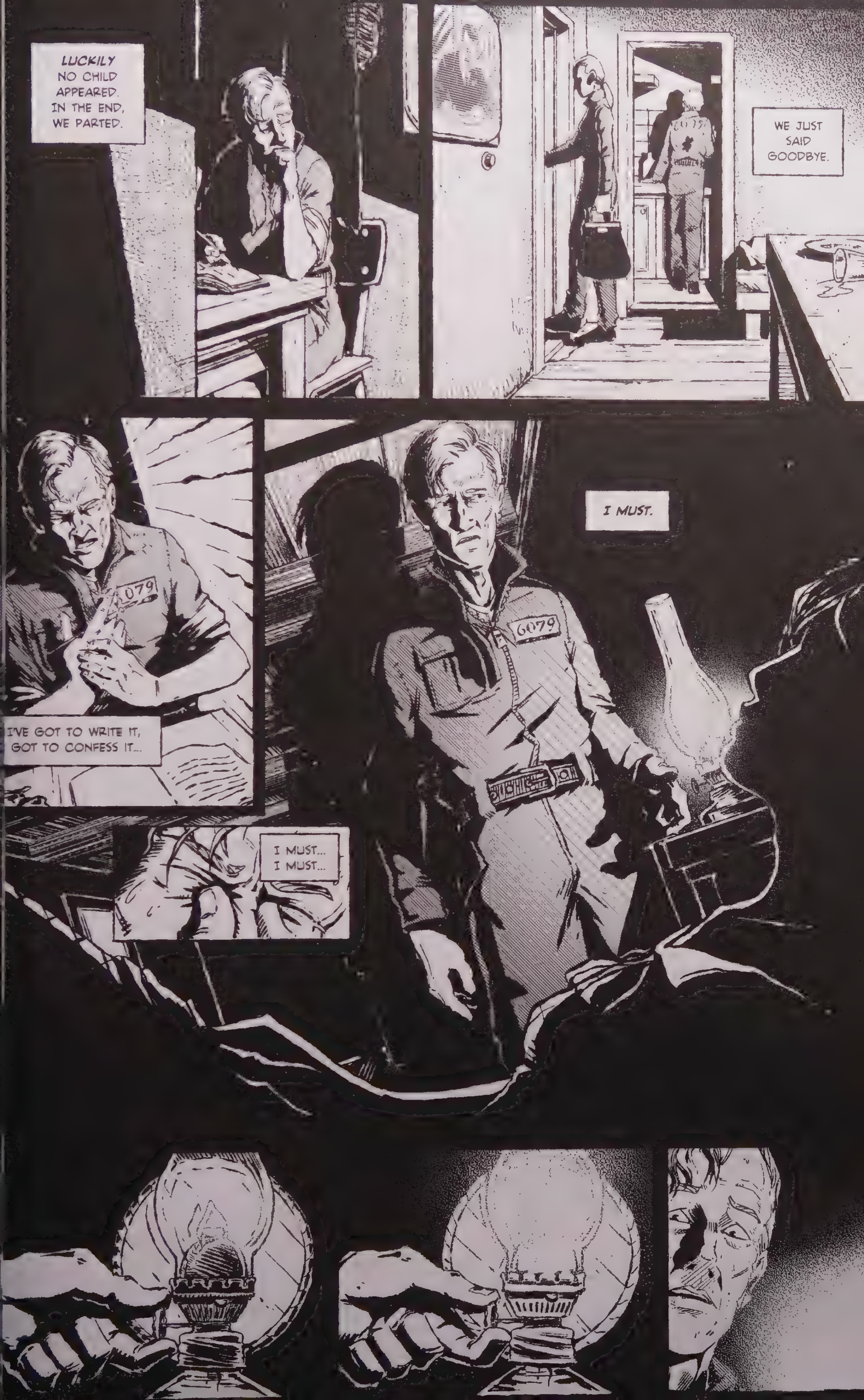
THE SEXUAL ACT, SUCCESSFULLY PERFORMED,
WAS REBELLION.
DESIRE WAS THOUGHTCRIME.

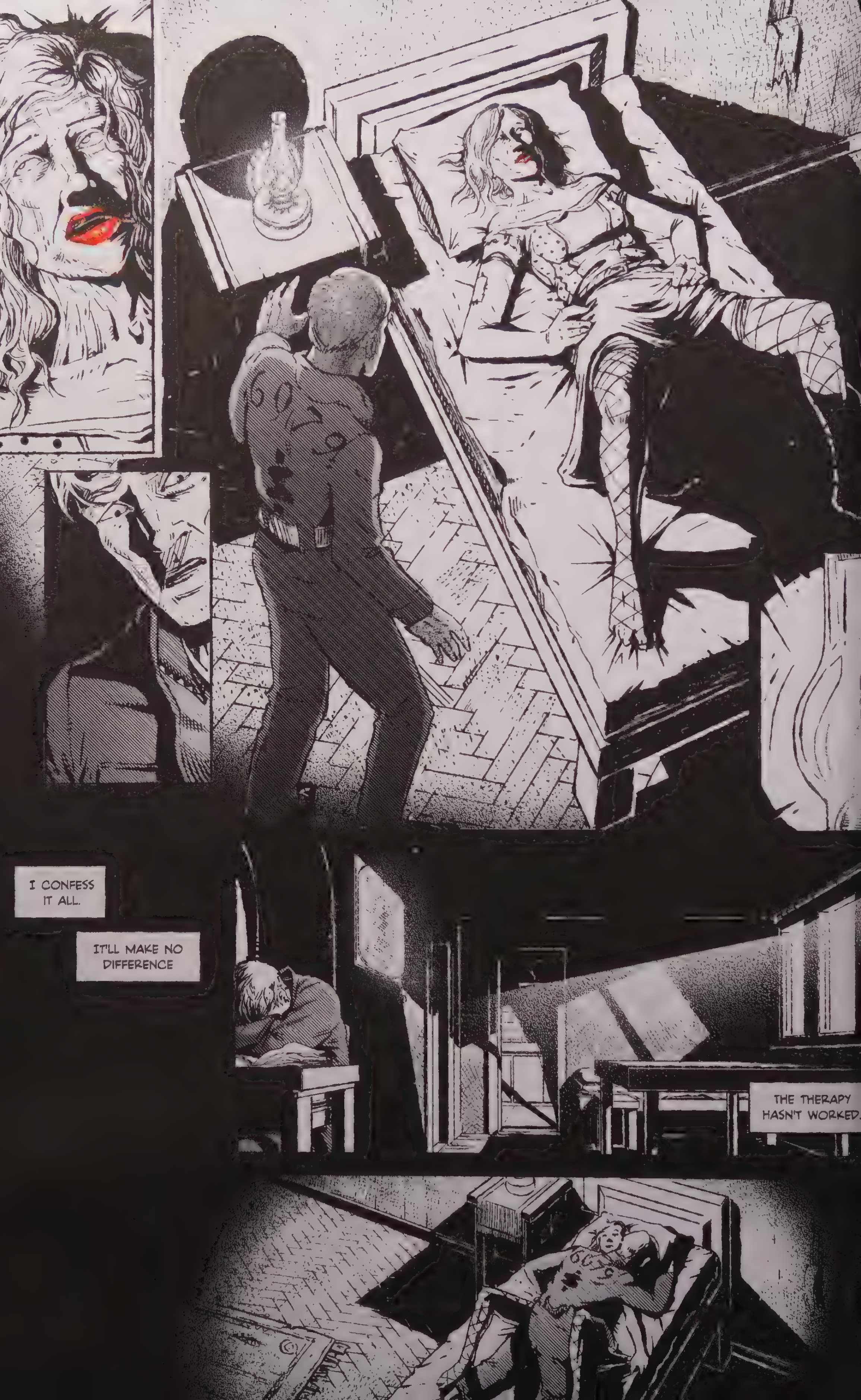



IT WAS THREE YEARS AGO. MY FIRST LAPSE IN TWO YEARS OR THEREABOUTS.
IT WAS *THE PAINT* THAT APPEALED, THE WHITENESS OF IT, LIKE A MASK, AND THE BRIGHT *RED LIPS*...
PARTY WOMEN NEVER PAINT THEIR FACES OR USE SCENT.
SHE SMELLED OF A VILLAINOUS CHEAP SCENT THAT'S FOREVER I MY MIND LINKED WITH FORNIC-
YOUR WORST ENEMY IS YOUR OWN *NERVOUS SYSTEM.*
60
AT ANY MOMENT THE TENSION INSIDE YOU CAN CHANGE ITSEL INTO SOME *VISIBLE* SYMPTOM.
2 DOLLARS SHE SAID...
IT'S ONE OF THOSE RULES YOU CAN OCCASIONALLY NERVE YOURSELF TO BREAK. IT MIGHT MEAN FIVE YEARS IN A FORCED-LABOUR CAMP: NO MORE.
FOR OUR NEW HAPPY LIFE
THE POORER QUARTERS SWARM WITH WOMEN READY TO SELL THEMSELVES. SOME CAN EVEN BE PURCHASED FOR A BOTTLE OF *GIN*, WHICH PROLES AREN'T SUPPOSED TO DRINK.
TACITLY THE PARTY IS EVEN INCLINED TO ENCOURAGE PROSTITUTION, AS AN OUTLET FOR INSTINCTS THAT CAN BE ALTOGETHER SUPPRESSED, SO LON AS IT'S FURTIVE, JOYLESS AND ONLY INVOLVES WOMEN OF A DESPISED CLA THE UNFORGIVABLE CRIME IS PROMISCUITY *BETWEEN PARTY MEMB*


REAL LOVE AFFAIR IS ALMOST UNTHINKABLE. THE WOMEN OF THE PARTY ARE ALL ALIKE. HASTITY IS AS DEEP INGRAINED IN THEM AS PARTY LOYALTY.
BY CAREFUL EARLY CONDITIONING, BY GAMES AND COLD WATER, BY THE RUBBISH THAT'S DINNED INTO THEM AT SCHOOL AND IN THE SPIES AND THE YOUTH LEAGUE, BY LECTURES, PARADES, SONGS, SLOGANS, AND MARTIAL MUSIC, THE NATURAL FEELING HAS BEEN DRIVEN OUT OF THEM.
REASON TELLS ME THERE MUST BE EXCEPTIONS, BUT MY HEART DOESN'T BELIEVE IT. THEY'RE ALL IMPREGNABLE, AS THE PARTY INTENDS.
6079
MAR.RELDE HICOURT
ALL MARRIAGES HAVE TO BE APPROVED BY COMMITTEE, AND PERMISSION IS REFUSED IF THE COUPLE ARE ATTRACTED TO ONE ANOTHER.
THE ONLY PURPOSE OF MARRIAGE IS TO BEGET CHILDREN FOR THE SERVICE OF THE PARTY. SEX IS LOOKED ON AS A MINOR OPERATION, LIKE HAVING AN ENEMA.
THERE ARE ORGANIZATIONS LIKE THE JUNIOR ANTI-SEX LEAGUE, WHICH ADVOCATE COMPLETE CELIBACY FOR BOTH SEXES.
IDEALLY, CHILDREN ARE BEGOTTEN USING ARTIFICIAL INSEMINATION AND BROUGHT UP IN PUBLIC INSTITUTIONS.
12
13
14
THE PARTY TRIES TO KILL THE SEX INSTINCT: PLEASURE, EROTICISM, LOVE... AND IF THEY CAN'T BE KILLED, THEN TO DISTORT AND DIRTY THEM.
AND AS FAR AS WOMEN ARE CONCERNED, THE PARTY'S EFFORTS HAVE BEEN LARGELY SUCCESSFUL.

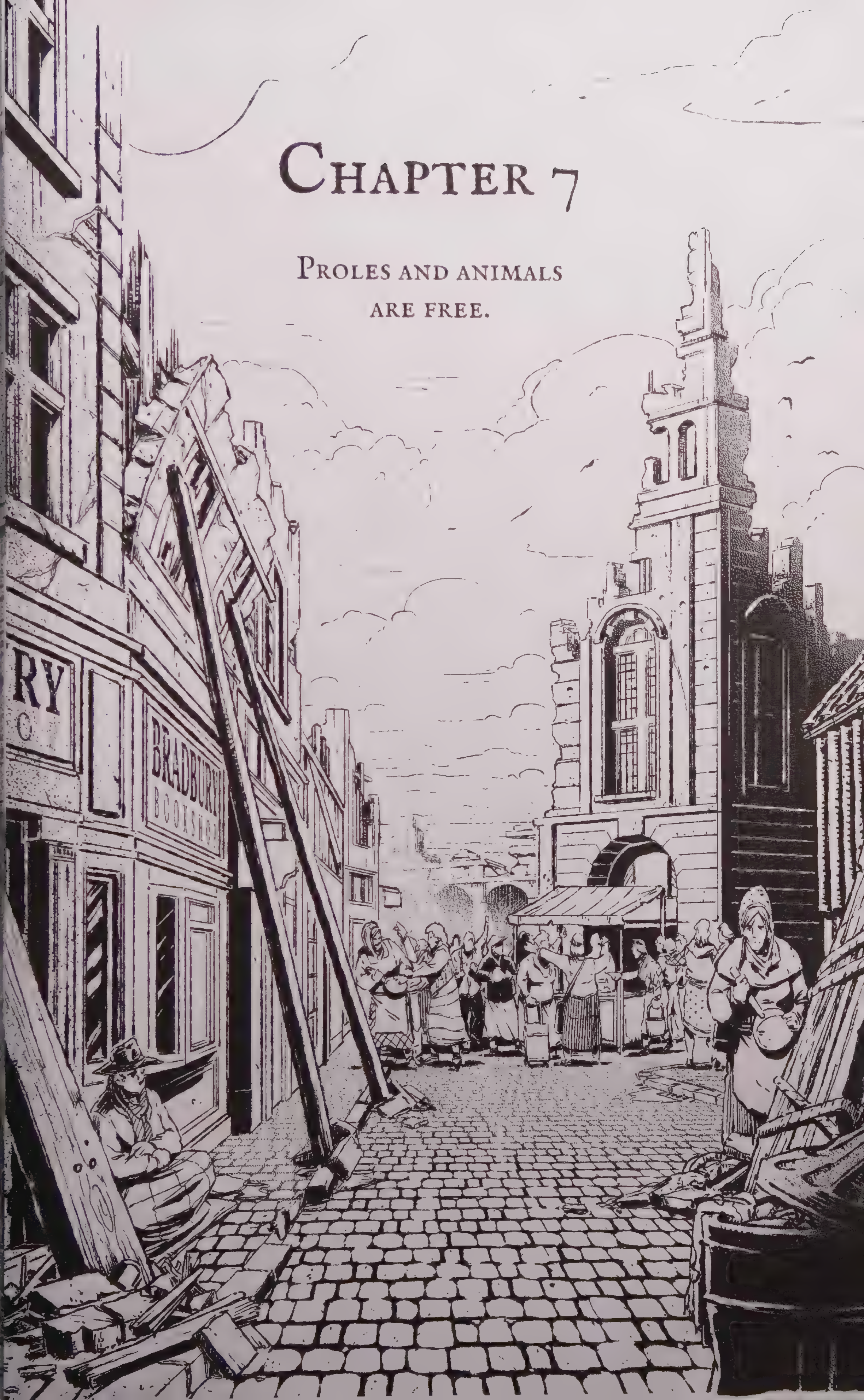

IT MUST BE NINE, TEN - NEARLY *ELEVEN YEARS* SINCE WE PARTED.
KATHARINE HAD... THE MOST *STUPID, VULGAR, EMPTY MIND* THAT I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED. WE WERE TOGETHER FOR ABOUT 15 MONTHS. NOT A THOUGHT IN HER HEAD OTHER THAN SLOGANS.
THE HUMAN SOUND-TRACK I CALLED HER IN MY MIND.
... AS YOU CAN SEE THE EASTASIAN HIGH COMMAND HAVE INITIATED AN OFFENSIVE ON THE NORTH AFRICA FRONT...
IT'S CURIOUS JUST HOW *SELDOM* I THINK OF HER
SHE WAS LIKE A JOINTED WOODEN PUPPET. I SUGGESTED WE REMAIN CELIBATE BUT CURIOUSLY SHE *REFUSED*.
SHE WANTED A BABY *FOR THE PARTY*.
SO IT CONTINUED TO HAPPEN, ONCE A WEEK QUITE REGULARLY, *'OUR DUTY TO THE PARTY'*.
QUITE SOON I GREW TO *DREAD* WHEN THE APPOINTED DAY CAME ROUND.

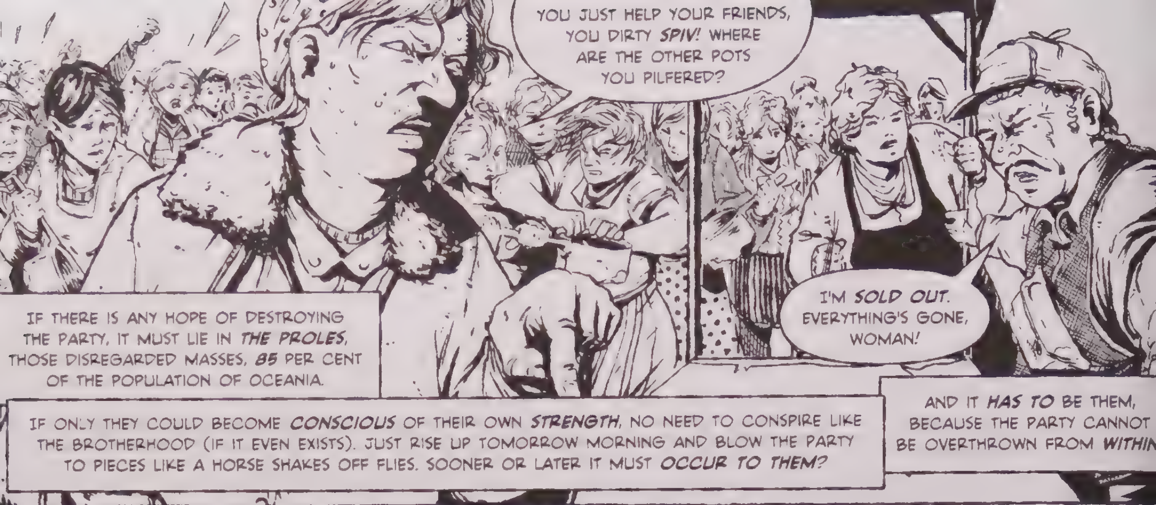

LUCKILY NO CHILD APPEARED. IN THE END, WE PARTED.
WE JUST SAID GOODBYE.
I MUST.
6079
6079
I'VE GOT TO WRITE IT, GOT TO CONFESS IT...
I MUST... I MUST...

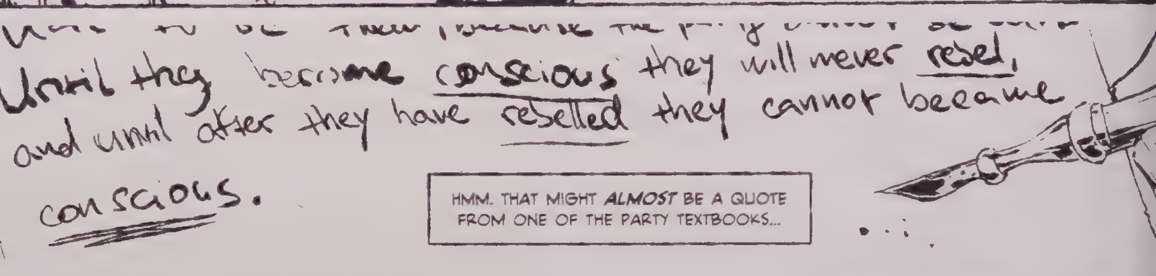

6079
I CONFESS IT ALL.
IT'LL MAKE NO DIFFERENCE
THE THERAPY HASN'T WORKED.
6079

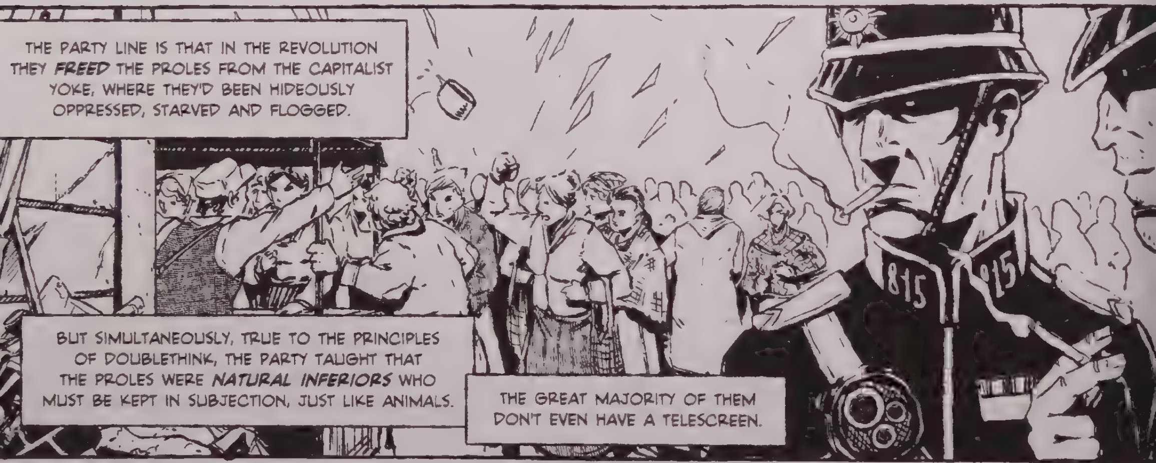
CHAPTER 7

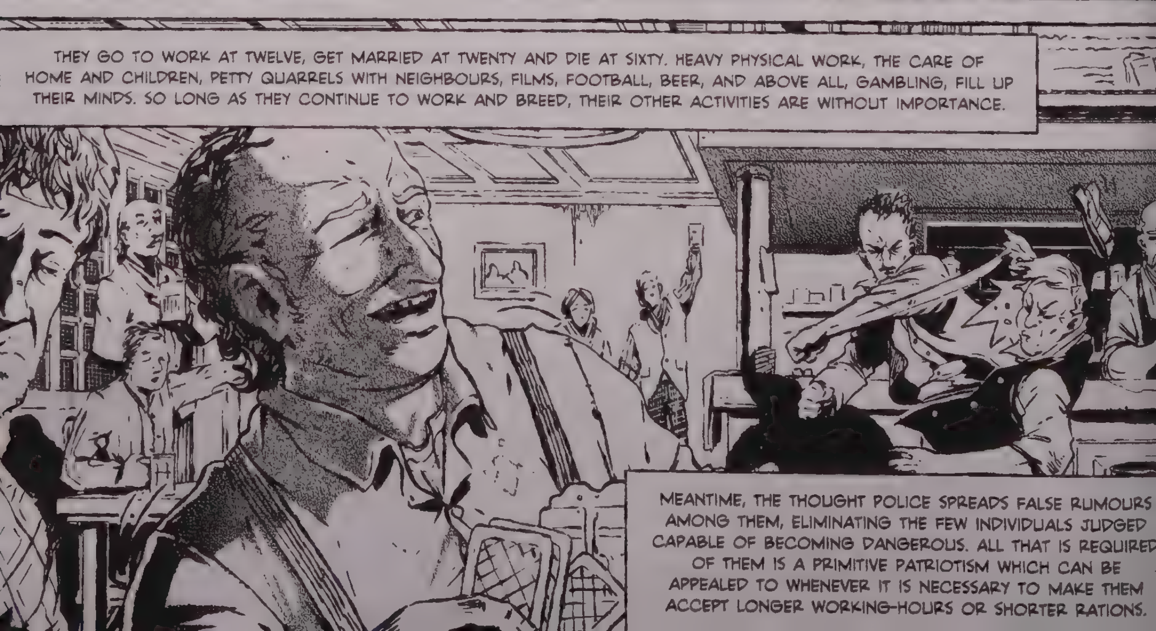
PROLES AND ANIMALS ARE FREE.

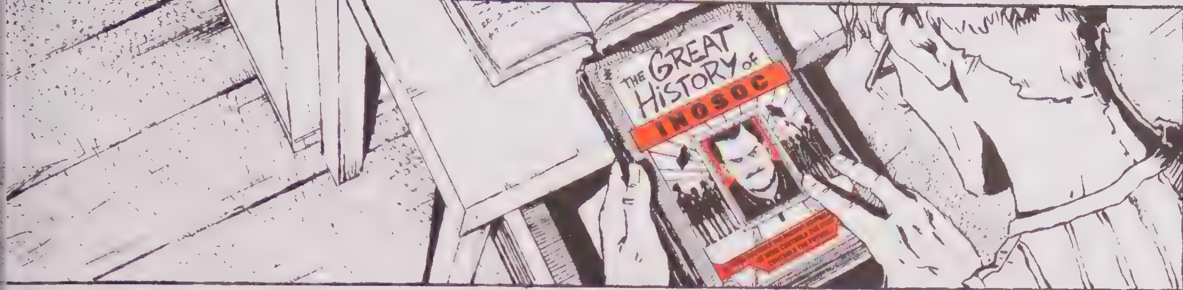

RY
BRADBUR
BOOKSH

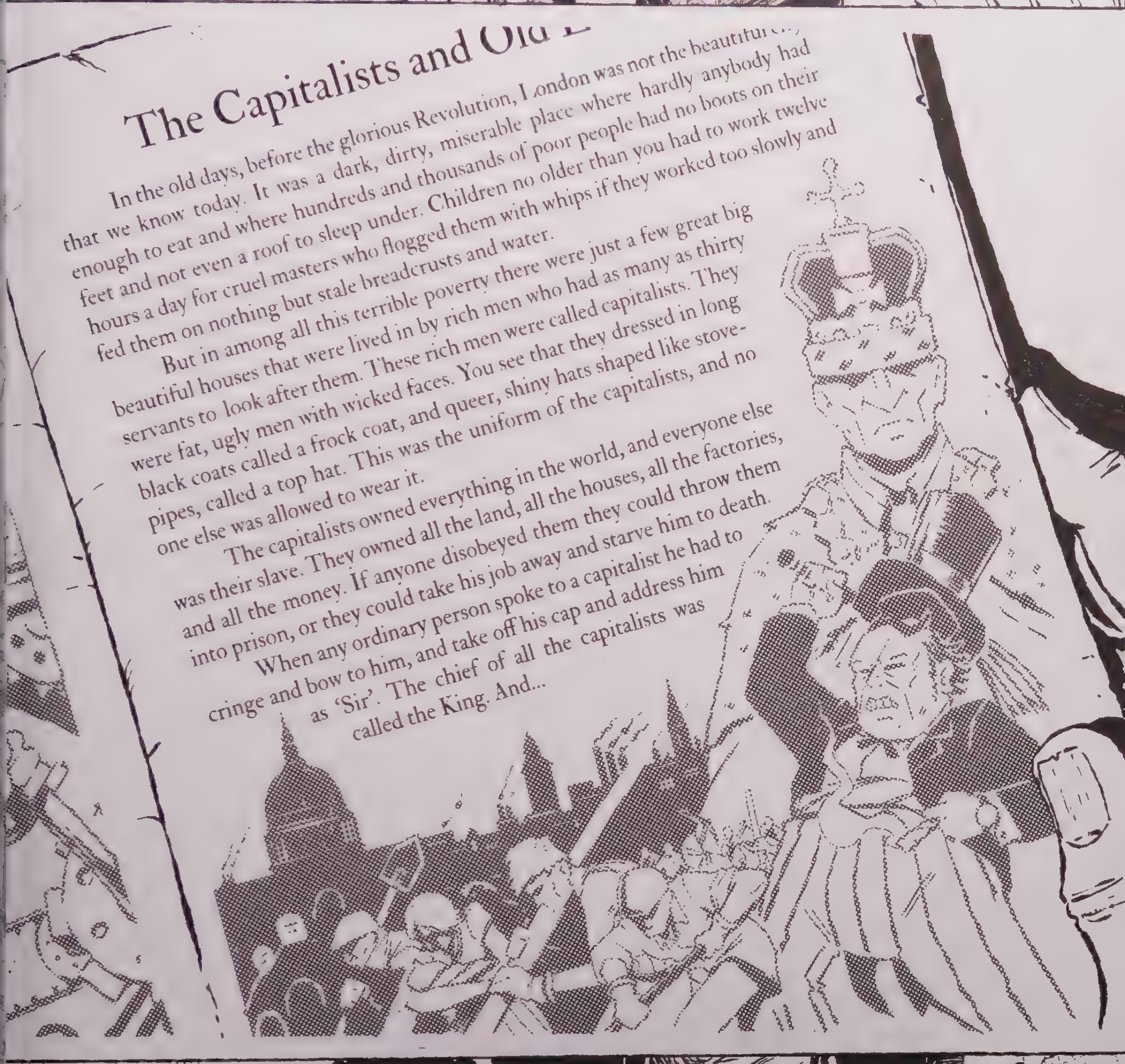

YOU JUST HELP YOUR FRIENDS, YOU DIRTY *SPIV!* WHERE ARE THE OTHER POTS YOU PILFERED?
I'M *SOLD OUT.* EVERYTHING'S GONE, WOMAN!
IF THERE IS ANY HOPE OF DESTROYING THE PARTY, IT MUST LIE IN *THE PROLES,* THOSE DISREGARDED MASSES, *85* PER CENT OF THE POPULATION OF OCEANIA.
IF ONLY THEY COULD BECOME *CONSCIOUS* OF THEIR OWN *STRENGTH,* NO NEED TO CONSPIRE LIKE THE BROTHERHOOD (IF IT EVEN EXISTS). JUST RISE UP TOMORROW MORNING AND BLOW THE PARTY TO PIECES LIKE A HORSE SHAKES OFF FLIES. SOONER OR LATER IT MUST *OCCUR TO THEM?*
AND IT *HAS TO* BE THEM, BECAUSE THE PARTY CANNOT BE OVERTHROWN FROM *WITHIN*


Until they become conscious they will never rebel, and until after they have rebelled they cannot become conscious.
HMM. THAT MIGHT *ALMOST* BE A QUOTE FROM ONE OF THE PARTY TEXTBOOKS...


THE PARTY LINE IS THAT IN THE REVOLUTION THEY *FREED* THE PROLES FROM THE CAPITALIST YOKE, WHERE THEY'D BEEN HIDEOUSLY OPPRESSED, STARVED AND FLOGGED.
815
BUT SIMULTANEOUSLY, TRUE TO THE PRINCIPLES OF DOUBLETHINK, THE PARTY TAUGHT THAT THE PROLES WERE *NATURAL INFERIORS* WHO MUST BE KEPT IN SUBJECTION, JUST LIKE ANIMALS.
THE GREAT MAJORITY OF THEM DON'T EVEN HAVE A TELESCREEN.


THEY GO TO WORK AT TWELVE, GET MARRIED AT TWENTY AND DIE AT SIXTY. HEAVY PHYSICAL WORK, THE CARE OF HOME AND CHILDREN, PETTY QUARRELS WITH NEIGHBOURS, FILMS, FOOTBALL, BEER, AND ABOVE ALL, GAMBLING, FILL UP THEIR MINDS. SO LONG AS THEY CONTINUE TO WORK AND BREED, THEIR OTHER ACTIVITIES ARE WITHOUT IMPORTANCE.
MEANTIME, THE THOUGHT POLICE SPREADS FALSE RUMOURS AMONG THEM, ELIMINATING THE FEW INDIVIDUALS JUDGED CAPABLE OF BECOMING DANGEROUS. ALL THAT IS REQUIRED OF THEM IS A PRIMITIVE PATRIOTISM WHICH CAN BE APPEALED TO WHENEVER IT IS NECESSARY TO MAKE THEM ACCEPT LONGER WORKING-HOURS OR SHORTER RATIONS.


THE GREAT HISTORY OF
INOSOC

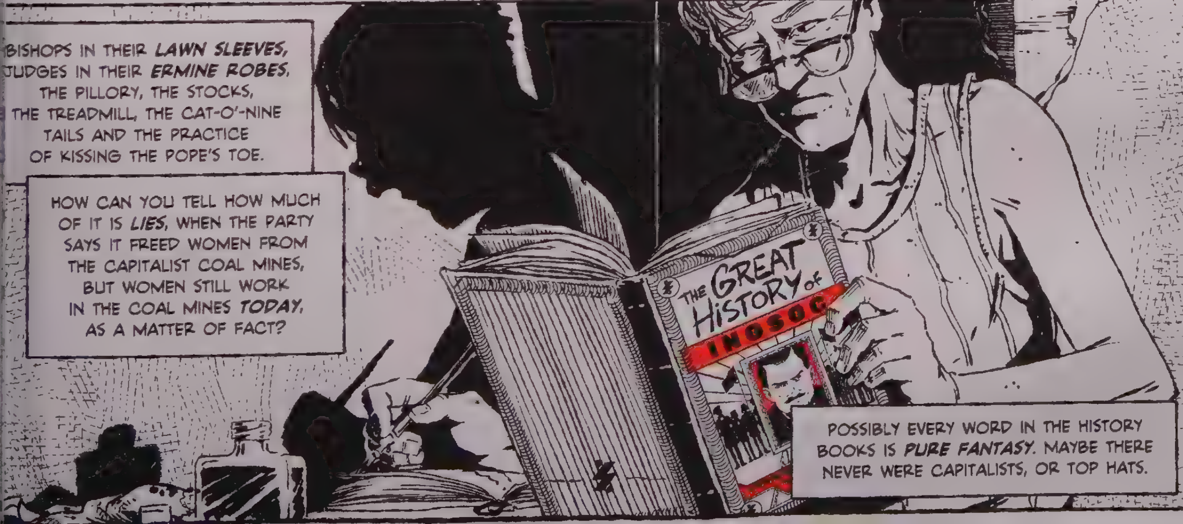


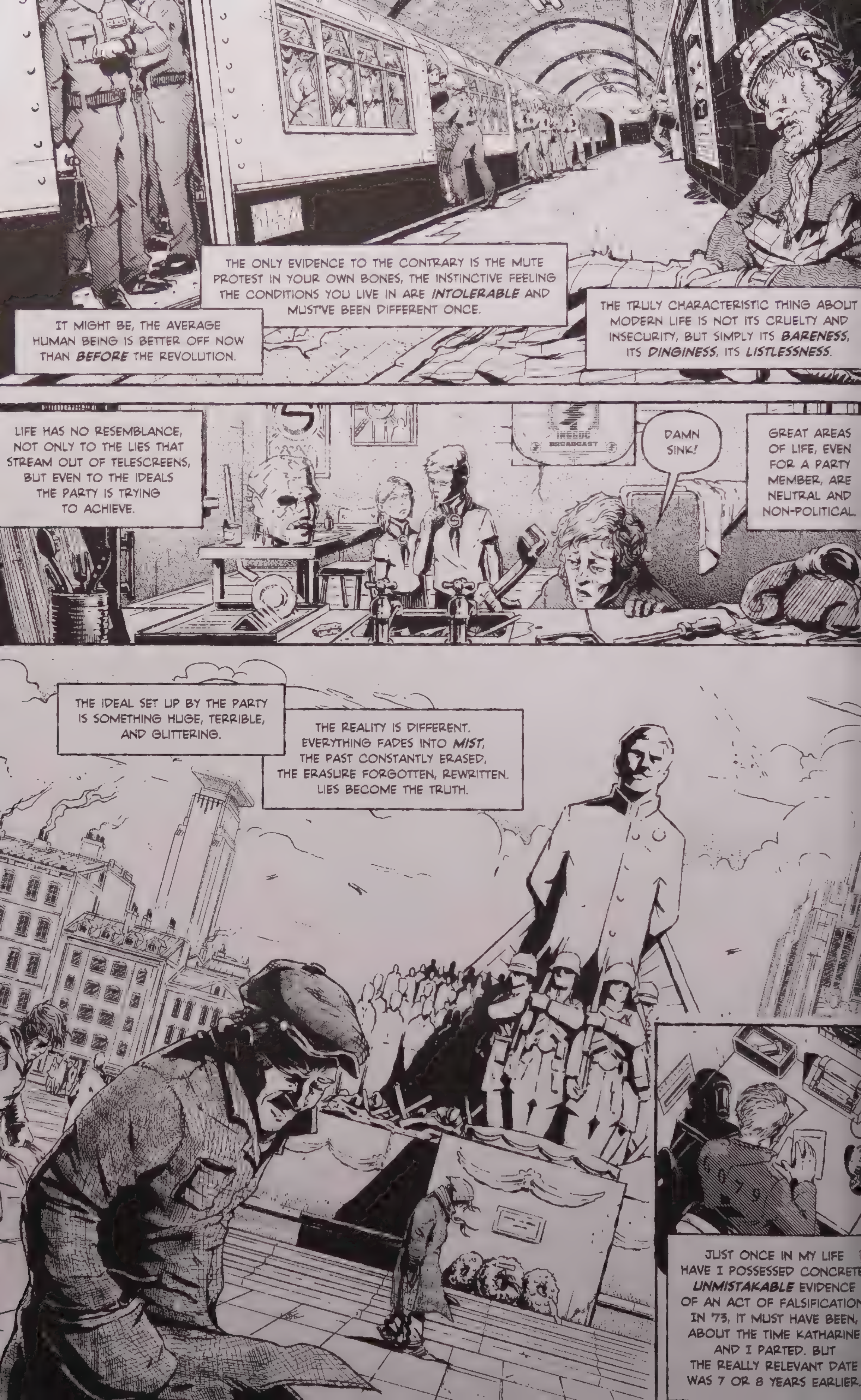
The Capitalists and Old

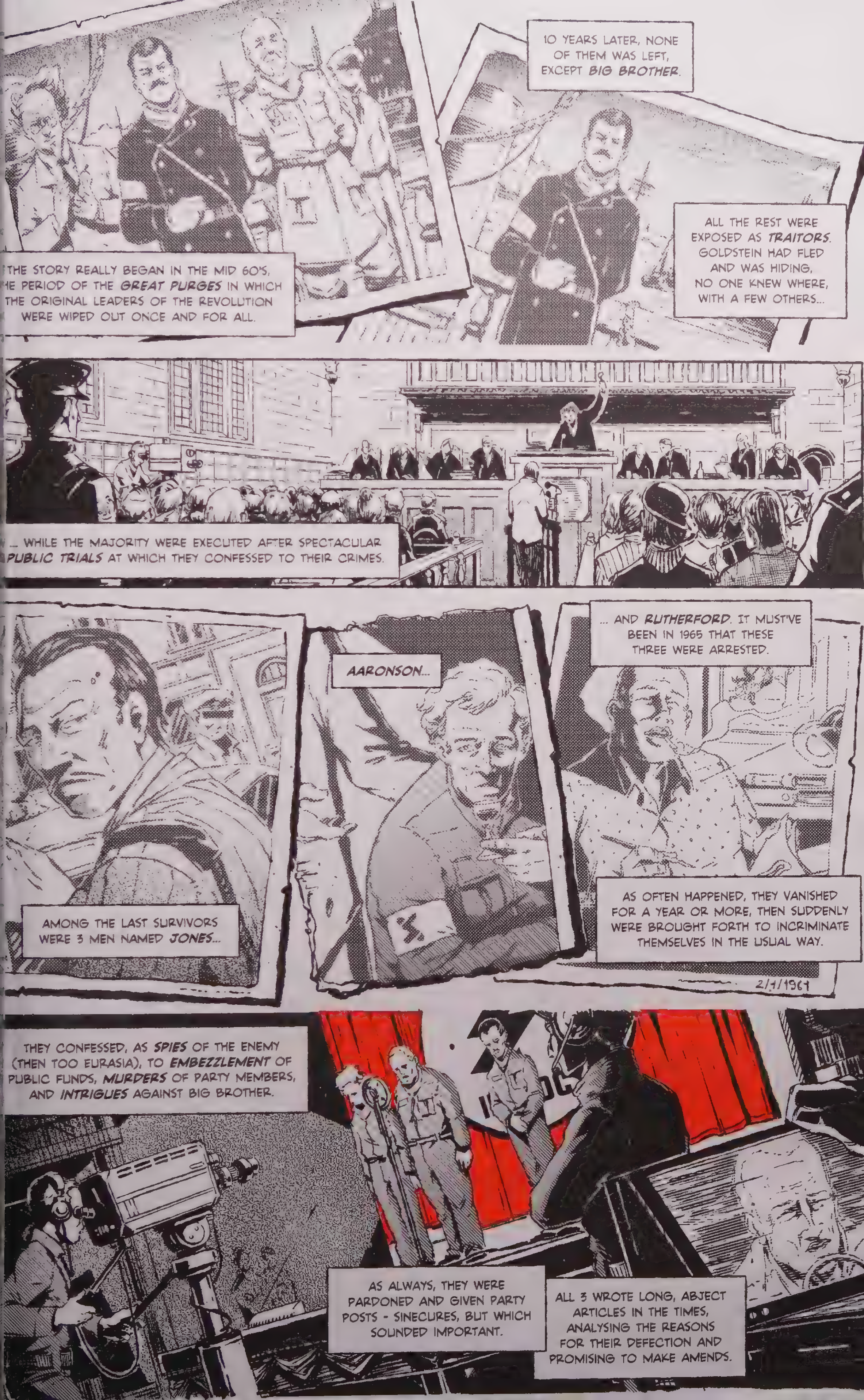
In the old days, before the glorious Revolution, London was not the beautiful that we know today. It was a dark, dirty, miserable place where hardly anybody had enough to eat and where hundreds and thousands of poor people had no boots on their feet and not even a roof to sleep under. Children no older than you had to work twelve hours a day for cruel masters who flogged them with whips if they worked too slowly and fed them on nothing but stale breadcrusts and water.

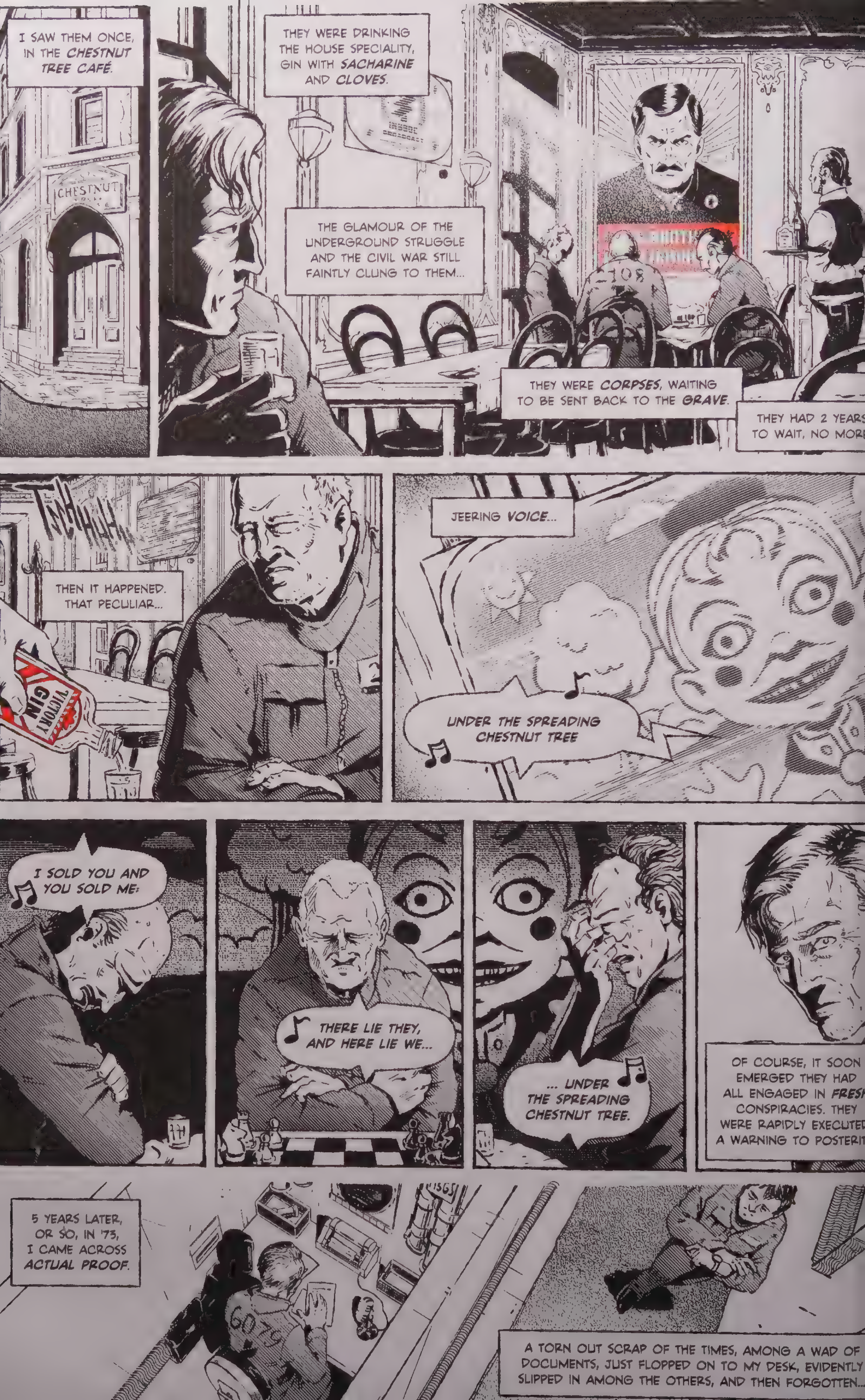
But in among all this terrible poverty there were just a few great big beautiful houses that were lived in by rich men who had as many as thirty servants to look after them. These rich men were called capitalists. They were fat, ugly men with wicked faces. You see that they dressed in long black coats called a frock coat, and queer, shiny hats shaped like stovepipes, called a top hat. This was the uniform of the capitalists, and no one else was allowed to wear it.

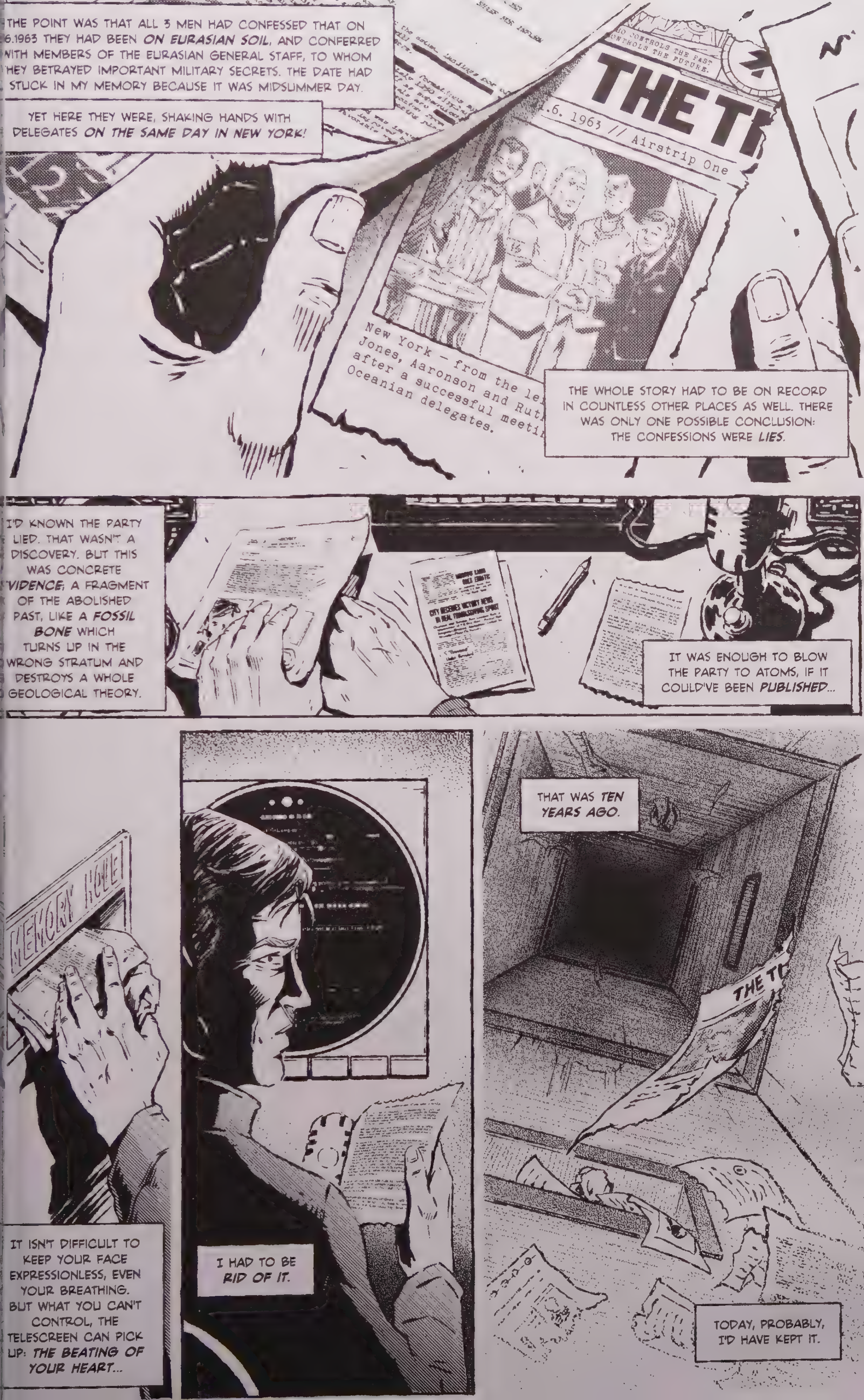
The capitalists owned everything in the world, and everyone else was their slave. They owned all the land, all the houses, all the factories, and all the money. If anyone disobeyed them they could throw them into prison, or they could take his job away and starve him to death. When any ordinary person spoke to a capitalist he had to cringe and bow to him, and take off his cap and address him as 'Sir'. The chief of all the capitalists was called the King. And...

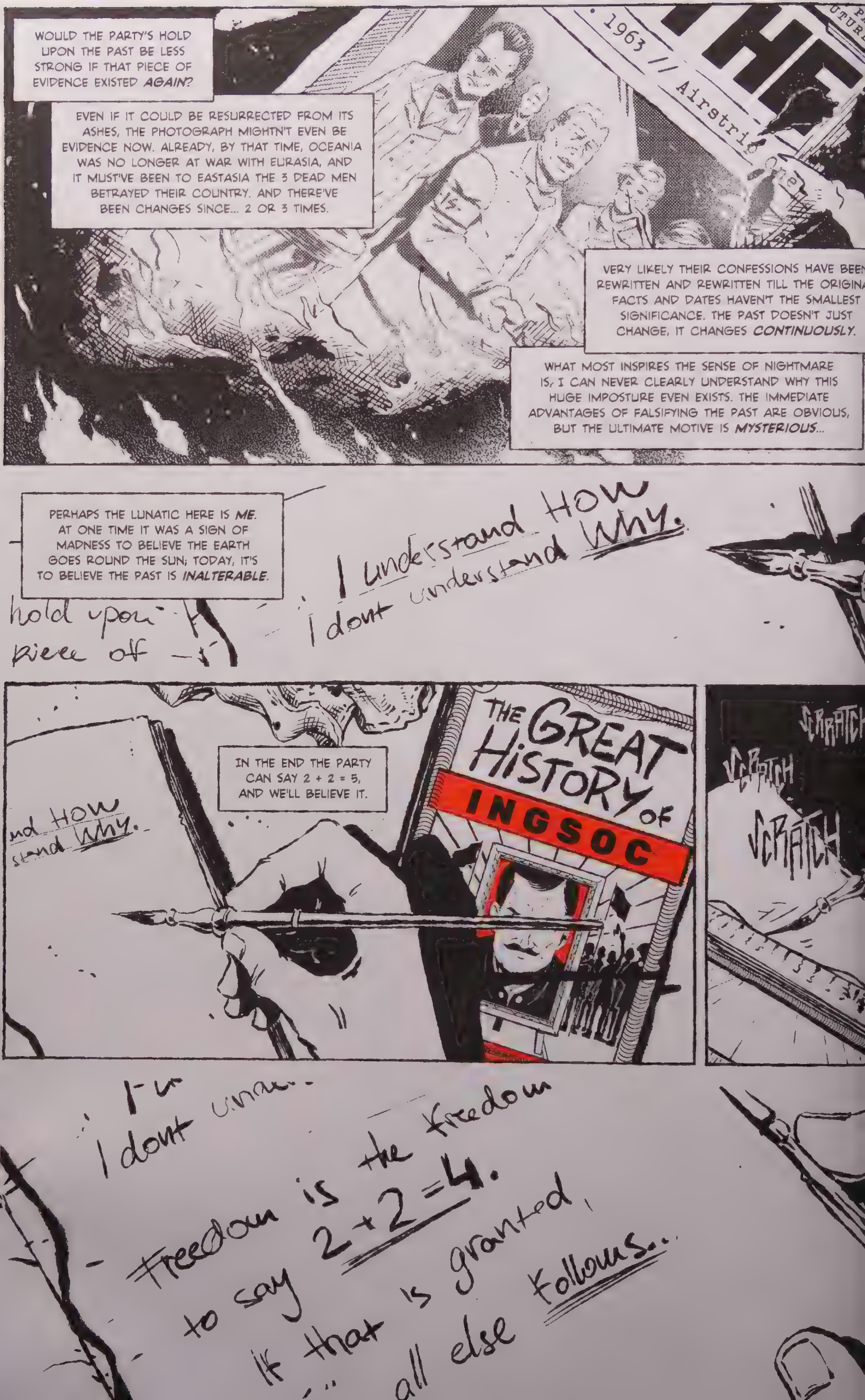

BISHOPS IN THEIR *LAWN SLEEVES,* JUDGES IN THEIR *ERMINE ROBES,* THE PILLORY, THE STOCKS, THE TREADMILL, THE CAT-O'-NINE TAILS AND THE PRACTICE OF KISSING THE POPE'S TOE.
HOW CAN YOU TELL HOW MUCH OF IT IS *LIES,* WHEN THE PARTY SAYS IT FREED WOMEN FROM THE CAPITALIST COAL MINES, BUT WOMEN STILL WORK IN THE COAL MINES *TODAY,* AS A MATTER OF FACT?
THE GREAT HISTORY OF
INOSOC
POSSIBLY EVERY WORD IN THE HISTORY BOOKS IS *PURE FANTASY.* MAYBE THERE NEVER WERE CAPITALISTS, OR TOP HATS.


THE ONLY EVIDENCE TO THE CONTRARY IS THE MUTE PROTEST IN YOUR OWN BONES, THE INSTINCTIVE FEELING THE CONDITIONS YOU LIVE IN ARE *INTOLERABLE* AND MUST'VE BEEN DIFFERENT ONCE.
IT MIGHT BE, THE AVERAGE HUMAN BEING IS BETTER OFF NOW THAN *BEFORE* THE REVOLUTION.
THE TRULY CHARACTERISTIC THING ABOUT MODERN LIFE IS NOT ITS CRUELTY AND INSECURITY, BUT SIMPLY ITS *BARENESS*, ITS *DINGINESS*, ITS *LISTLESSNESS*.
LIFE HAS NO RESEMBLANCE, NOT ONLY TO THE LIES THAT STREAM OUT OF TELESCREENS, BUT EVEN TO THE IDEALS THE PARTY IS TRYING TO ACHIEVE.
INGSOC BROADCAST
DAMN SINK!
GREAT AREAS OF LIFE, EVEN FOR A PARTY MEMBER, ARE NEUTRAL AND NON-POLITICAL.
THE IDEAL SET UP BY THE PARTY IS SOMETHING HUGE, TERRIBLE, AND GLITTERING.
THE REALITY IS DIFFERENT. EVERYTHING FADES INTO *MIST*, THE PAST CONSTANTLY ERASED, THE ERASURE FORGOTTEN, REWRITTEN. LIES BECOME THE TRUTH.
6079
JUST ONCE IN MY LIFE HAVE I POSSESSED CONCRETE *UNMISTAKABLE* EVIDENCE OF AN ACT OF FALSIFICATION IN '73, IT MUST HAVE BEEN, ABOUT THE TIME KATHARINE AND I PARTED. BUT THE REALLY RELEVANT DATE WAS 7 OR 8 YEARS EARLIER.


THE STORY REALLY BEGAN IN THE MID 60'S, HE PERIOD OF THE *GREAT PURGES* IN WHICH THE ORIGINAL LEADERS OF THE REVOLUTION WERE WIPED OUT ONCE AND FOR ALL.
10 YEARS LATER, NONE OF THEM WAS LEFT, EXCEPT *BIG BROTHER*.
ALL THE REST WERE EXPOSED AS *TRAITORS*. GOLDSTEIN HAD FLED AND WAS HIDING, NO ONE KNEW WHERE, WITH A FEW OTHERS...
... WHILE THE MAJORITY WERE EXECUTED AFTER SPECTACULAR *PUBLIC TRIALS* AT WHICH THEY CONFESSED TO THEIR CRIMES.
AMONG THE LAST SURVIVORS WERE 3 MEN NAMED *JONES*...
AARONSON...
... AND *RUTHERFORD*. IT MUST'VE BEEN IN 1965 THAT THESE THREE WERE ARRESTED.
AS OFTEN HAPPENED, THEY VANISHED FOR A YEAR OR MORE, THEN SUDDENLY WERE BROUGHT FORTH TO INCRIMINATE THEMSELVES IN THE USUAL WAY.
2/4/1964
THEY CONFESSED, AS *SPIES* OF THE ENEMY (THEN TOO EURASIA), TO *EMBEZZLEMENT* OF PUBLIC FUNDS, *MURDERS* OF PARTY MEMBERS, AND *INTRIGUES* AGAINST BIG BROTHER.
AS ALWAYS, THEY WERE PARDONED AND GIVEN PARTY POSTS - SINECURES, BUT WHICH SOUNDED IMPORTANT.
ALL 3 WROTE LONG, ABJECT ARTICLES IN THE TIMES, ANALYSING THE REASONS FOR THEIR DEFECTION AND PROMISING TO MAKE AMENDS.

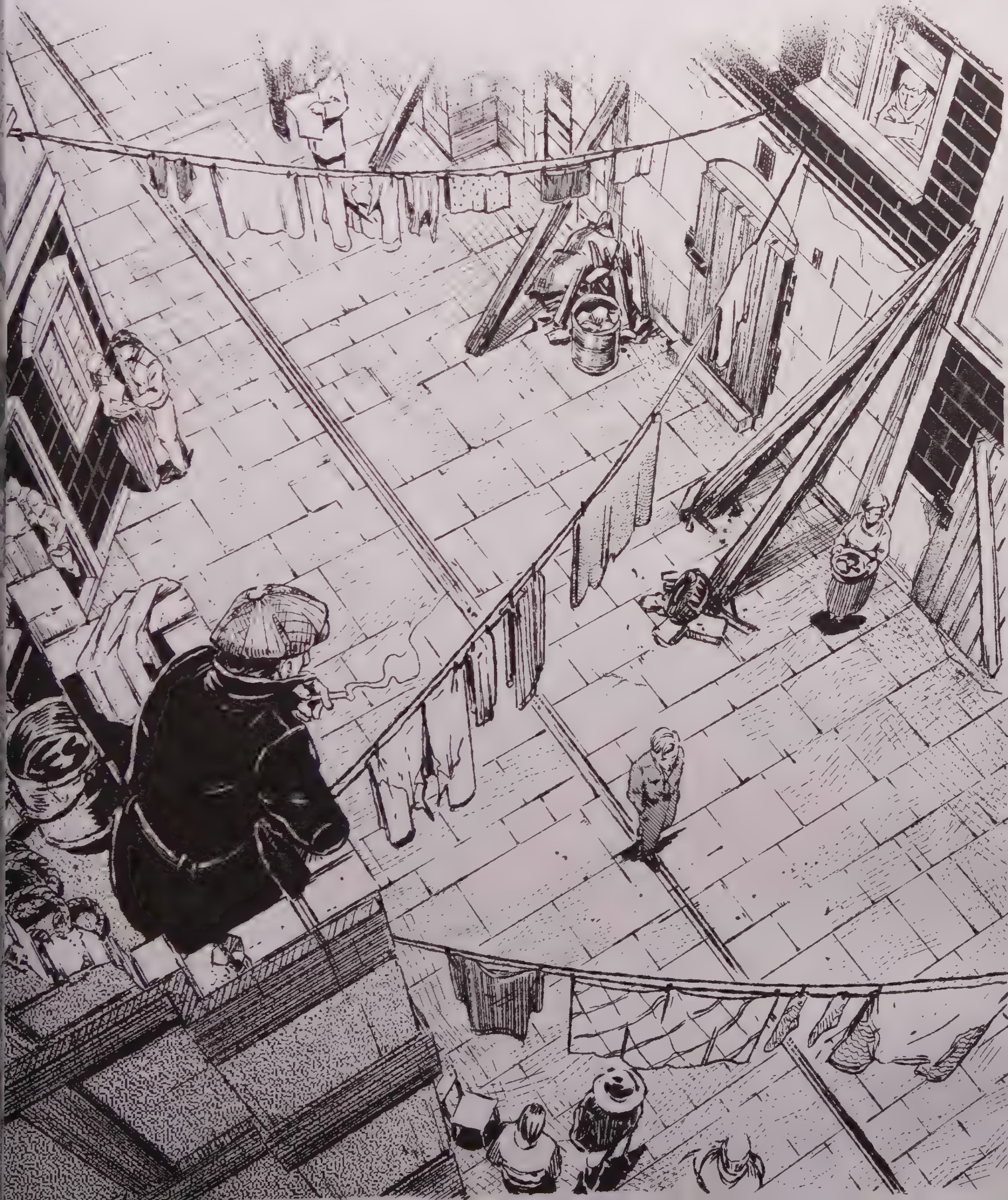

I SAW THEM ONCE, IN THE *CHESTNUT TREE CAFÉ.*
THEY WERE DRINKING THE HOUSE SPECIALITY, GIN WITH *SACHARINE* AND *CLOVES.*
CHESTNUT
THE GLAMOUR OF THE UNDERGROUND STRUGGLE AND THE CIVIL WAR STILL FAINTLY CLUNG TO THEM...
THEY WERE *CORPSES,* WAITING TO BE SENT BACK TO THE *GRAVE.*
THEY HAD 2 YEARS TO WAIT, NO MOR
THEN IT HAPPENED. THAT PECULIAR...
VICTORY GIN
JEERING *VOICE...*
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE
I SOLD YOU AND YOU SOLD ME:
THERE LIE THEY, AND HERE LIE WE...
... UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE.
OF COURSE, IT SOON EMERGED THEY HAD ALL ENGAGED IN *FRESH* CONSPIRACIES. THEY WERE RAPIDLY EXECUTE A WARNING TO POSTERIT
5 YEARS LATER, OR SO, IN '73, I CAME ACROSS *ACTUAL PROOF.*
6079
A TORN OUT SCRAP OF THE TIMES, AMONG A WAD OF DOCUMENTS, JUST FLOPPED ON TO MY DESK, EVIDENTLY SLIPPED IN AMONG THE OTHERS, AND THEN FORGOTTEN.

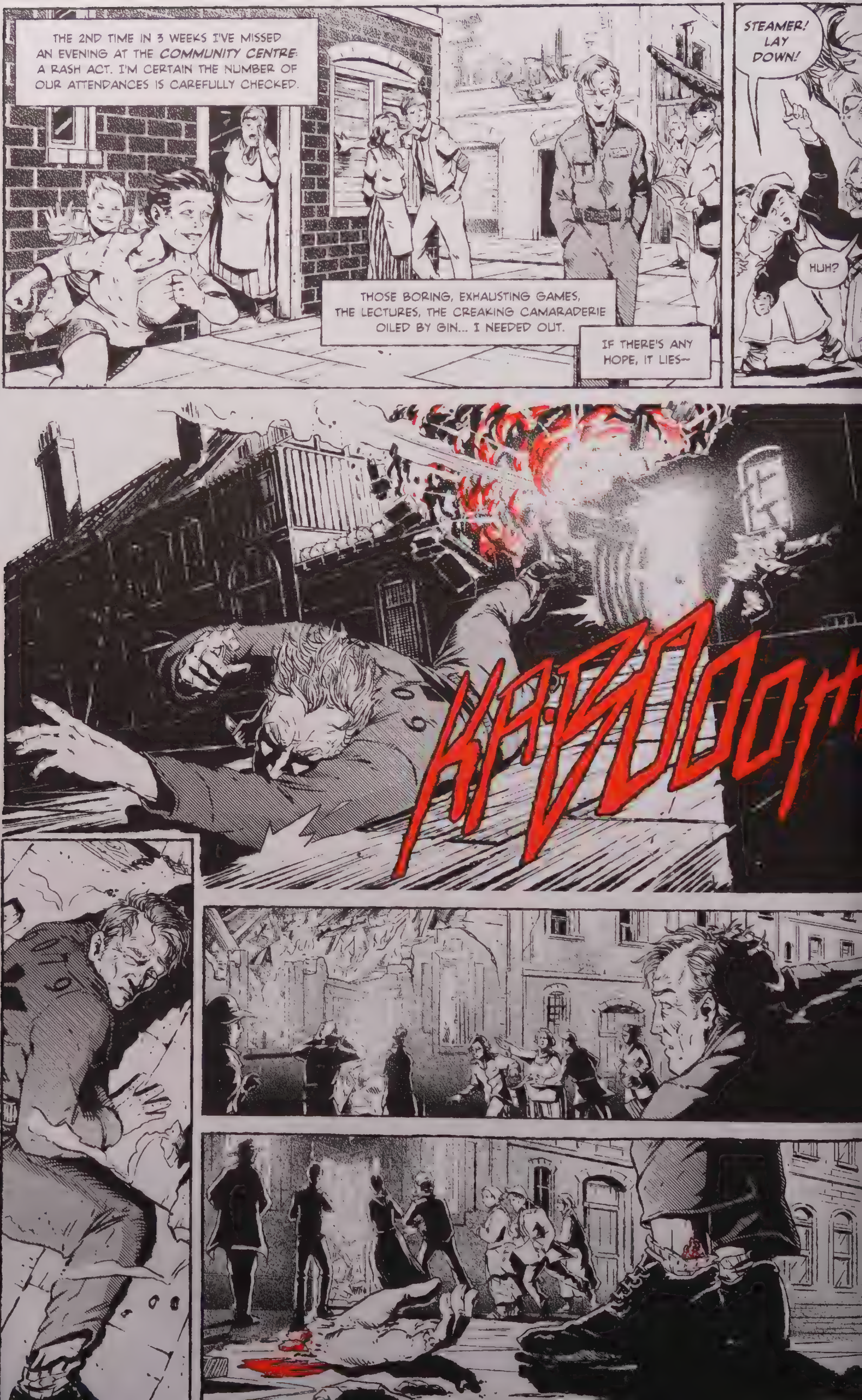

THE POINT WAS THAT ALL 3 MEN HAD CONFESSED THAT ON 6.1963 THEY HAD BEEN *ON EURASIAN SOIL*, AND CONFERRED ITH MEMBERS OF THE EURASIAN GENERAL STAFF, TO WHOM HEY BETRAYED IMPORTANT MILITARY SECRETS. THE DATE HAD STUCK IN MY MEMORY BECAUSE IT WAS MIDSUMMER DAY.
YET HERE THEY WERE, SHAKING HANDS WITH DELEGATES *ON THE SAME DAY IN NEW YORK!*
HO CONTROLS THE PAST ONTROLS THE FUTURE.
THE TI
.6. 1963 // Airstrip One
New York – from the le Jones, Aaronson and Rut after a successful meeti Oceanian delegates.
THE WHOLE STORY HAD TO BE ON RECORD IN COUNTLESS OTHER PLACES AS WELL. THERE WAS ONLY ONE POSSIBLE CONCLUSION: THE CONFESSIONS WERE *LIES*.
I'D KNOWN THE PARTY LIED. THAT WASN'T A DISCOVERY. BUT THIS WAS CONCRETE VIDENCE; A FRAGMENT OF THE ABOLISHED PAST, LIKE A *FOSSIL BONE* WHICH TURNS UP IN THE WRONG STRATUM AND DESTROYS A WHOLE GEOLOGICAL THEORY.
IT WAS ENOUGH TO BLOW THE PARTY TO ATOMS, IF IT COULD'VE BEEN *PUBLISHED*...
MEMORY HOLE
IT ISN'T DIFFICULT TO KEEP YOUR FACE EXPRESSIONLESS, EVEN YOUR BREATHING. BUT WHAT YOU CAN'T CONTROL, THE TELESCREEN CAN PICK UP: *THE BEATING OF YOUR HEART*...
I HAD TO BE *RID OF IT*.
THAT WAS *TEN YEARS AGO*.
THE TI
TODAY, PROBABLY, I'D HAVE KEPT IT.

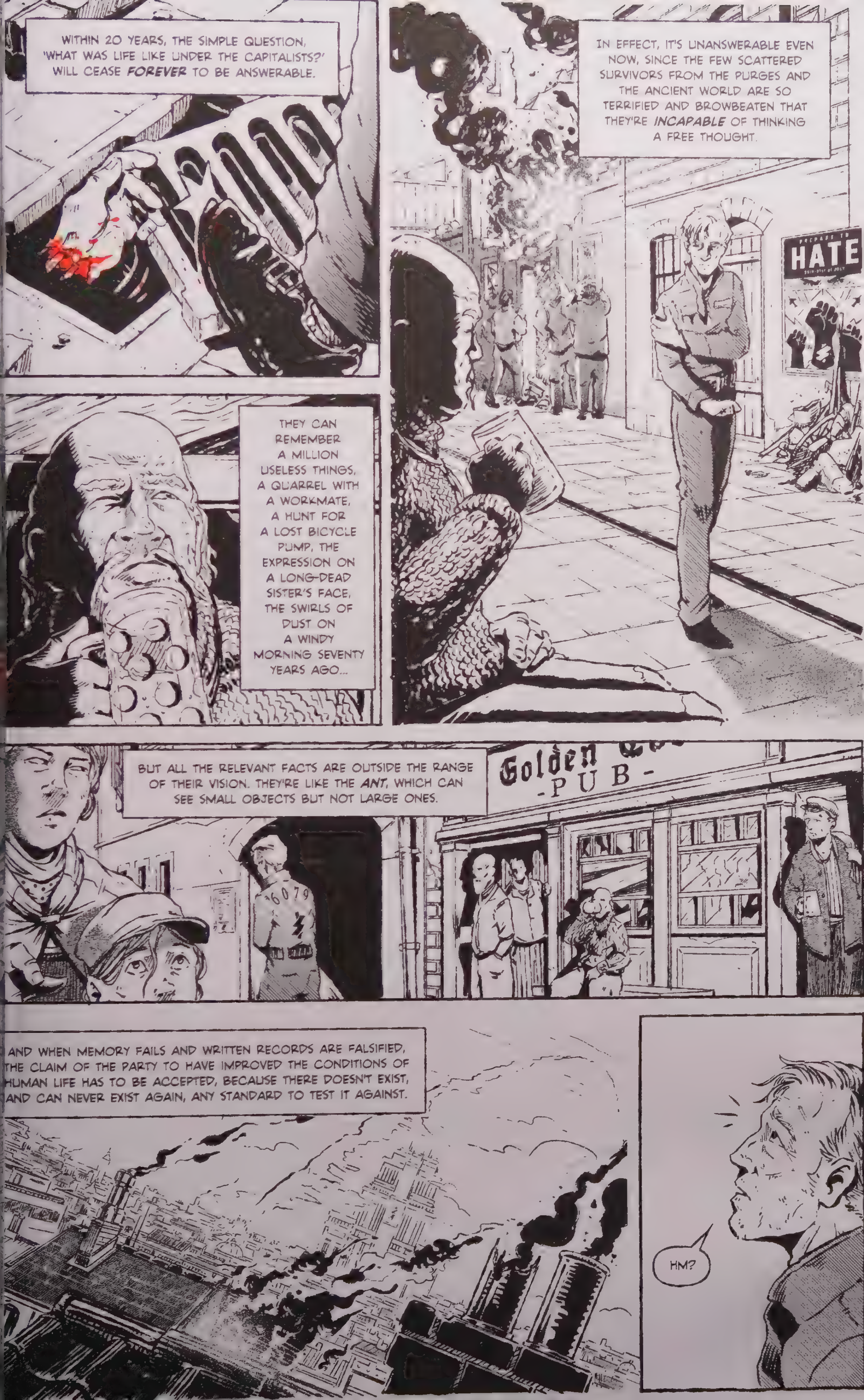

WOULD THE PARTY'S HOLD UPON THE PAST BE LESS STRONG IF THAT PIECE OF EVIDENCE EXISTED *AGAIN*?
EVEN IF IT COULD BE RESURRECTED FROM ITS ASHES, THE PHOTOGRAPH MIGHTN'T EVEN BE EVIDENCE NOW. ALREADY, BY THAT TIME, OCEANIA WAS NO LONGER AT WAR WITH EURASIA, AND IT MUST'VE BEEN TO EASTASIA THE 3 DEAD MEN BETRAYED THEIR COUNTRY. AND THERE'VE BEEN CHANGES SINCE... 2 OR 3 TIMES.
1963 // Airstri
VERY LIKELY THEIR CONFESSIONS HAVE BEEN REWRITTEN AND REWRITTEN TILL THE ORIGINAL FACTS AND DATES HAVEN'T THE SMALLEST SIGNIFICANCE. THE PAST DOESN'T JUST CHANGE, IT CHANGES *CONTINUOUSLY*.
WHAT MOST INSPIRES THE SENSE OF NIGHTMARE IS, I CAN NEVER CLEARLY UNDERSTAND WHY THIS HUGE IMPOSTURE EVEN EXISTS. THE IMMEDIATE ADVANTAGES OF FALSIFYING THE PAST ARE OBVIOUS, BUT THE ULTIMATE MOTIVE IS *MYSTERIOUS*...
PERHAPS THE LUNATIC HERE IS *ME*. AT ONE TIME IT WAS A SIGN OF MADNESS TO BELIEVE THE EARTH GOES ROUND THE SUN; TODAY, IT'S TO BELIEVE THE PAST IS *INALTERABLE*.
I understand HOW
I dont understand Why.
hold upon
piece of
IN THE END THE PARTY CAN SAY 2 + 2 = 5, AND WE'LL BELIEVE IT.
THE GREAT HISTORY OF INGSOC
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
I-u
I dont unna...
Freedom is the freedom to say 2+2=4.
If that is granted, ... all else follows..

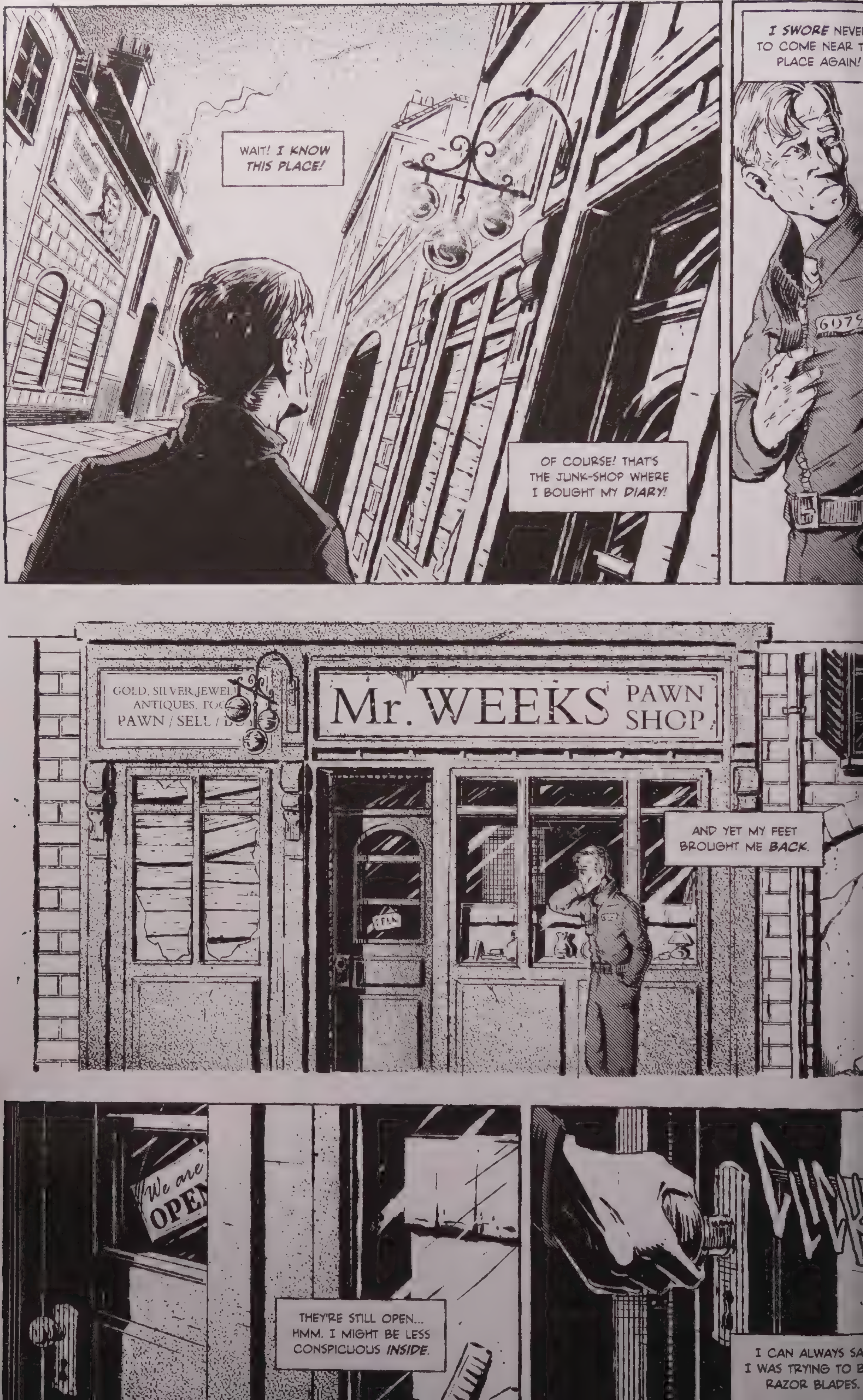
CHAPTER 8

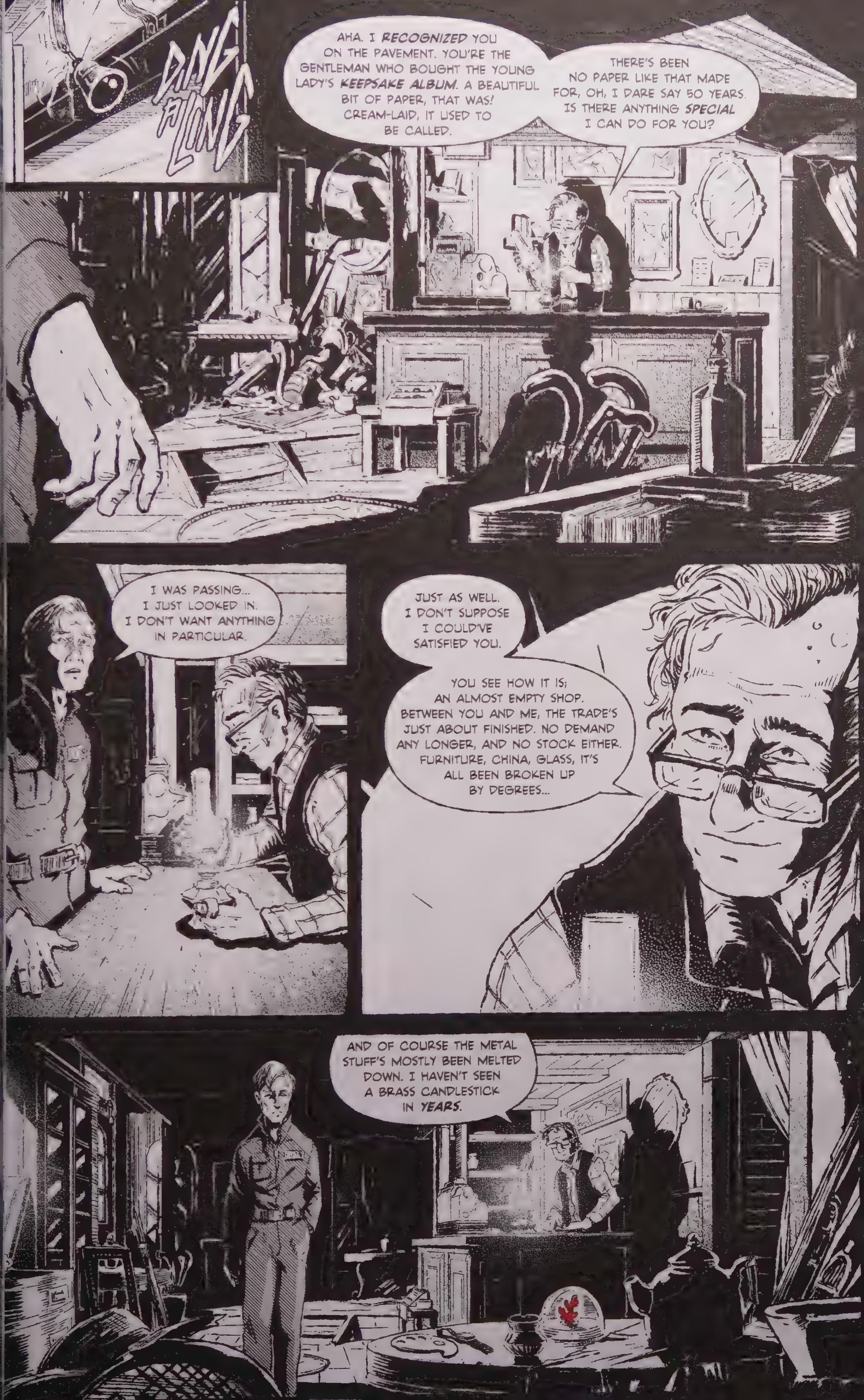
... TO DO ANYTHING THAT SUGGESTED A TASTE FOR SOLITUDE,
EVEN TO GO FOR A WALK BY YOURSELF,
WAS ALWAYS SLIGHTLY DANGEROUS.

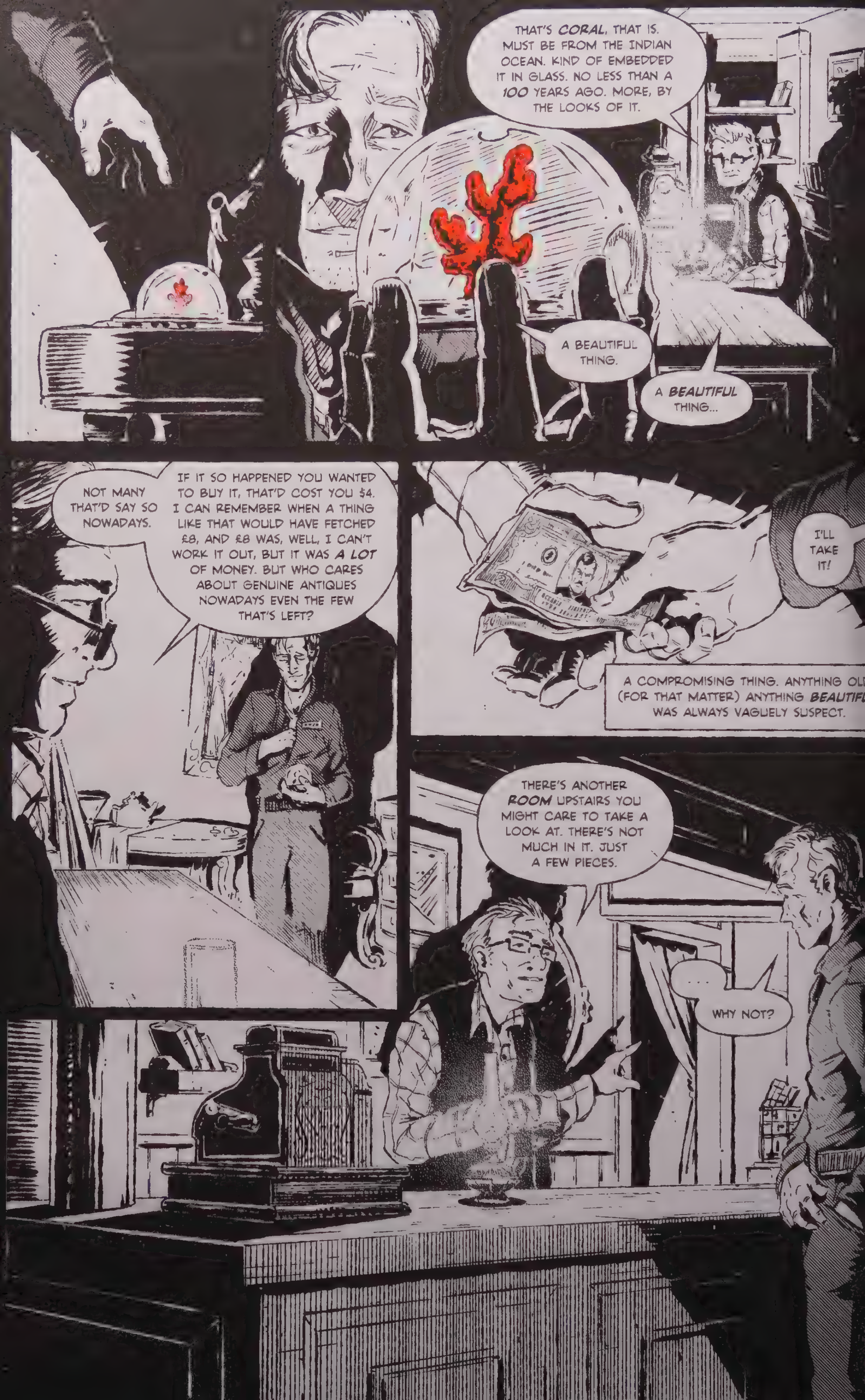


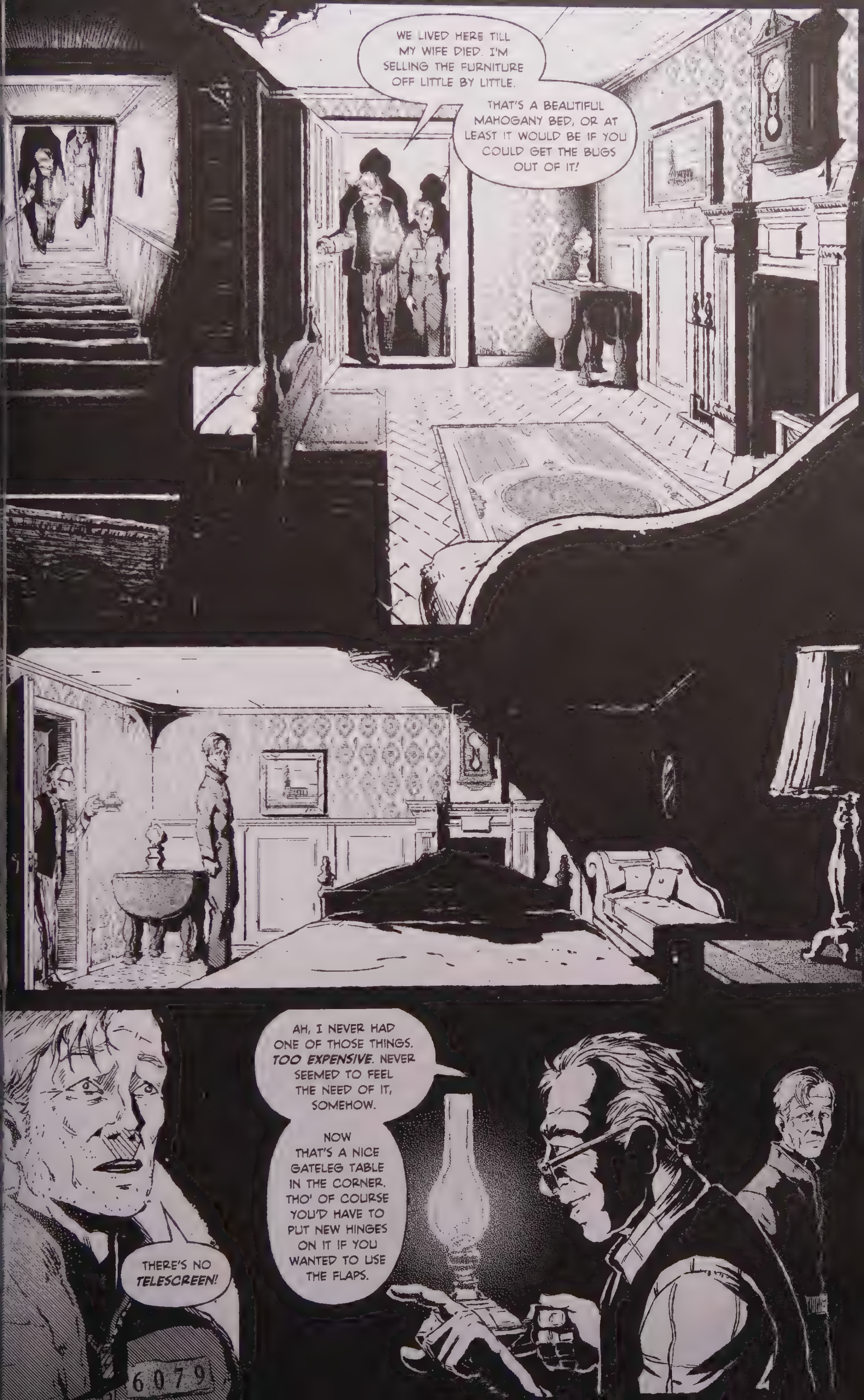

THE 2ND TIME IN 3 WEEKS I'VE MISSED AN EVENING AT THE *COMMUNITY CENTRE*: A RASH ACT. I'M CERTAIN THE NUMBER OF OUR ATTENDANCES IS CAREFULLY CHECKED.
THOSE BORING, EXHAUSTING GAMES, THE LECTURES, THE CREAKING CAMARADERIE OILED BY GIN... I NEEDED OUT.
IF THERE'S ANY HOPE, IT LIES--
STEAMER! LAY DOWN!
HUH?
KA-BOOOM

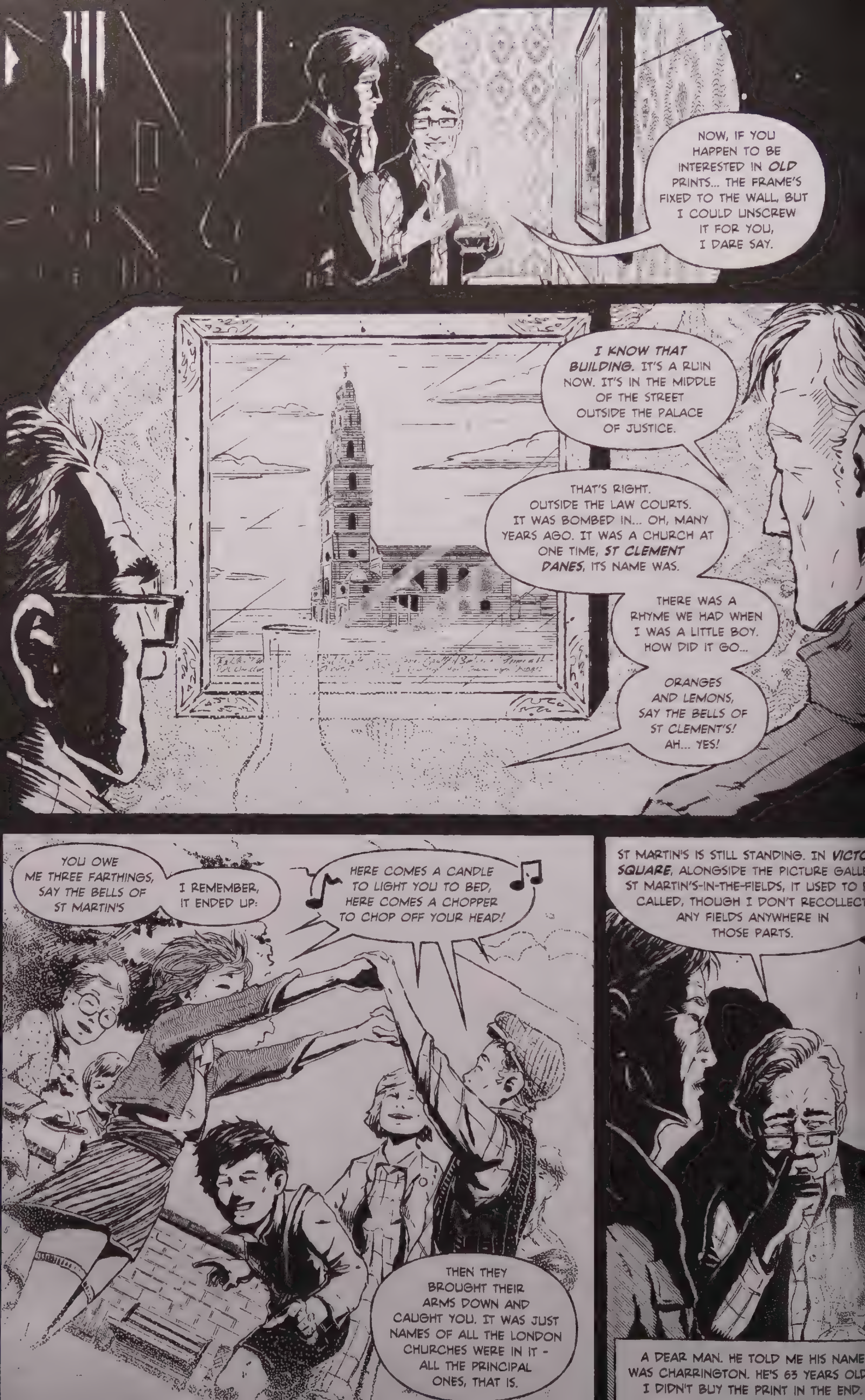

WITHIN 20 YEARS, THE SIMPLE QUESTION, 'WHAT WAS LIFE LIKE UNDER THE CAPITALISTS?' WILL CEASE *FOREVER* TO BE ANSWERABLE.
IN EFFECT, IT'S UNANSWERABLE EVEN NOW, SINCE THE FEW SCATTERED SURVIVORS FROM THE PURGES AND THE ANCIENT WORLD ARE SO TERRIFIED AND BROWBEATEN THAT THEY'RE *INCAPABLE* OF THINKING A FREE THOUGHT.
PREPARE TO
HATE
THEY CAN REMEMBER A MILLION USELESS THINGS, A QUARREL WITH A WORKMATE, A HUNT FOR A LOST BICYCLE PUMP, THE EXPRESSION ON A LONG-DEAD SISTER'S FACE, THE SWIRLS OF DUST ON A WINDY MORNING SEVENTY YEARS AGO...
BUT ALL THE RELEVANT FACTS ARE OUTSIDE THE RANGE OF THEIR VISION. THEY'RE LIKE THE *ANT*, WHICH CAN SEE SMALL OBJECTS BUT NOT LARGE ONES.
Golden
-PUB-
6079
AND WHEN MEMORY FAILS AND WRITTEN RECORDS ARE FALSIFIED, THE CLAIM OF THE PARTY TO HAVE IMPROVED THE CONDITIONS OF HUMAN LIFE HAS TO BE ACCEPTED, BECAUSE THERE DOESN'T EXIST, AND CAN NEVER EXIST AGAIN, ANY STANDARD TO TEST IT AGAINST.
HM?

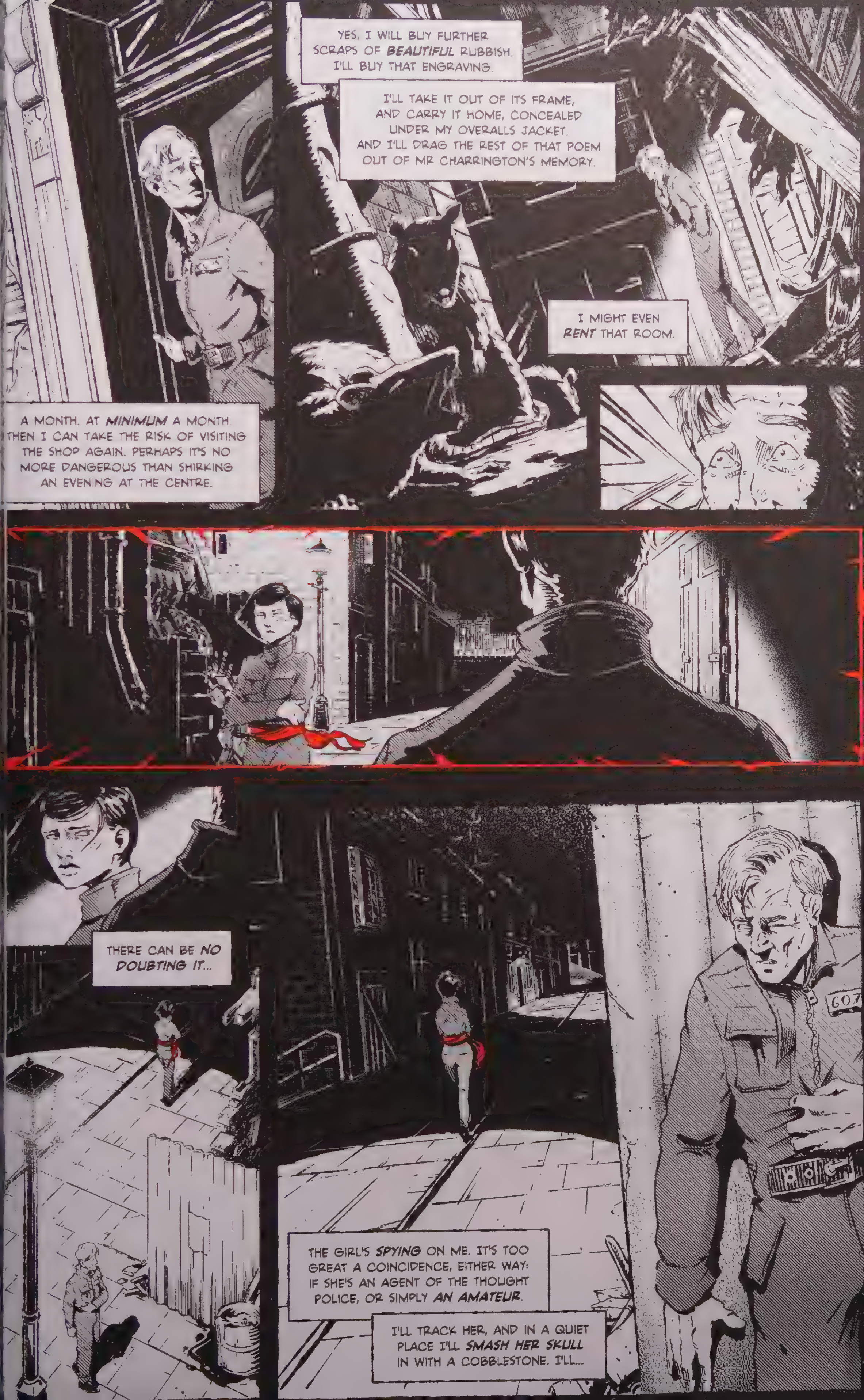

WAIT! *I KNOW THIS PLACE!*
OF COURSE! THAT'S THE JUNK-SHOP WHERE I BOUGHT MY *DIARY!*
I SWORE NEVE
TO COME NEAR T
PLACE AGAIN!
6079
GOLD, SILVER, JEWEL
ANTIQUES, TOO
PAWN / SELL / BU
Mr. WEEKS PAWN SHOP
AND YET MY FEET BROUGHT ME *BACK.*
We are OPE
THEY'RE STILL OPEN... HMM. I MIGHT BE LESS CONSPICUOUS *INSIDE.*
CLICK
I CAN ALWAYS SA
I WAS TRYING TO B
RAZOR BLADES.

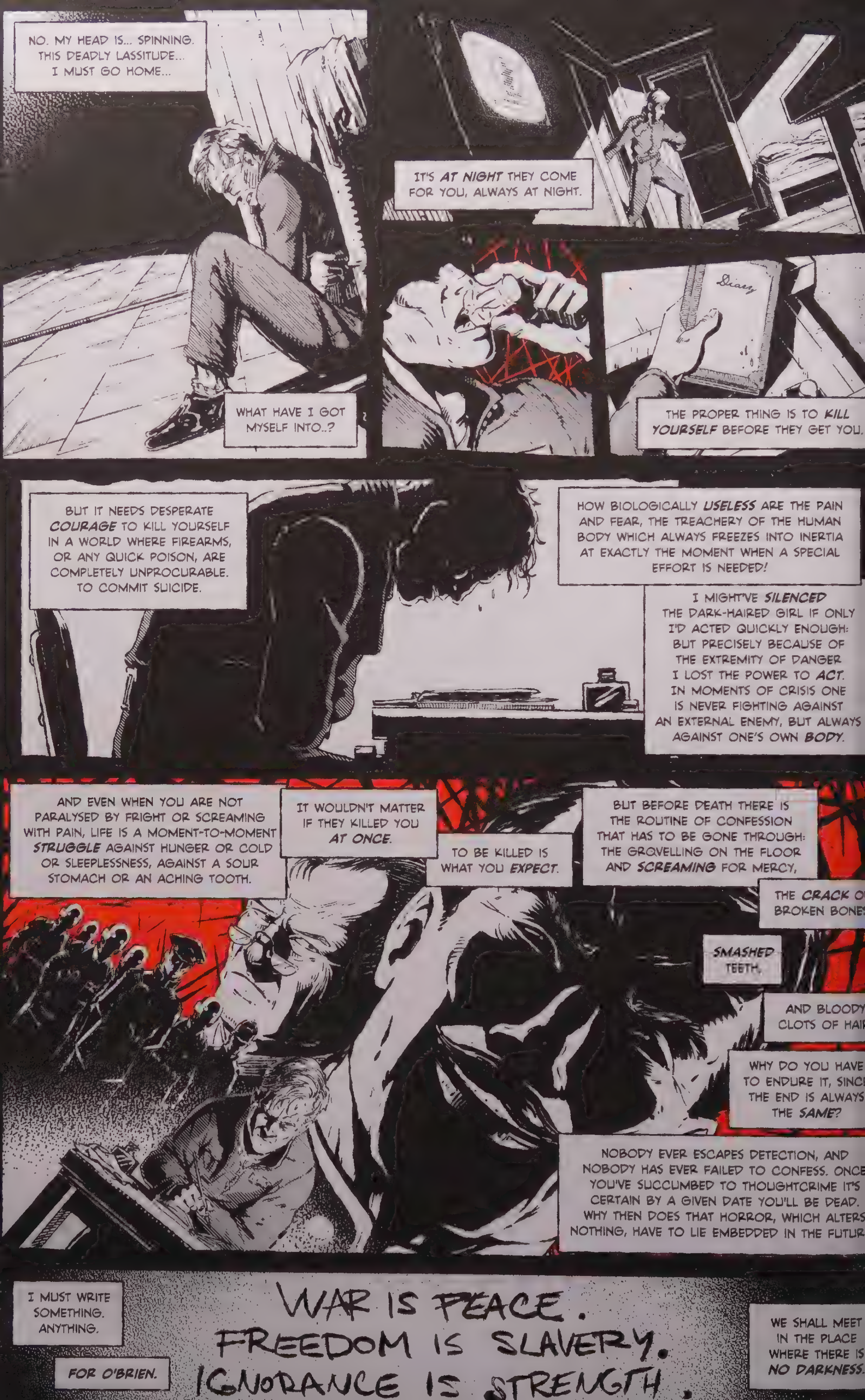

DING
FLING
AHA. I *RECOGNIZED* YOU ON THE PAVEMENT. YOU'RE THE GENTLEMAN WHO BOUGHT THE YOUNG LADY'S *KEEPSAKE ALBUM.* A BEAUTIFUL BIT OF PAPER, THAT WAS! CREAM-LAID, IT USED TO BE CALLED.
THERE'S BEEN NO PAPER LIKE THAT MADE FOR, OH, I DARE SAY 50 YEARS. IS THERE ANYTHING *SPECIAL* I CAN DO FOR YOU?
I WAS PASSING... I JUST LOOKED IN. I DON'T WANT ANYTHING IN PARTICULAR.
JUST AS WELL. I DON'T SUPPOSE I COULD'VE SATISFIED YOU.
YOU SEE HOW IT IS; AN ALMOST EMPTY SHOP. BETWEEN YOU AND ME, THE TRADE'S JUST ABOUT FINISHED. NO DEMAND ANY LONGER, AND NO STOCK EITHER. FURNITURE, CHINA, GLASS, IT'S ALL BEEN BROKEN UP BY DEGREES...
AND OF COURSE THE METAL STUFF'S MOSTLY BEEN MELTED DOWN. I HAVEN'T SEEN A BRASS CANDLESTICK IN *YEARS.*


THAT'S **CORAL**, THAT IS. MUST BE FROM THE INDIAN OCEAN. KIND OF EMBEDDED IT IN GLASS. NO LESS THAN A **100** YEARS AGO. MORE, BY THE LOOKS OF IT.
A BEAUTIFUL THING.
A **BEAUTIFUL** THING...
NOT MANY THAT'D SAY SO NOWADAYS.
IF IT SO HAPPENED YOU WANTED TO BUY IT, THAT'D COST YOU $4. I CAN REMEMBER WHEN A THING LIKE THAT WOULD HAVE FETCHED £8, AND £8 WAS, WELL, I CAN'T WORK IT OUT, BUT IT WAS **A LOT** OF MONEY. BUT WHO CARES ABOUT GENUINE ANTIQUES NOWADAYS EVEN THE FEW THAT'S LEFT?
I'LL TAKE IT!
A COMPROMISING THING. ANYTHING OL (FOR THAT MATTER) ANYTHING **BEAUTIF** WAS ALWAYS VAGUELY SUSPECT.
THERE'S ANOTHER **ROOM** UPSTAIRS YOU MIGHT CARE TO TAKE A LOOK AT. THERE'S NOT MUCH IN IT. JUST A FEW PIECES.
. . .
WHY NOT?


WE LIVED HERE TILL MY WIFE DIED. I'M SELLING THE FURNITURE OFF LITTLE BY LITTLE.
THAT'S A BEAUTIFUL MAHOGANY BED, OR AT LEAST IT WOULD BE IF YOU COULD GET THE BUGS OUT OF IT!
THERE'S NO *TELESCREEN!*
AH, I NEVER HAD ONE OF THOSE THINGS. *TOO EXPENSIVE.* NEVER SEEMED TO FEEL THE NEED OF IT, SOMEHOW.
NOW THAT'S A NICE GATELEG TABLE IN THE CORNER. THO' OF COURSE YOU'D HAVE TO PUT NEW HINGES ON IT IF YOU WANTED TO USE THE FLAPS.
6079


NOW, IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE INTERESTED IN *OLD* PRINTS... THE FRAME'S FIXED TO THE WALL, BUT I COULD UNSCREW IT FOR YOU, I DARE SAY.
I KNOW THAT BUILDING. IT'S A RUIN NOW. IT'S IN THE MIDDLE OF THE STREET OUTSIDE THE PALACE OF JUSTICE.
THAT'S RIGHT. OUTSIDE THE LAW COURTS. IT WAS BOMBED IN... OH, MANY YEARS AGO. IT WAS A CHURCH AT ONE TIME, ***ST CLEMENT DANES,*** ITS NAME WAS.
THERE WAS A RHYME WE HAD WHEN I WAS A LITTLE BOY. HOW DID IT GO...
ORANGES AND LEMONS, SAY THE BELLS OF ST CLEMENT'S! AH... YES!
YOU OWE ME THREE FARTHINGS, SAY THE BELLS OF ST MARTIN'S
I REMEMBER, IT ENDED UP:
HERE COMES A CANDLE TO LIGHT YOU TO BED, HERE COMES A CHOPPER TO CHOP OFF YOUR HEAD!
THEN THEY BROUGHT THEIR ARMS DOWN AND CAUGHT YOU. IT WAS JUST NAMES OF ALL THE LONDON CHURCHES WERE IN IT - ALL THE PRINCIPAL ONES, THAT IS.
ST MARTIN'S IS STILL STANDING. IN ***VICTO*** ***SQUARE,*** ALONGSIDE THE PICTURE GALL ST MARTIN'S-IN-THE-FIELDS, IT USED TO CALLED, THOUGH I DON'T RECOLLECT ANY FIELDS ANYWHERE IN THOSE PARTS.
A DEAR MAN. HE TOLD ME HIS NAME WAS CHARRINGTON. HE'S 63 YEARS OL I DIDN'T BUY THE PRINT IN THE END.

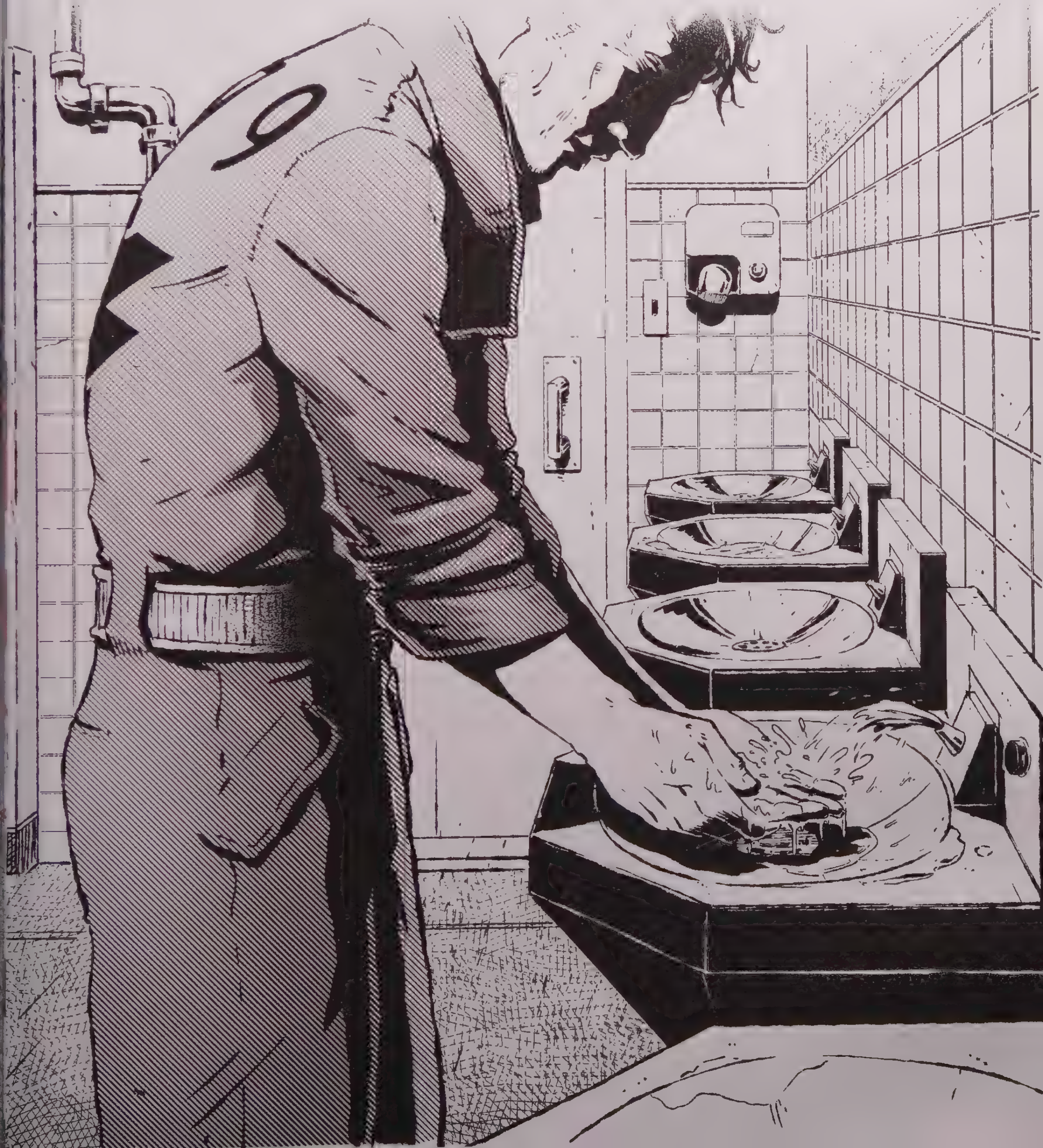

A MONTH. AT *MINIMUM* A MONTH. THEN I CAN TAKE THE RISK OF VISITING THE SHOP AGAIN. PERHAPS IT'S NO MORE DANGEROUS THAN SHIRKING AN EVENING AT THE CENTRE.
YES, I WILL BUY FURTHER SCRAPS OF *BEAUTIFUL* RUBBISH. I'LL BUY THAT ENGRAVING.
I'LL TAKE IT OUT OF ITS FRAME, AND CARRY IT HOME, CONCEALED UNDER MY OVERALLS JACKET. AND I'LL DRAG THE REST OF THAT POEM OUT OF MR CHARRINGTON'S MEMORY.
I MIGHT EVEN *RENT* THAT ROOM.
THERE CAN BE *NO DOUBTING IT*...
THE GIRL'S *SPYING* ON ME. IT'S TOO GREAT A COINCIDENCE, EITHER WAY: IF SHE'S AN AGENT OF THE THOUGHT POLICE, OR SIMPLY *AN AMATEUR*.
I'LL TRACK HER, AND IN A QUIET PLACE I'LL *SMASH HER SKULL* IN WITH A COBBLESTONE. I'LL...
607

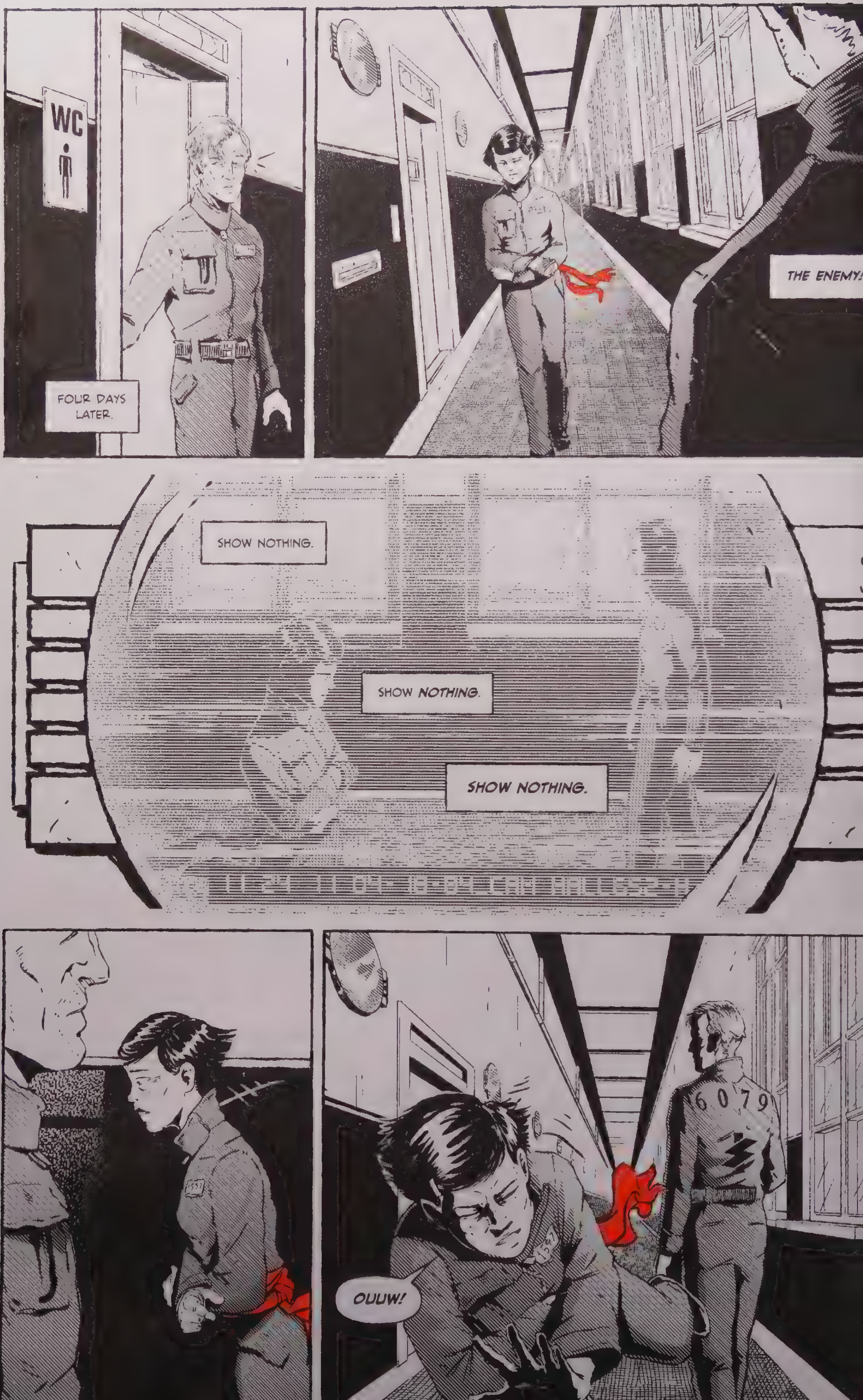

NO. MY HEAD IS... SPINNING. THIS DEADLY LASSITUDE... I MUST GO HOME...
WHAT HAVE I GOT MYSELF INTO..?
IT'S *AT NIGHT* THEY COME FOR YOU, ALWAYS AT NIGHT.
Diary
THE PROPER THING IS TO *KILL YOURSELF* BEFORE THEY GET YOU.
BUT IT NEEDS DESPERATE *COURAGE* TO KILL YOURSELF IN A WORLD WHERE FIREARMS, OR ANY QUICK POISON, ARE COMPLETELY UNPROCURABLE. TO COMMIT SUICIDE.
HOW BIOLOGICALLY *USELESS* ARE THE PAIN AND FEAR, THE TREACHERY OF THE HUMAN BODY WHICH ALWAYS FREEZES INTO INERTIA AT EXACTLY THE MOMENT WHEN A SPECIAL EFFORT IS NEEDED!
I MIGHT'VE *SILENCED* THE DARK-HAIRED GIRL IF ONLY I'D ACTED QUICKLY ENOUGH: BUT PRECISELY BECAUSE OF THE EXTREMITY OF DANGER I LOST THE POWER TO *ACT*. IN MOMENTS OF CRISIS ONE IS NEVER FIGHTING AGAINST AN EXTERNAL ENEMY, BUT ALWAYS AGAINST ONE'S OWN *BODY*.
AND EVEN WHEN YOU ARE NOT PARALYSED BY FRIGHT OR SCREAMING WITH PAIN, LIFE IS A MOMENT-TO-MOMENT *STRUGGLE* AGAINST HUNGER OR COLD OR SLEEPLESSNESS, AGAINST A SOUR STOMACH OR AN ACHING TOOTH.
IT WOULDN'T MATTER IF THEY KILLED YOU *AT ONCE*.
TO BE KILLED IS WHAT YOU *EXPECT*.
BUT BEFORE DEATH THERE IS THE ROUTINE OF CONFESSION THAT HAS TO BE GONE THROUGH: THE GROVELLING ON THE FLOOR AND *SCREAMING* FOR MERCY,
THE *CRACK* O BROKEN BONES
SMASHED TEETH,
AND BLOODY CLOTS OF HAI
WHY DO YOU HAVE TO ENDURE IT, SINC THE END IS ALWAYS THE *SAME*?
NOBODY EVER ESCAPES DETECTION, AND NOBODY HAS EVER FAILED TO CONFESS. ONCE YOU'VE SUCCUMBED TO THOUGHTCRIME IT'S CERTAIN BY A GIVEN DATE YOU'LL BE DEAD. WHY THEN DOES THAT HORROR, WHICH ALTERS NOTHING, HAVE TO LIE EMBEDDED IN THE FUTUR
I MUST WRITE SOMETHING. ANYTHING.
FOR O'BRIEN.
WAR IS PEACE.
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY.
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH.
WE SHALL MEET IN THE PLACE WHERE THERE IS *NO DARKNESS*.

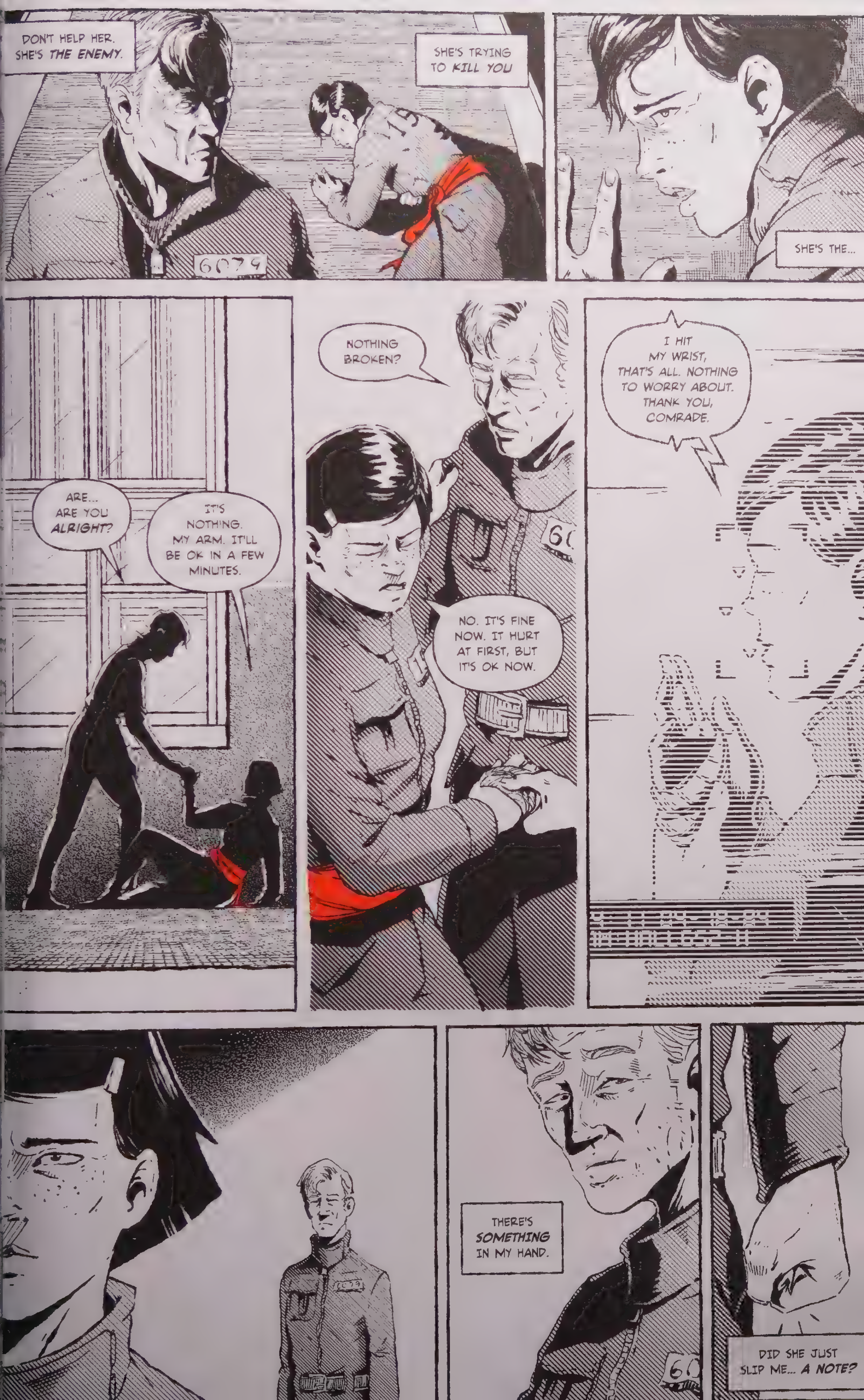
PART TWO

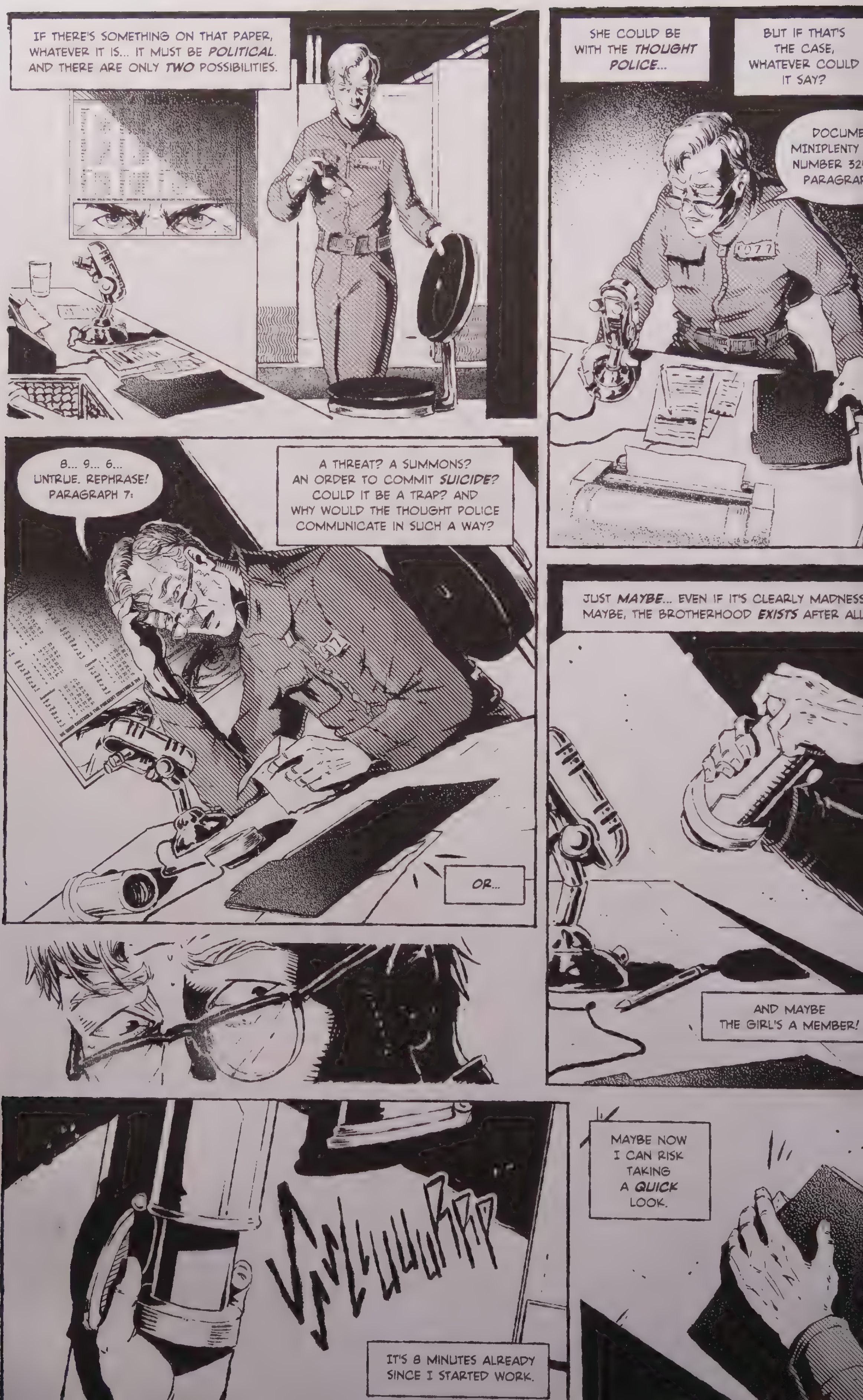
Chapter 1

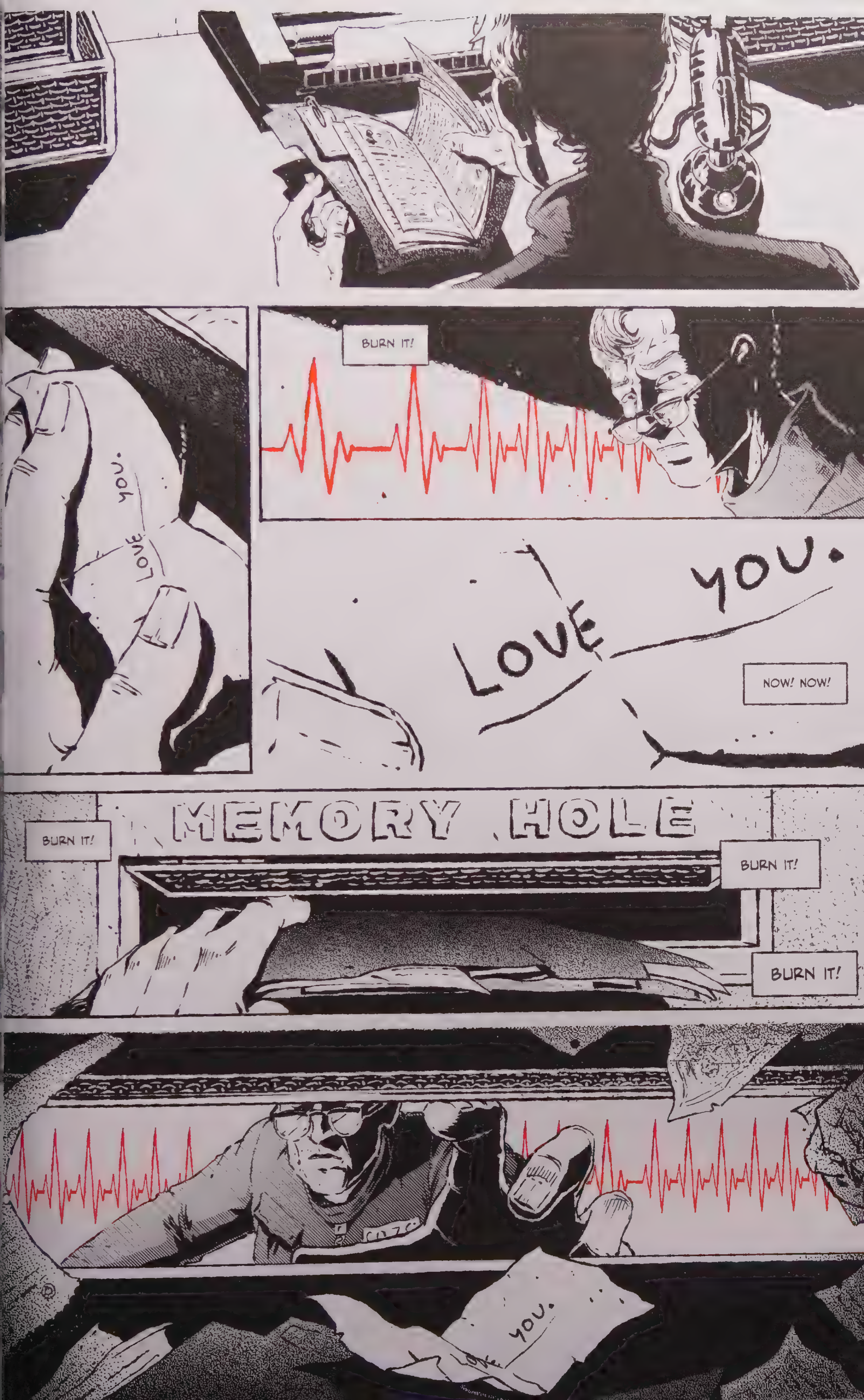
Not to let one's feelings appear in one's face was a habit that had acquired the status of an instinct.

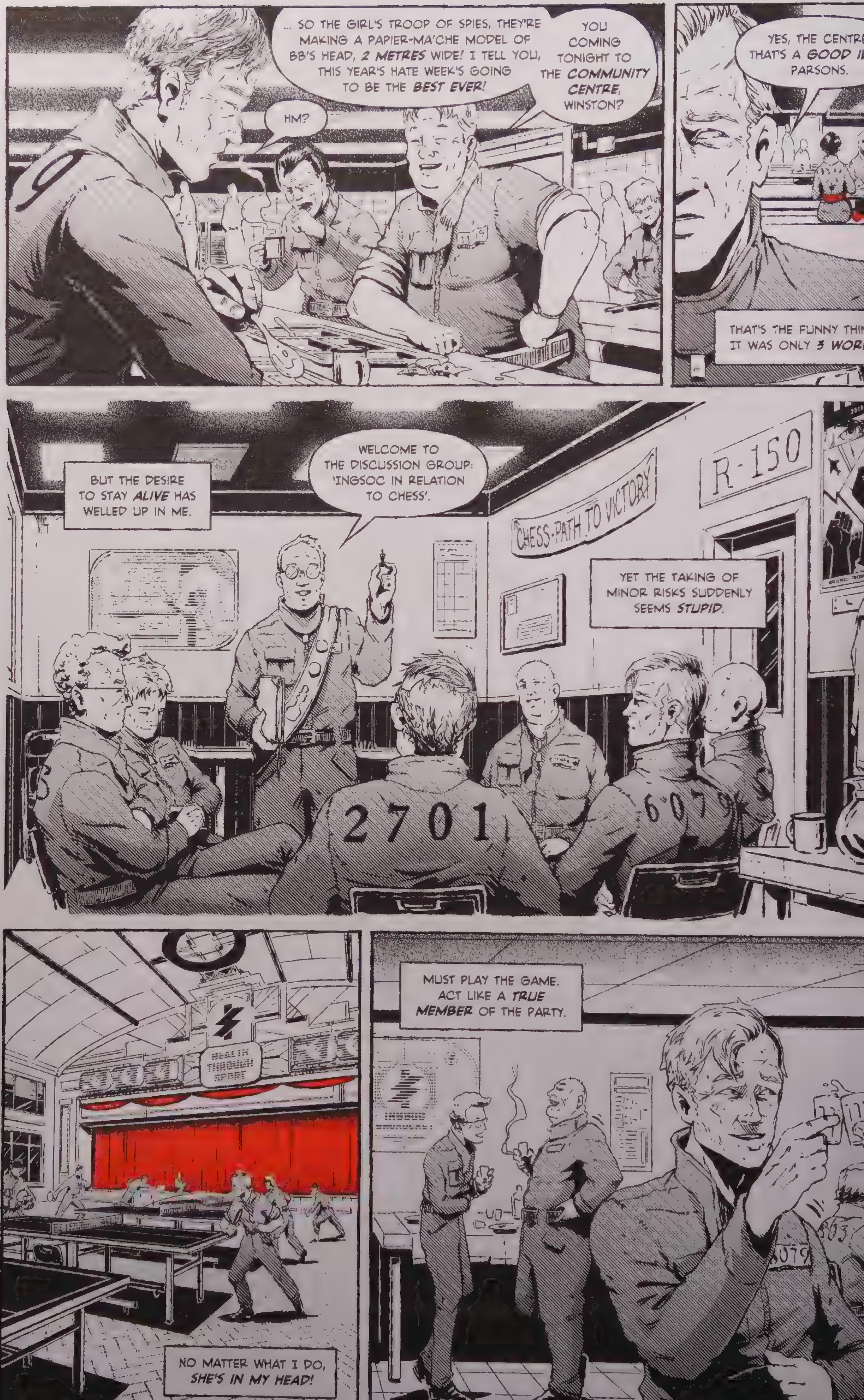


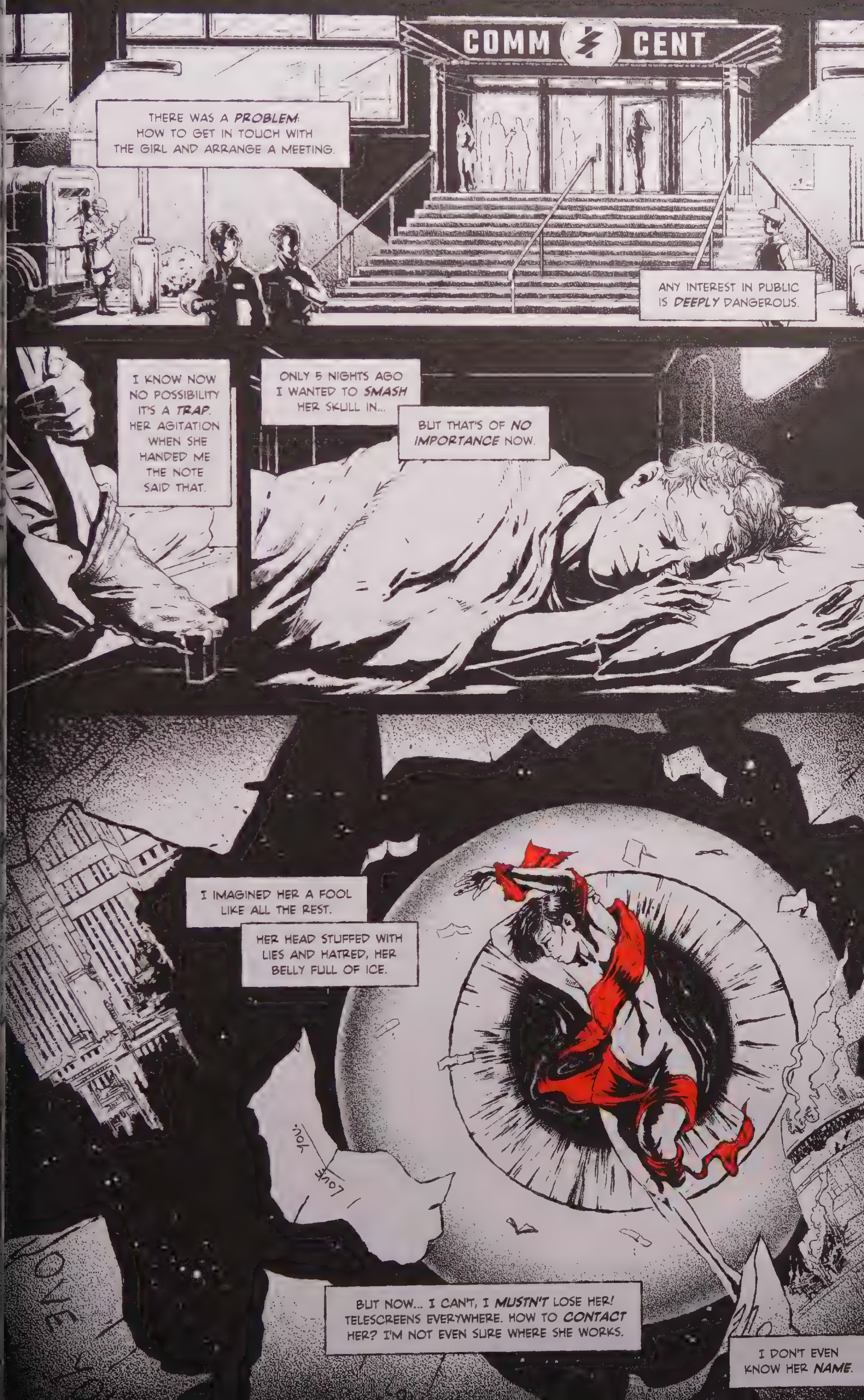

WC
FOUR DAYS LATER.
THE ENEMY!
SHOW NOTHING.
SHOW NOTHING.
SHOW NOTHING.
OUUW!
6079

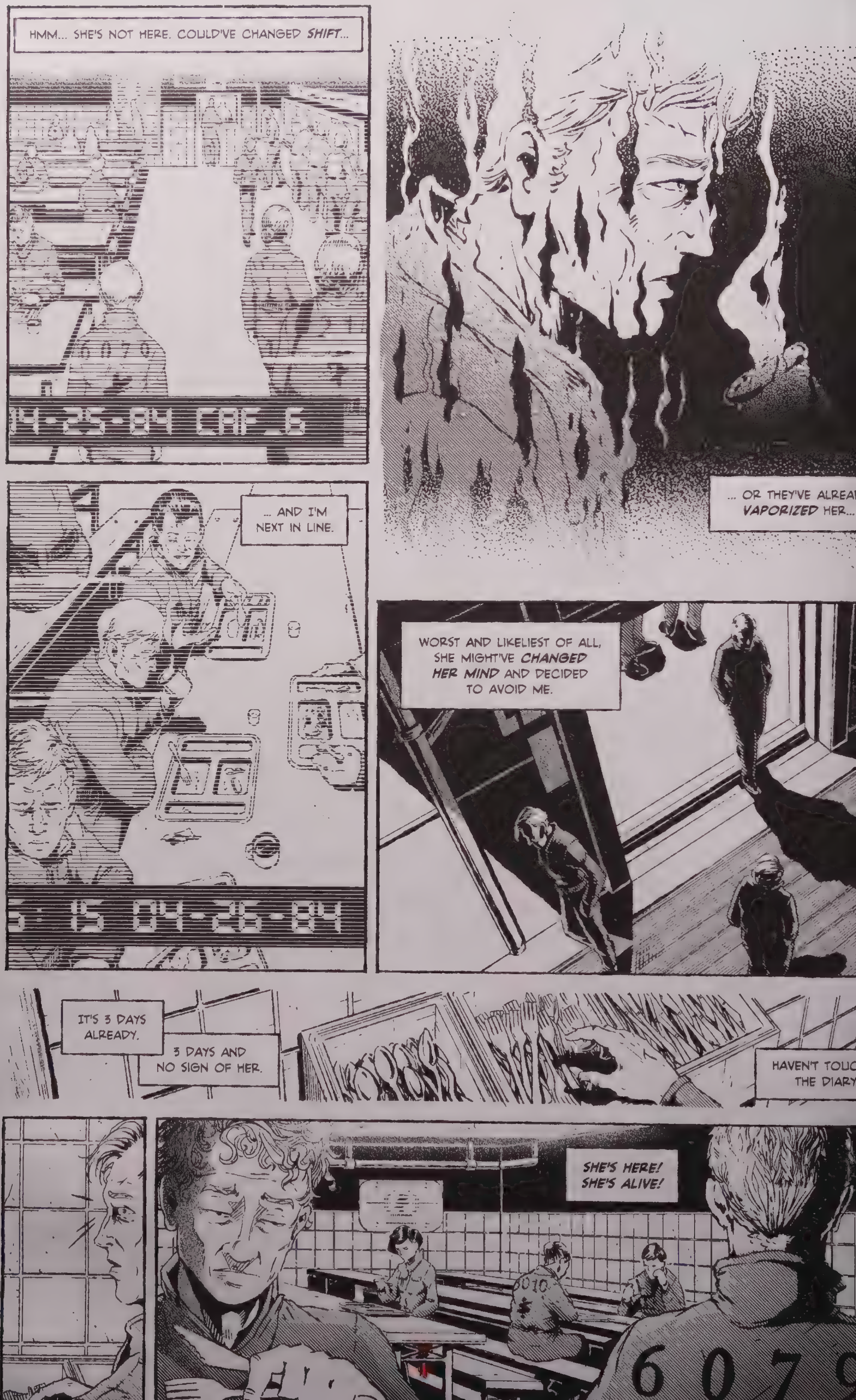

DON'T HELP HER. SHE'S *THE ENEMY.*
SHE'S TRYING TO *KILL YOU*
6079
SHE'S THE...
ARE... ARE YOU *ALRIGHT?*
IT'S NOTHING. MY ARM. IT'LL BE OK IN A FEW MINUTES.
NOTHING BROKEN?
NO. IT'S FINE NOW. IT HURT AT FIRST, BUT IT'S OK NOW.
I HIT MY WRIST, THAT'S ALL. NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT. THANK YOU, COMRADE.
THERE'S *SOMETHING* IN MY HAND.
DID SHE JUST SLIP ME... *A NOTE?*

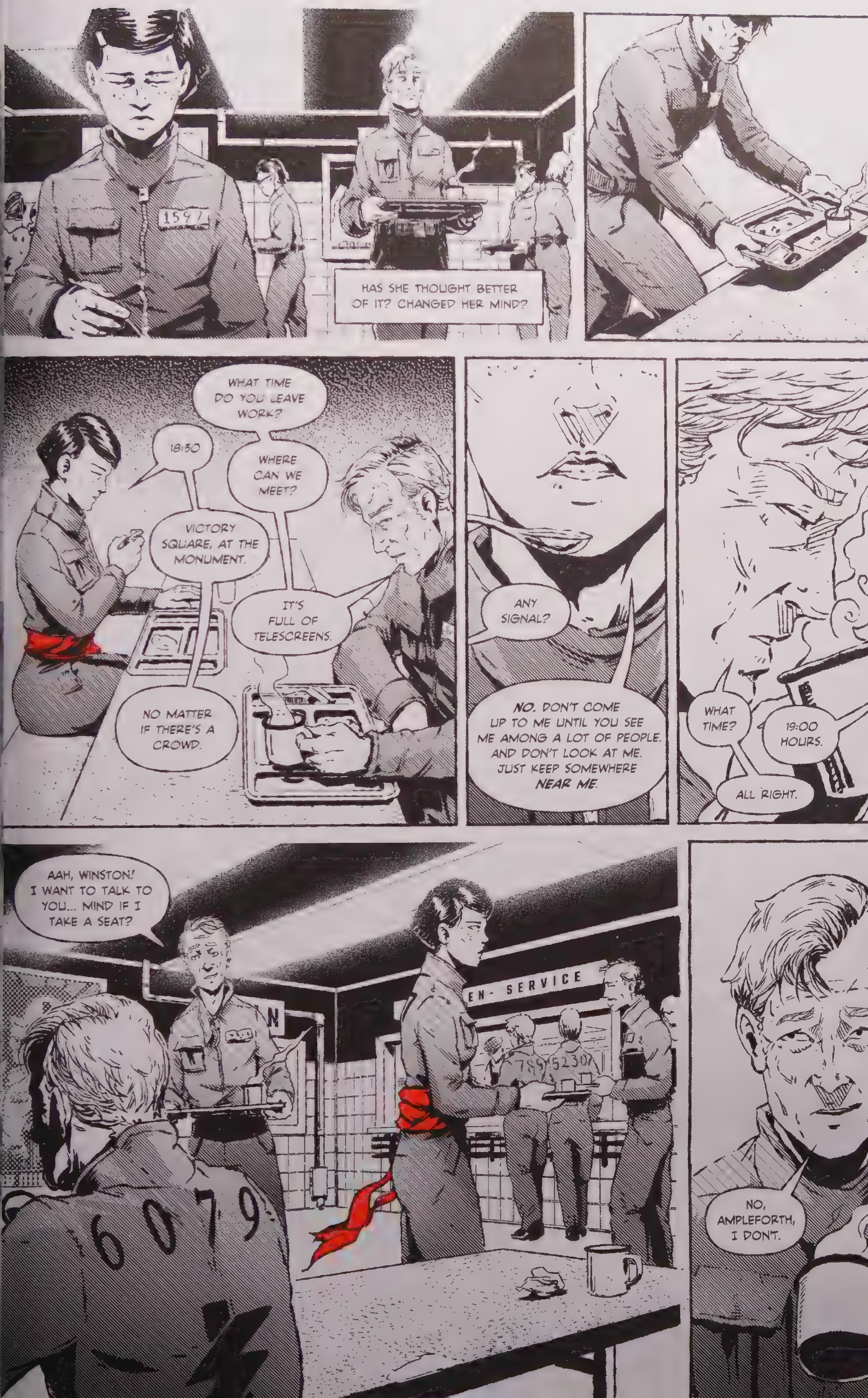

IF THERE'S SOMETHING ON THAT PAPER, WHATEVER IT IS... IT MUST BE *POLITICAL*. AND THERE ARE ONLY *TWO* POSSIBILITIES.
SHE COULD BE WITH THE *THOUGHT POLICE*...
BUT IF THAT'S THE CASE, WHATEVER COULD IT SAY?
DOCUME MINIPLENTY NUMBER 32 PARAGRA
0771
8... 9... 6... UNTRUE. REPHRASE! PARAGRAPH 7:
A THREAT? A SUMMONS? AN ORDER TO COMMIT *SUICIDE?* COULD IT BE A TRAP? AND WHY WOULD THE THOUGHT POLICE COMMUNICATE IN SUCH A WAY?
OR...
JUST *MAYBE*... EVEN IF IT'S CLEARLY MADNESS MAYBE, THE BROTHERHOOD *EXISTS* AFTER ALL
AND MAYBE THE GIRL'S A MEMBER!
SHLUUURRP
IT'S 8 MINUTES ALREADY SINCE I STARTED WORK.
MAYBE NOW I CAN RISK TAKING A *QUICK* LOOK.

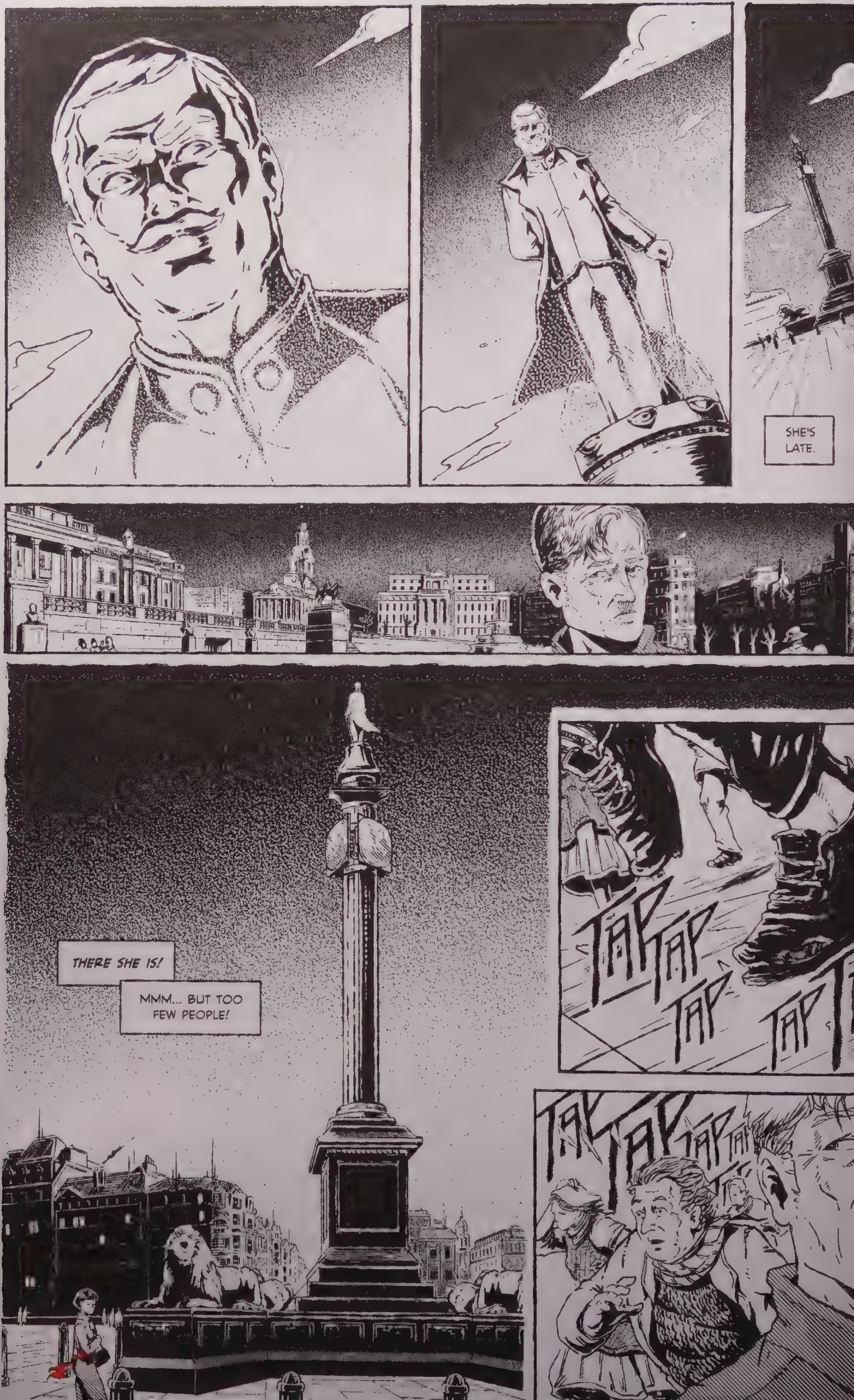

LOVE YOU.
BURN IT!
LOVE YOU.
NOW! NOW!
MEMORY HOLE
BURN IT!
BURN IT!
BURN IT!
LOVE YOU.

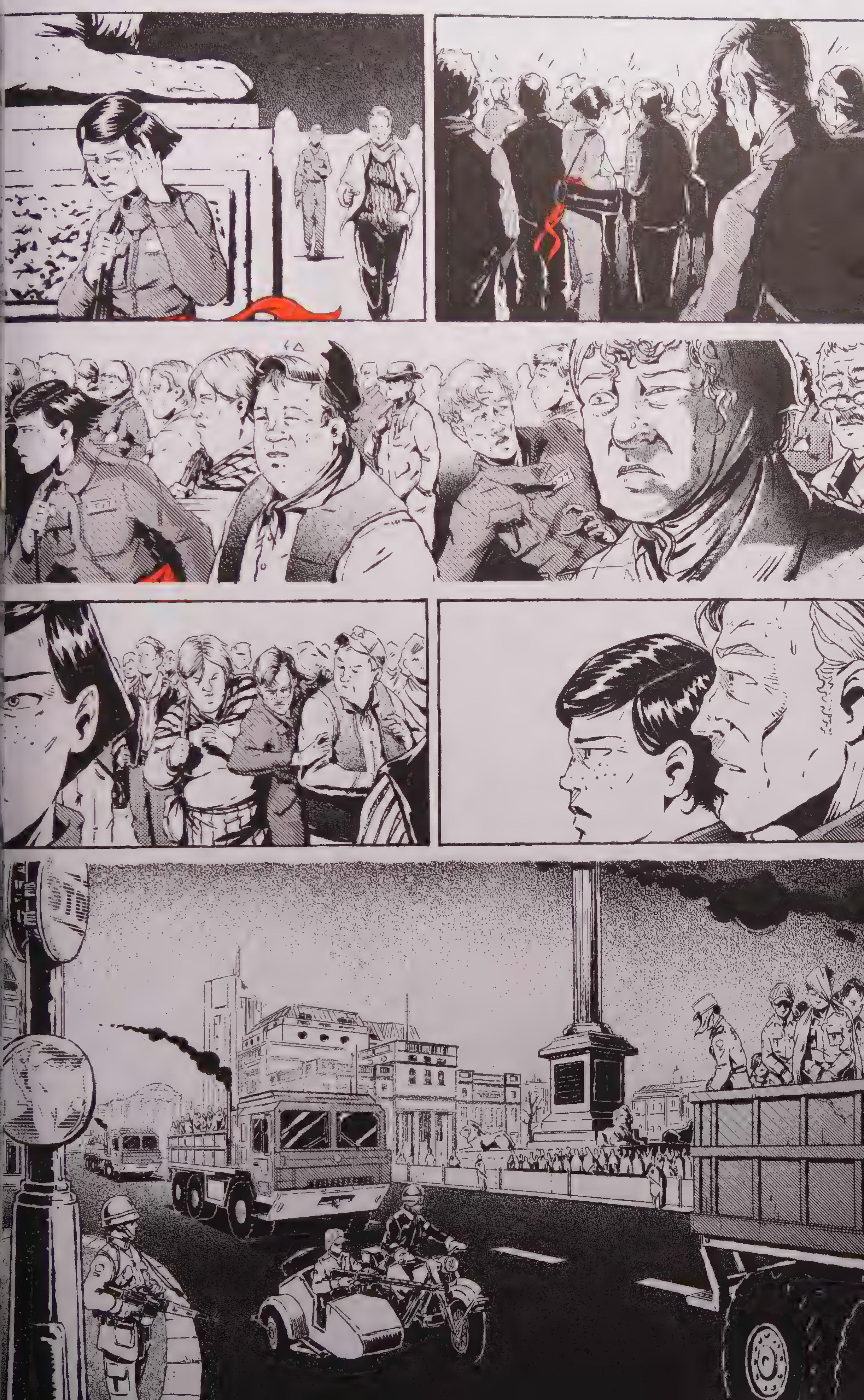

... SO THE GIRL'S TROOP OF SPIES, THEY'RE MAKING A PAPIER-MA'CHE MODEL OF BB'S HEAD, *2 METRES* WIDE! I TELL YOU, THIS YEAR'S HATE WEEK'S GOING TO BE THE *BEST EVER!*
HM?
YOU COMING TONIGHT TO THE *COMMUNITY CENTRE*, WINSTON?
YES, THE CENTRE
THAT'S A *GOOD I*
PARSONS.
THAT'S THE FUNNY THIN
IT WAS ONLY *3 WOR*
BUT THE DESIRE TO STAY *ALIVE* HAS WELLED UP IN ME.
WELCOME TO THE DISCUSSION GROUP: 'INGSOC IN RELATION TO CHESS'.
CHESS-PATH TO VICTORY
R-150
YET THE TAKING OF MINOR RISKS SUDDENLY SEEMS *STUPID*.
2701
6079
HEALTH THROUGH SPORT
NO MATTER WHAT I DO, *SHE'S IN MY HEAD!*
MUST PLAY THE GAME. ACT LIKE A *TRUE MEMBER* OF THE PARTY.
6079

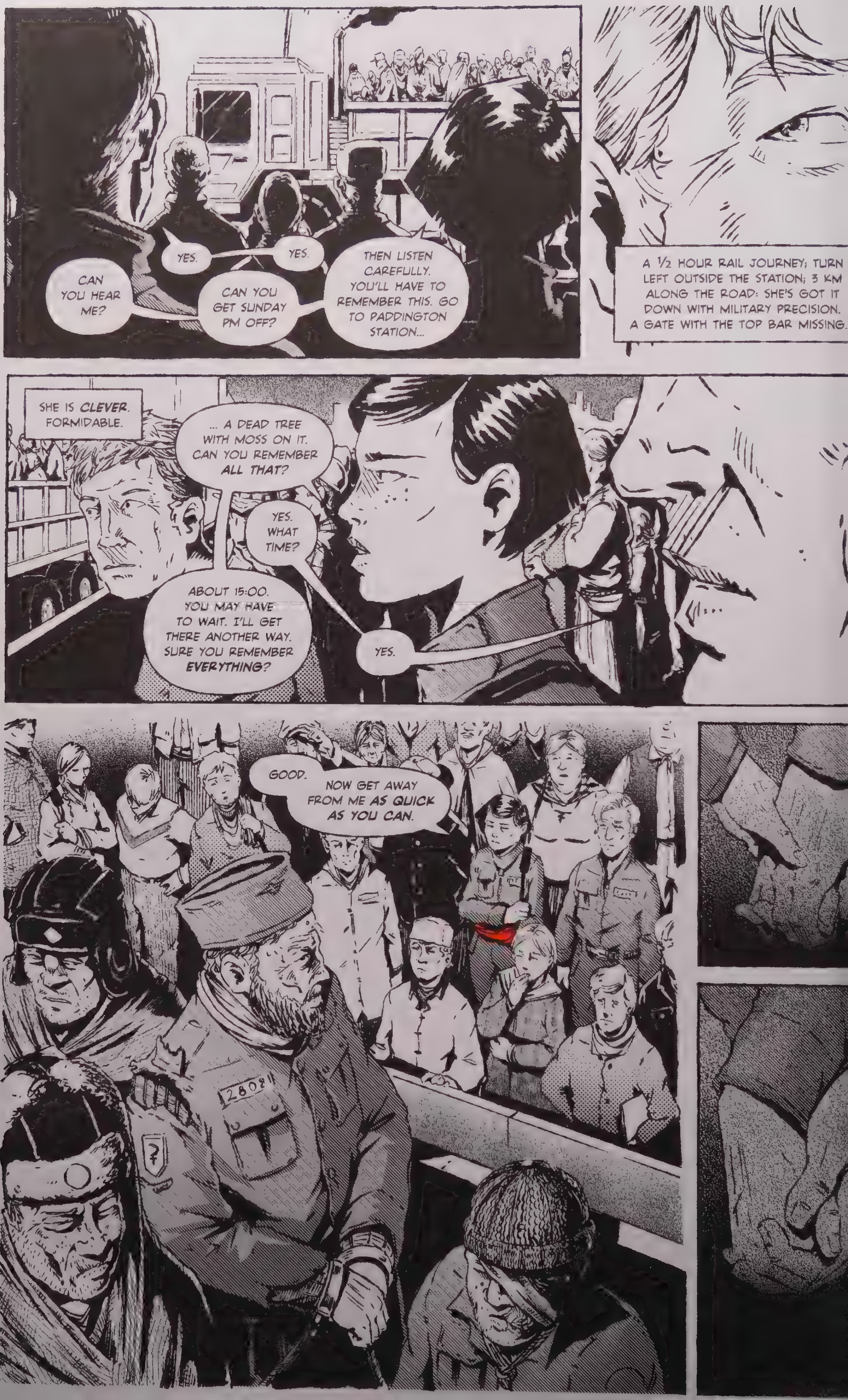

COMM CENT
THERE WAS A *PROBLEM*: HOW TO GET IN TOUCH WITH THE GIRL AND ARRANGE A MEETING.
ANY INTEREST IN PUBLIC IS *DEEPLY* DANGEROUS.
I KNOW NOW NO POSSIBILITY IT'S A *TRAP*. HER AGITATION WHEN SHE HANDED ME THE NOTE SAID THAT.
ONLY 5 NIGHTS AGO I WANTED TO *SMASH* HER SKULL IN...
BUT THAT'S OF *NO IMPORTANCE* NOW.
I IMAGINED HER A FOOL LIKE ALL THE REST.
HER HEAD STUFFED WITH LIES AND HATRED, HER BELLY FULL OF ICE.
LOVE YOU.
BUT NOW... I CAN'T, I *MUSTN'T* LOSE HER! TELESCREENS EVERYWHERE. HOW TO *CONTACT* HER? I'M NOT EVEN SURE WHERE SHE WORKS.
I DON'T EVEN KNOW HER *NAME*.


HMM... SHE'S NOT HERE. COULD'VE CHANGED *SHIFT*...
6079
4-25-84 CAF_6
... OR THEY'VE ALREA
VAPORIZED HER...
... AND I'M NEXT IN LINE.
04-26-84
WORST AND LIKELIEST OF ALL, SHE MIGHT'VE *CHANGED HER MIND* AND DECIDED TO AVOID ME.
IT'S 3 DAYS ALREADY.
3 DAYS AND NO SIGN OF HER.
HAVEN'T TOUC
THE DIARY
SHE'S HERE! SHE'S ALIVE!
6010
6 0 7


1597
HAS SHE THOUGHT BETTER OF IT? CHANGED HER MIND?
WHAT TIME DO YOU LEAVE WORK?
18:30
WHERE CAN WE MEET?
VICTORY SQUARE, AT THE MONUMENT.
IT'S FULL OF TELESCREENS.
NO MATTER IF THERE'S A CROWD.
ANY SIGNAL?
NO. DON'T COME UP TO ME UNTIL YOU SEE ME AMONG A LOT OF PEOPLE. AND DON'T LOOK AT ME. JUST KEEP SOMEWHERE ***NEAR ME.***
WHAT TIME?
19:00 HOURS.
ALL RIGHT.
AAH, WINSTON! I WANT TO TALK TO YOU... MIND IF I TAKE A SEAT?
EN- SERVICE
785
5230
6079
NO, AMPLEFORTH, I DON'T.

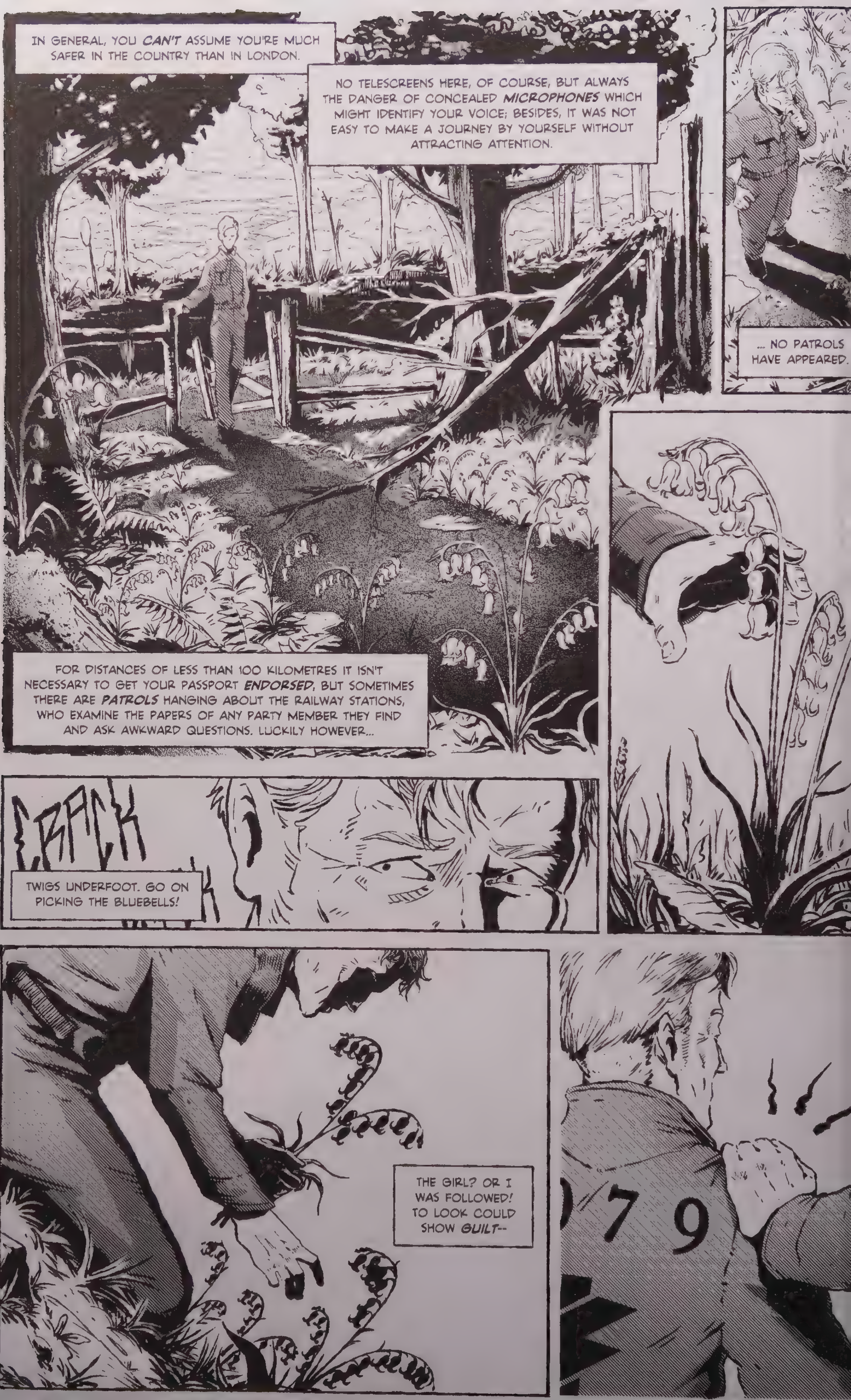

SHE'S LATE.
THERE SHE IS!
MMM... BUT TOO FEW PEOPLE!
TAP TAP TAP TAP
TAP TAP TAP TAP

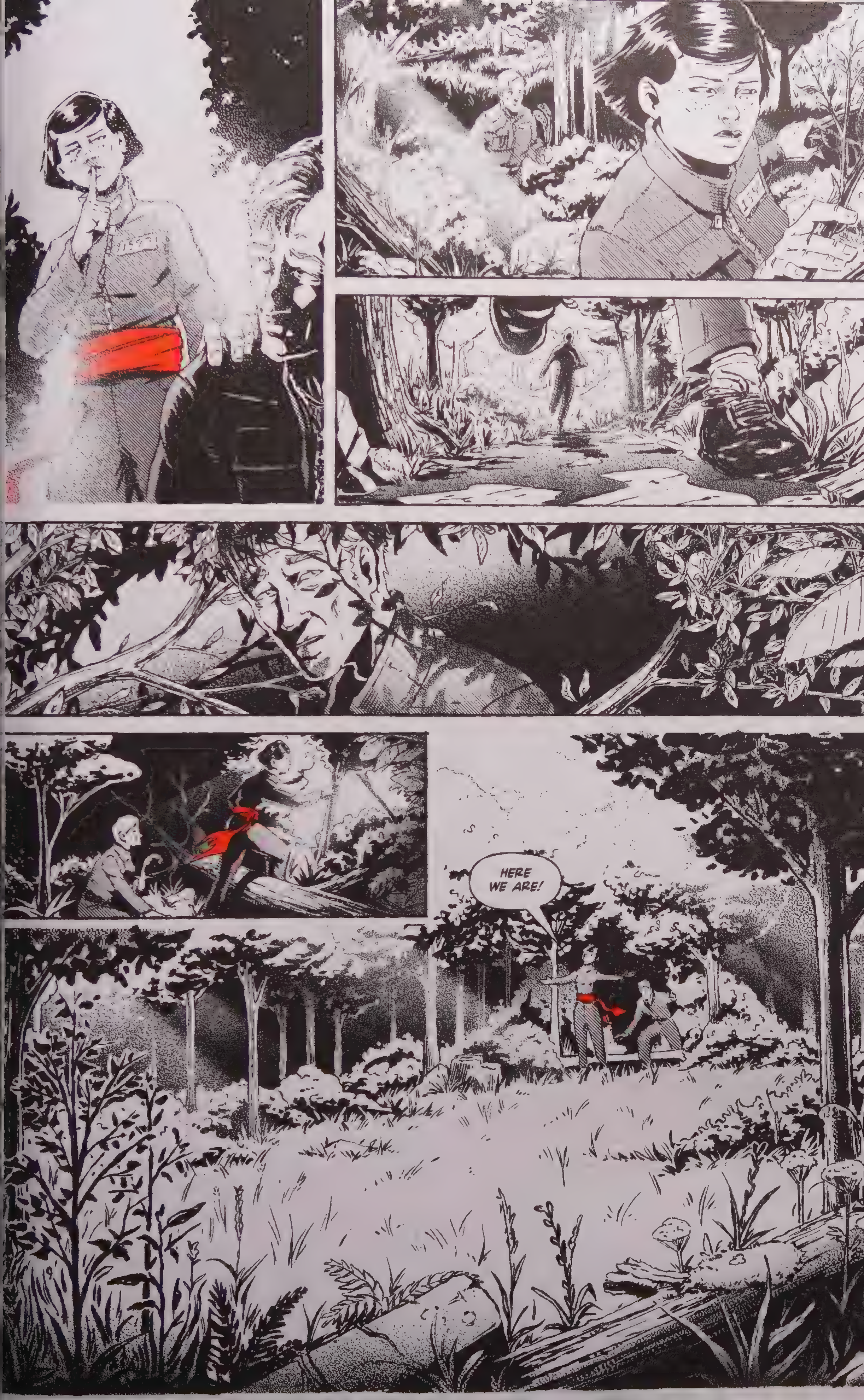


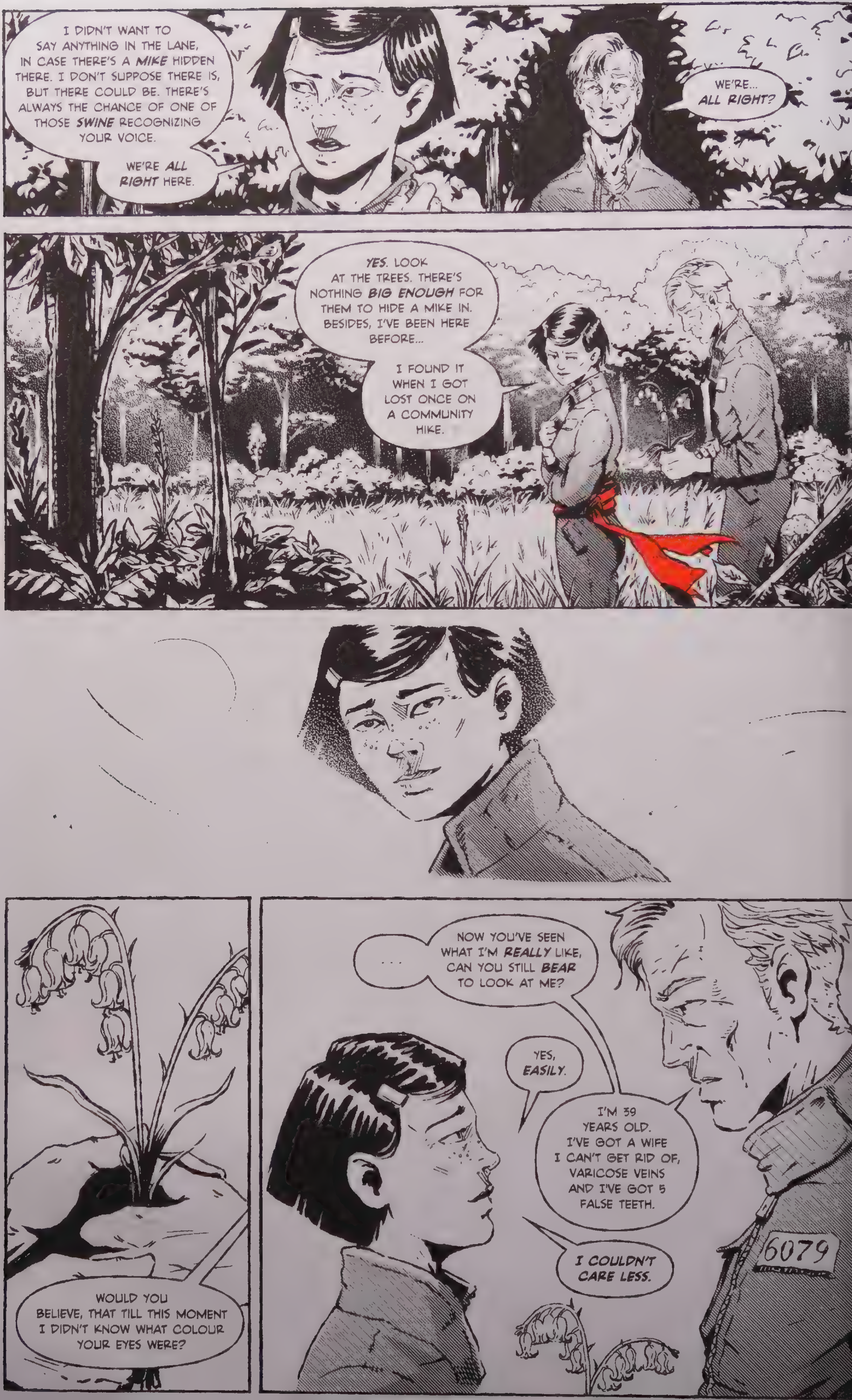

CAN YOU HEAR ME?
YES.
CAN YOU GET SUNDAY PM OFF?
YES.
THEN LISTEN CAREFULLY. YOU'LL HAVE TO REMEMBER THIS. GO TO PADDINGTON STATION...
A ½ HOUR RAIL JOURNEY; TURN LEFT OUTSIDE THE STATION; 3 KM ALONG THE ROAD: SHE'S GOT IT DOWN WITH MILITARY PRECISION. A GATE WITH THE TOP BAR MISSING.
SHE IS *CLEVER*. FORMIDABLE.
... A DEAD TREE WITH MOSS ON IT. CAN YOU REMEMBER *ALL THAT?*
YES. WHAT TIME?
ABOUT 15:00. YOU MAY HAVE TO WAIT. I'LL GET THERE ANOTHER WAY. SURE YOU REMEMBER *EVERYTHING?*
YES.
GOOD.
NOW GET AWAY FROM ME *AS QUICK* AS YOU CAN.
2808

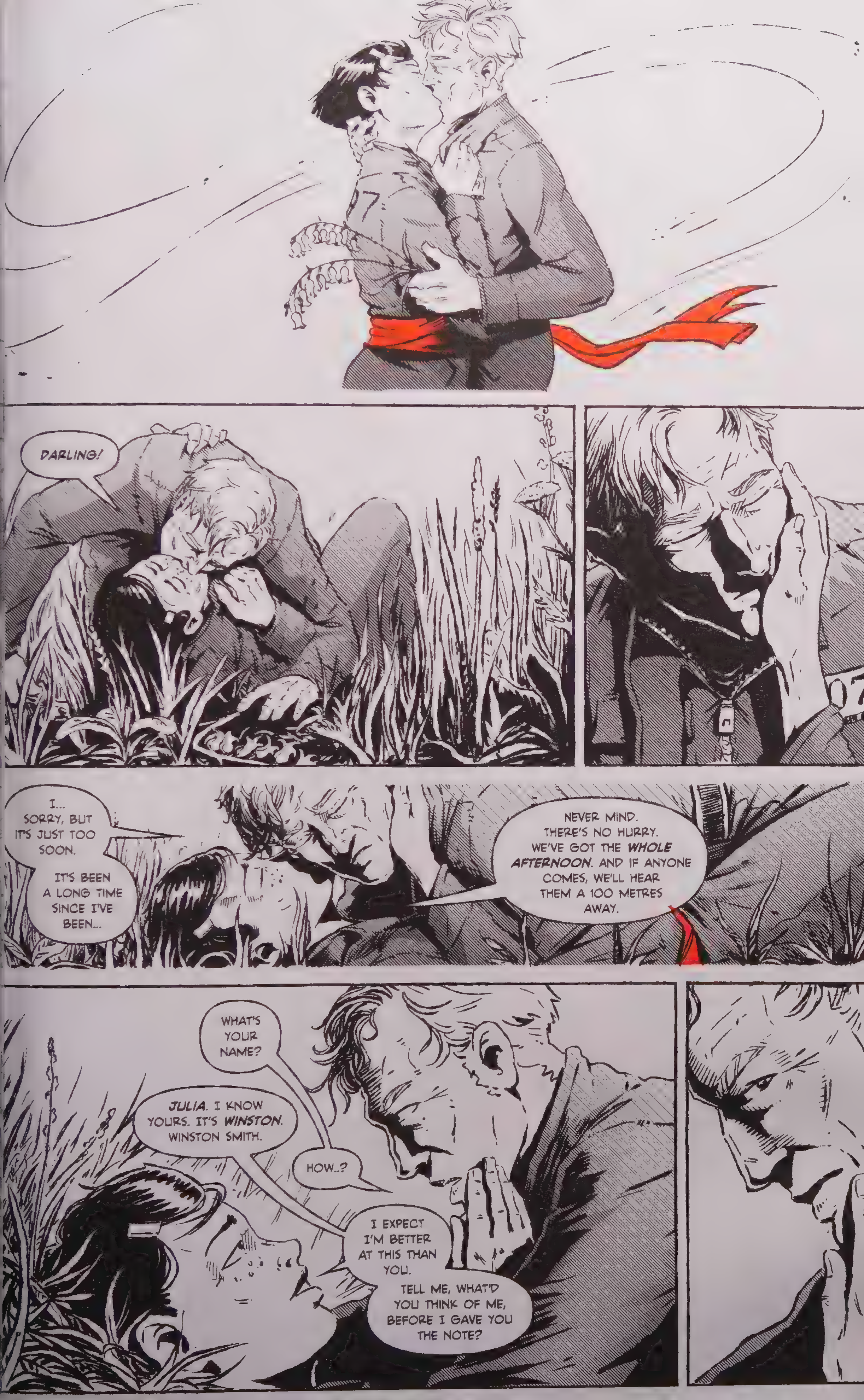
Chapter 2

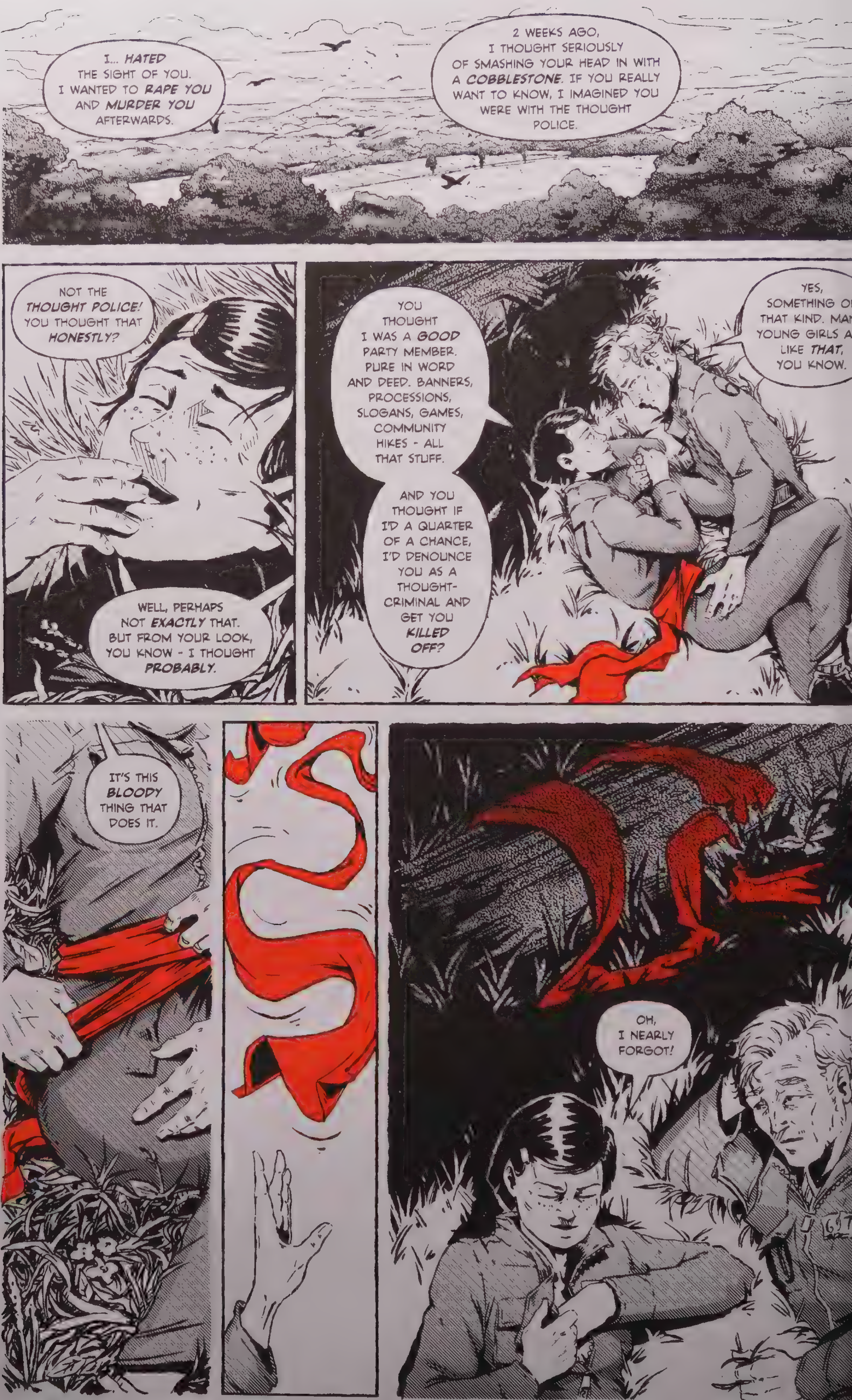
Their embrace had been a battle, the climax a victory. It was a blow struck against the Party. It was a political act.

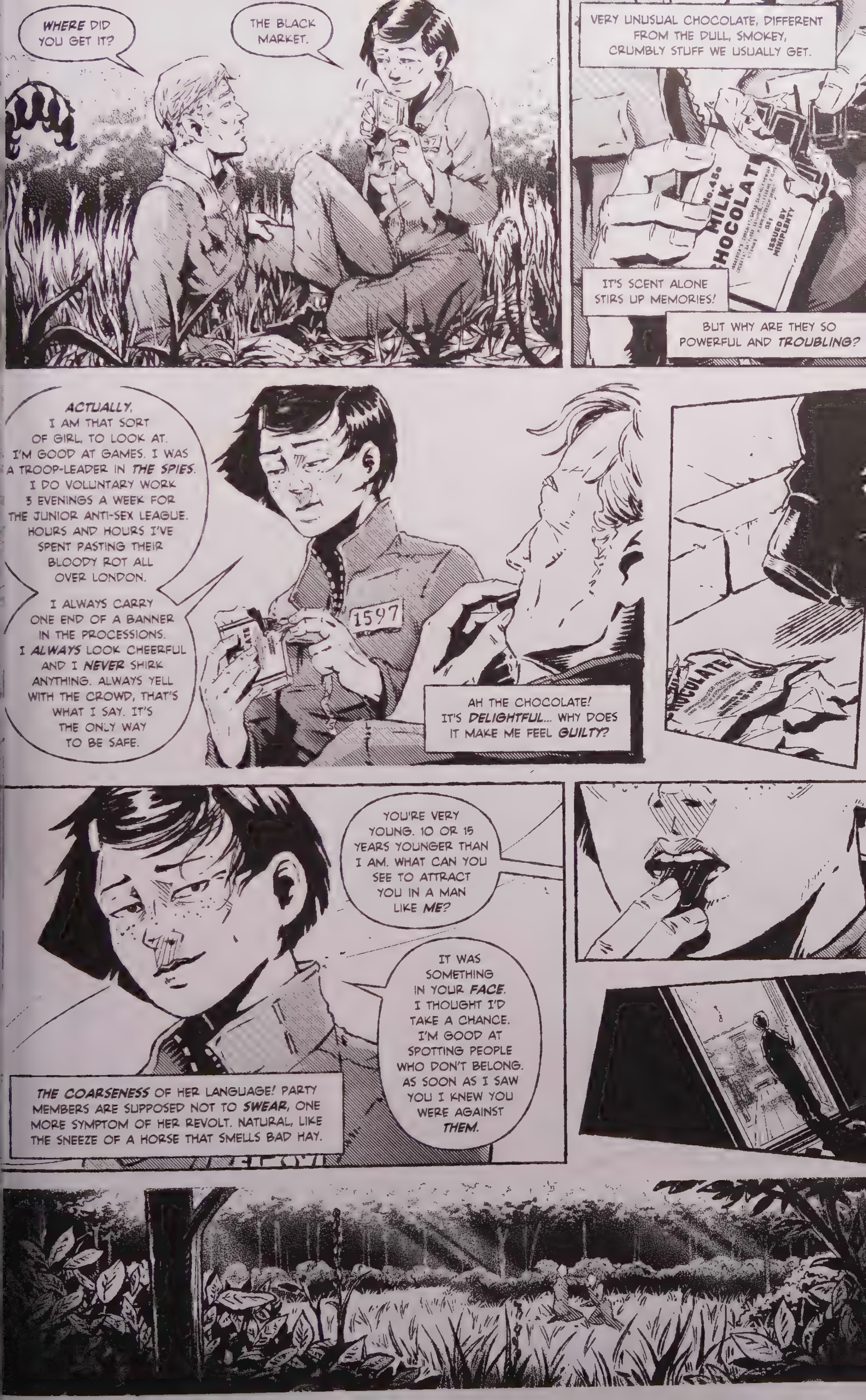

IN GENERAL, YOU *CAN'T* ASSUME YOU'RE MUCH SAFER IN THE COUNTRY THAN IN LONDON.
NO TELESCREENS HERE, OF COURSE, BUT ALWAYS THE DANGER OF CONCEALED *MICROPHONES* WHICH MIGHT IDENTIFY YOUR VOICE; BESIDES, IT WAS NOT EASY TO MAKE A JOURNEY BY YOURSELF WITHOUT ATTRACTING ATTENTION.
FOR DISTANCES OF LESS THAN 100 KILOMETRES IT ISN'T NECESSARY TO GET YOUR PASSPORT *ENDORSED*, BUT SOMETIMES THERE ARE *PATROLS* HANGING ABOUT THE RAILWAY STATIONS, WHO EXAMINE THE PAPERS OF ANY PARTY MEMBER THEY FIND AND ASK AWKWARD QUESTIONS. LUCKILY HOWEVER...
... NO PATROLS HAVE APPEARED.
CRACK
TWIGS UNDERFOOT. GO ON PICKING THE BLUEBELLS!
THE GIRL? OR I WAS FOLLOWED! TO LOOK COULD SHOW *GUILT*--
79

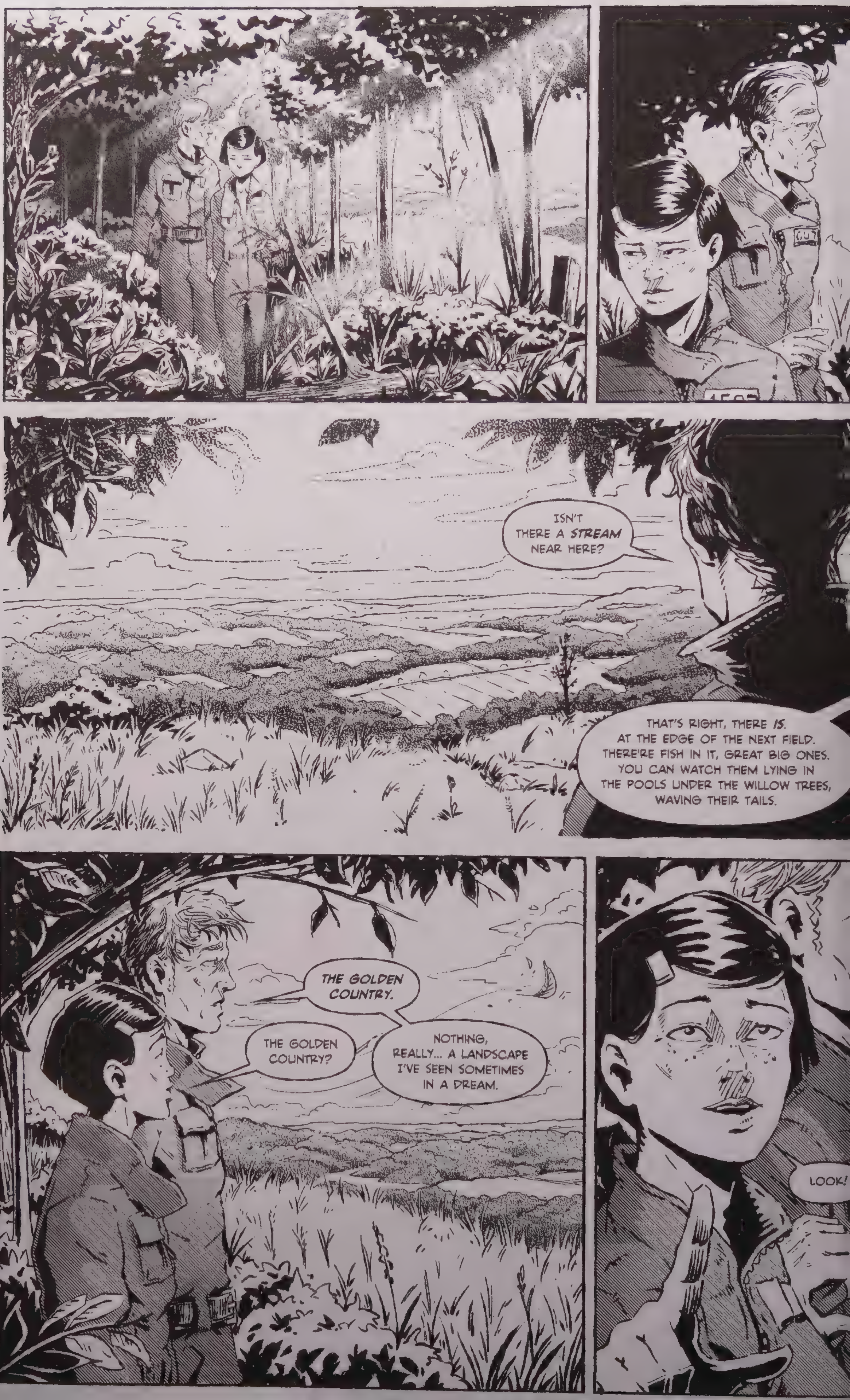

HERE WE ARE!

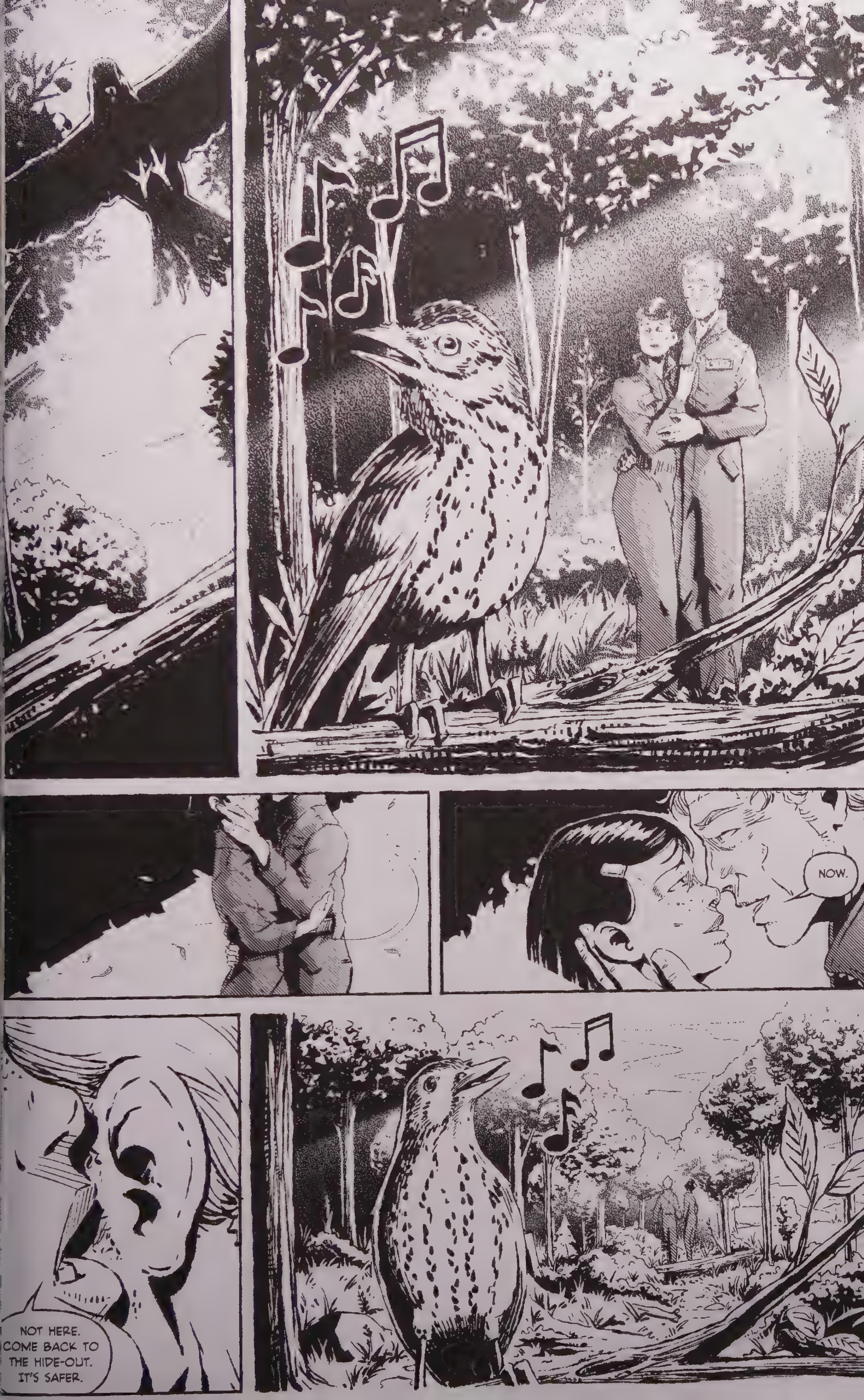

I DIDN'T WANT TO SAY ANYTHING IN THE LANE, IN CASE THERE'S A *MIKE* HIDDEN THERE. I DON'T SUPPOSE THERE IS, BUT THERE COULD BE. THERE'S ALWAYS THE CHANCE OF ONE OF THOSE *SWINE* RECOGNIZING YOUR VOICE.
WE'RE *ALL RIGHT* HERE.
WE'RE... *ALL RIGHT?*
YES. LOOK AT THE TREES. THERE'S NOTHING *BIG ENOUGH* FOR THEM TO HIDE A MIKE IN. BESIDES, I'VE BEEN HERE BEFORE...
I FOUND IT WHEN I GOT LOST ONCE ON A COMMUNITY HIKE.
WOULD YOU BELIEVE, THAT TILL THIS MOMENT I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT COLOUR YOUR EYES WERE?
. . .
NOW YOU'VE SEEN WHAT I'M *REALLY* LIKE, CAN YOU STILL *BEAR* TO LOOK AT ME?
YES, *EASILY*.
I'M 39 YEARS OLD. I'VE GOT A WIFE I CAN'T GET RID OF, VARICOSE VEINS AND I'VE GOT 5 FALSE TEETH.
I COULDN'T CARE LESS.
6079

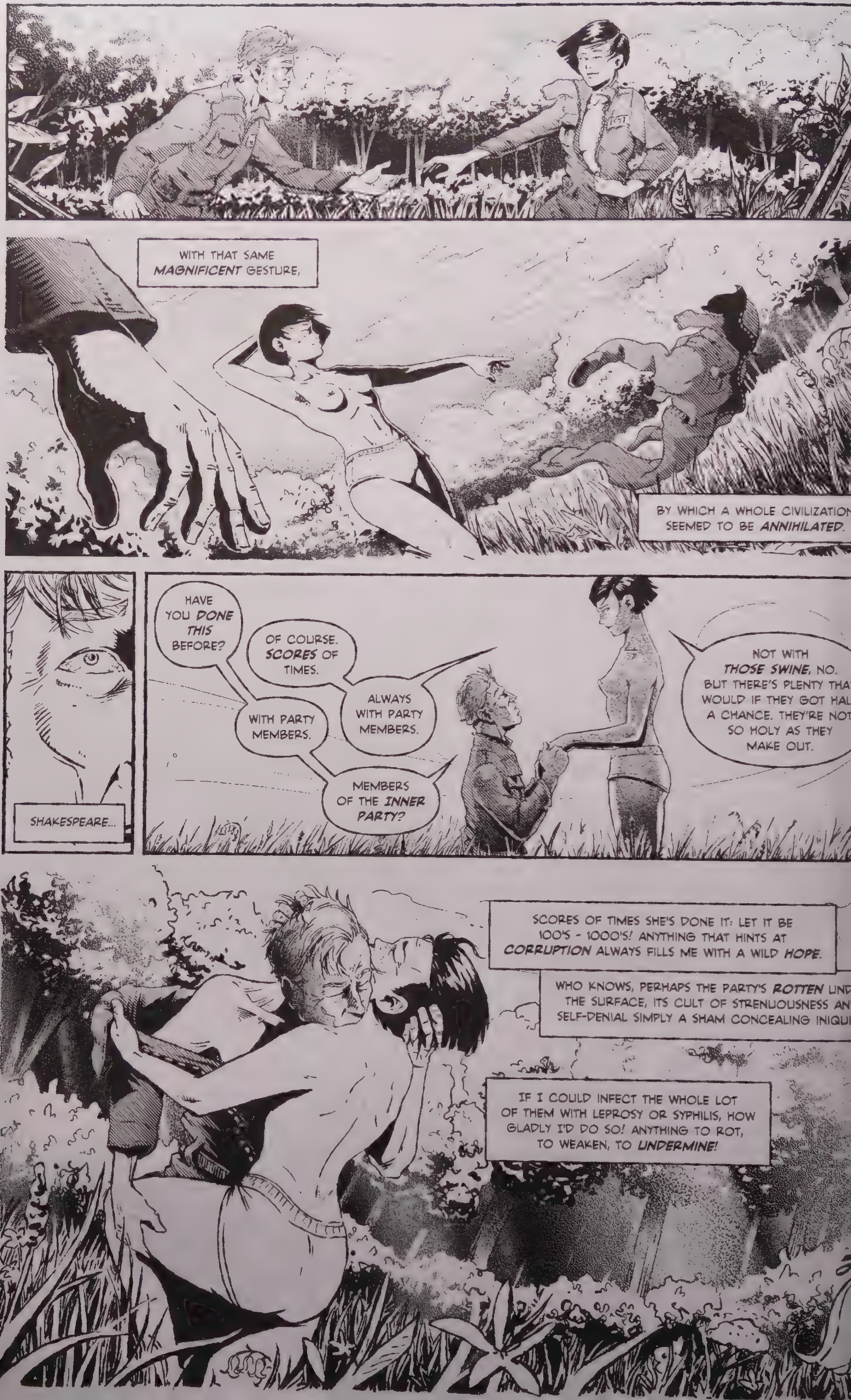

DARLING!
I... SORRY, BUT IT'S JUST TOO SOON.
IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE BEEN...
NEVER MIND. THERE'S NO HURRY. WE'VE GOT THE *WHOLE AFTERNOON*. AND IF ANYONE COMES, WE'LL HEAR THEM A 100 METRES AWAY.
WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
JULIA. I KNOW YOURS. IT'S *WINSTON*. WINSTON SMITH.
HOW..?
I EXPECT I'M BETTER AT THIS THAN YOU.
TELL ME, WHAT'D YOU THINK OF ME, BEFORE I GAVE YOU THE NOTE?

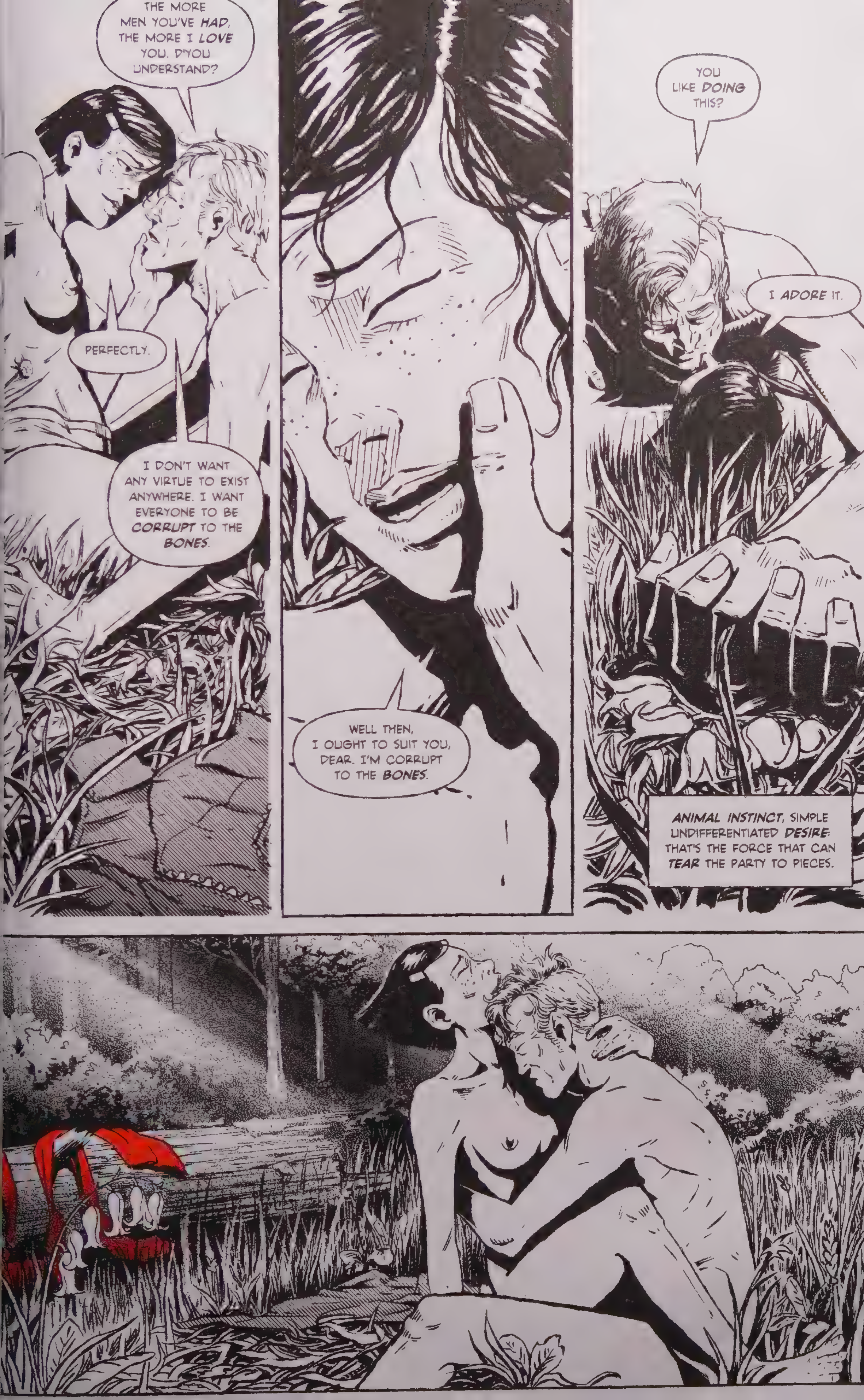

I... HATED THE SIGHT OF YOU. I WANTED TO RAPE YOU AND MURDER YOU AFTERWARDS.
2 WEEKS AGO, I THOUGHT SERIOUSLY OF SMASHING YOUR HEAD IN WITH A COBBLESTONE. IF YOU REALLY WANT TO KNOW, I IMAGINED YOU WERE WITH THE THOUGHT POLICE.
NOT THE THOUGHT POLICE! YOU THOUGHT THAT HONESTLY?
WELL, PERHAPS NOT EXACTLY THAT. BUT FROM YOUR LOOK, YOU KNOW - I THOUGHT PROBABLY.
YOU THOUGHT I WAS A GOOD PARTY MEMBER. PURE IN WORD AND DEED. BANNERS, PROCESSIONS, SLOGANS, GAMES, COMMUNITY HIKES - ALL THAT STUFF.
AND YOU THOUGHT IF I'D A QUARTER OF A CHANCE, I'D DENOUNCE YOU AS A THOUGHT-CRIMINAL AND GET YOU KILLED OFF?
YES, SOMETHING O THAT KIND. MAN YOUNG GIRLS A LIKE THAT, YOU KNOW.
IT'S THIS BLOODY THING THAT DOES IT.
OH, I NEARLY FORGOT!

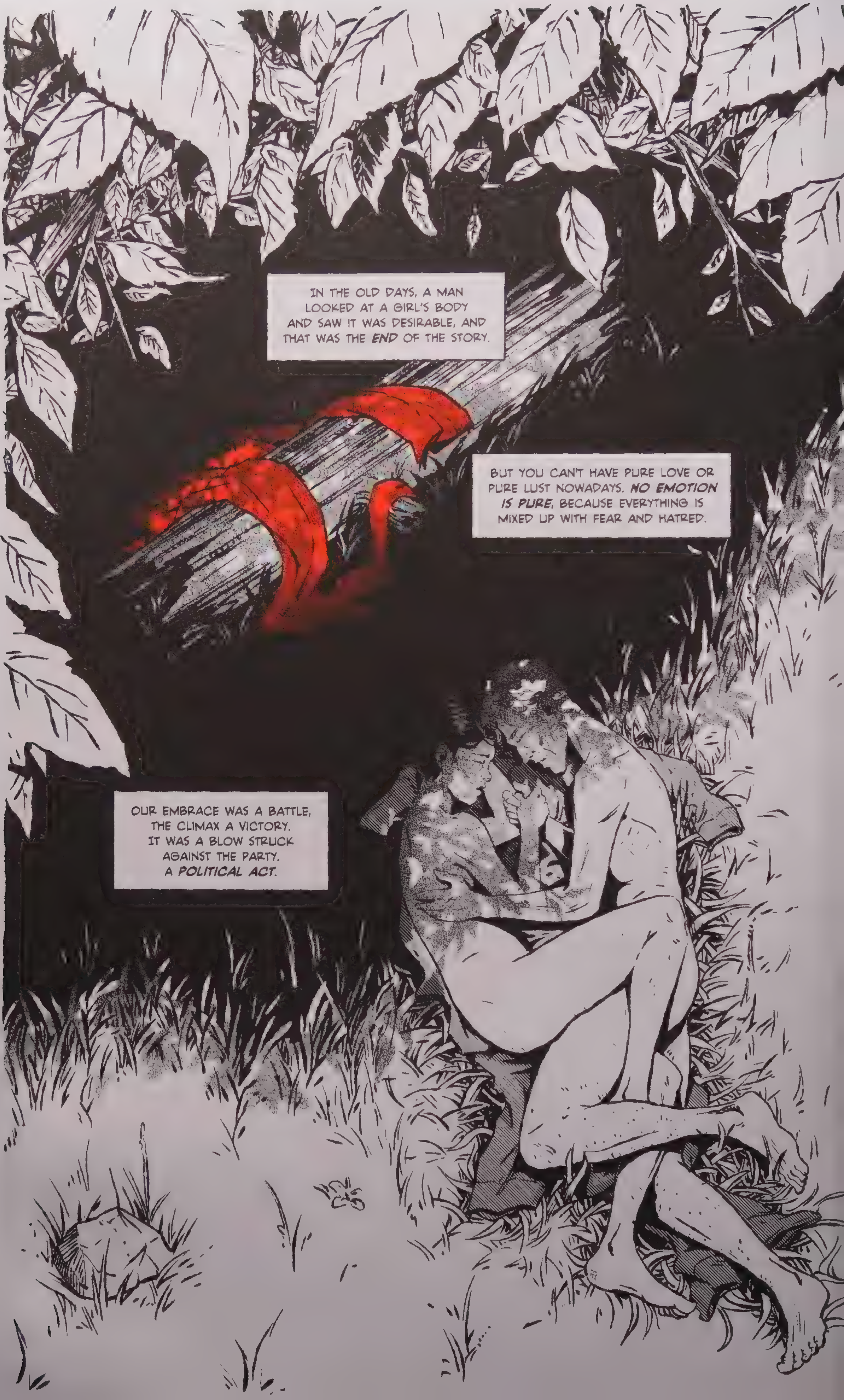

WHERE DID YOU GET IT?
THE BLACK MARKET.
VERY UNUSUAL CHOCOLATE, DIFFERENT FROM THE DULL, SMOKEY, CRUMBLY STUFF WE USUALLY GET.
MILK CHOCOLATE
ISSUED BY MINIPLENTY
IT'S SCENT ALONE STIRS UP MEMORIES!
BUT WHY ARE THEY SO POWERFUL AND TROUBLING?
ACTUALLY, I AM THAT SORT OF GIRL, TO LOOK AT. I'M GOOD AT GAMES. I WAS A TROOP-LEADER IN THE SPIES. I DO VOLUNTARY WORK 3 EVENINGS A WEEK FOR THE JUNIOR ANTI-SEX LEAGUE. HOURS AND HOURS I'VE SPENT PASTING THEIR BLOODY ROT ALL OVER LONDON.
I ALWAYS CARRY ONE END OF A BANNER IN THE PROCESSIONS. I ALWAYS LOOK CHEERFUL AND I NEVER SHIRK ANYTHING. ALWAYS YELL WITH THE CROWD, THAT'S WHAT I SAY. IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO BE SAFE.
1597
AH THE CHOCOLATE! IT'S DELIGHTFUL... WHY DOES IT MAKE ME FEEL GUILTY?
CHOCOLATE
YOU'RE VERY YOUNG. 10 OR 15 YEARS YOUNGER THAN I AM. WHAT CAN YOU SEE TO ATTRACT YOU IN A MAN LIKE ME?
IT WAS SOMETHING IN YOUR FACE. I THOUGHT I'D TAKE A CHANCE. I'M GOOD AT SPOTTING PEOPLE WHO DON'T BELONG. AS SOON AS I SAW YOU I KNEW YOU WERE AGAINST THEM.
THE COARSENESS OF HER LANGUAGE! PARTY MEMBERS ARE SUPPOSED NOT TO SWEAR, ONE MORE SYMPTOM OF HER REVOLT. NATURAL, LIKE THE SNEEZE OF A HORSE THAT SMELLS BAD HAY.


ISN'T THERE A *STREAM* NEAR HERE?
THAT'S RIGHT, THERE *IS*. AT THE EDGE OF THE NEXT FIELD. THERE'RE FISH IN IT, GREAT BIG ONES. YOU CAN WATCH THEM LYING IN THE POOLS UNDER THE WILLOW TREES, WAVING THEIR TAILS.
THE GOLDEN COUNTRY.
THE GOLDEN COUNTRY?
NOTHING, REALLY... A LANDSCAPE I'VE SEEN SOMETIMES IN A DREAM.
LOOK!


NOW.
NOT HERE. COME BACK TO THE HIDE-OUT. IT'S SAFER.

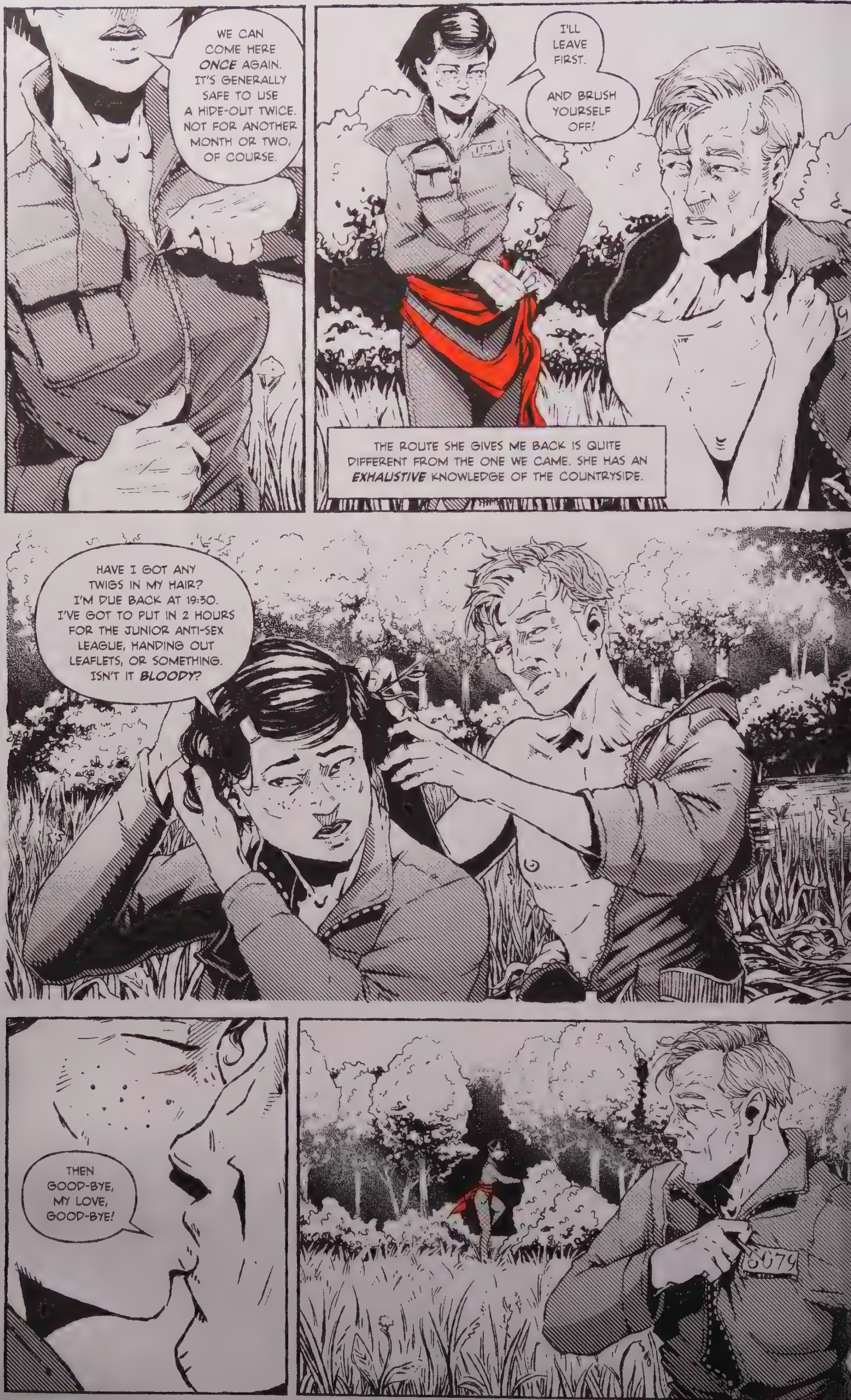

WITH THAT SAME *MAGNIFICENT* GESTURE,
BY WHICH A WHOLE CIVILIZATION SEEMED TO BE *ANNIHILATED*.
SHAKESPEARE...
HAVE YOU *DONE THIS* BEFORE?
OF COURSE. *SCORES* OF TIMES.
WITH PARTY MEMBERS.
ALWAYS WITH PARTY MEMBERS.
MEMBERS OF THE *INNER PARTY?*
NOT WITH *THOSE SWINE*, NO. BUT THERE'S PLENTY THA WOULD IF THEY GOT HAL A CHANCE. THEY'RE NOT SO HOLY AS THEY MAKE OUT.
SCORES OF TIMES SHE'S DONE IT: LET IT BE 100'S - 1000'S! ANYTHING THAT HINTS AT *CORRUPTION* ALWAYS FILLS ME WITH A WILD *HOPE*.
WHO KNOWS, PERHAPS THE PARTY'S *ROTTEN* UND THE SURFACE, ITS CULT OF STRENUOUSNESS AN SELF-DENIAL SIMPLY A SHAM CONCEALING INIQU
IF I COULD INFECT THE WHOLE LOT OF THEM WITH LEPROSY OR SYPHILIS, HOW GLADLY I'D DO SO! ANYTHING TO ROT, TO WEAKEN, TO *UNDERMINE!*

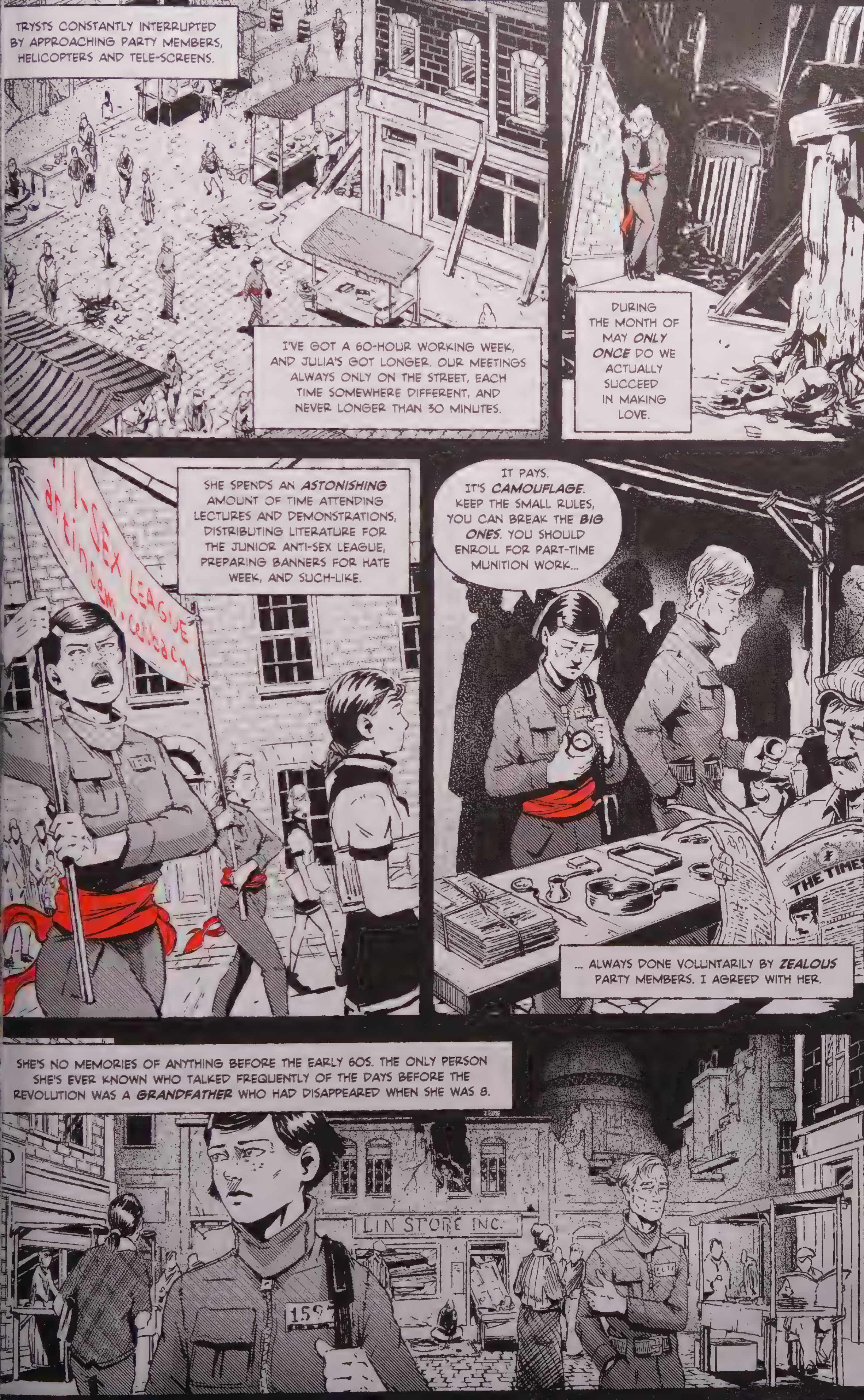

THE MORE MEN YOU'VE *HAD*, THE MORE I *LOVE* YOU. D'YOU UNDERSTAND?
PERFECTLY.
I DON'T WANT ANY VIRTUE TO EXIST ANYWHERE. I WANT EVERYONE TO BE *CORRUPT* TO THE *BONES*.
WELL THEN, I OUGHT TO SUIT YOU, DEAR. I'M CORRUPT TO THE *BONES*.
YOU LIKE *DOING* THIS?
I *ADORE* IT.
ANIMAL INSTINCT, SIMPLE UNDIFFERENTIATED *DESIRE*: THAT'S THE FORCE THAT CAN *TEAR* THE PARTY TO PIECES.

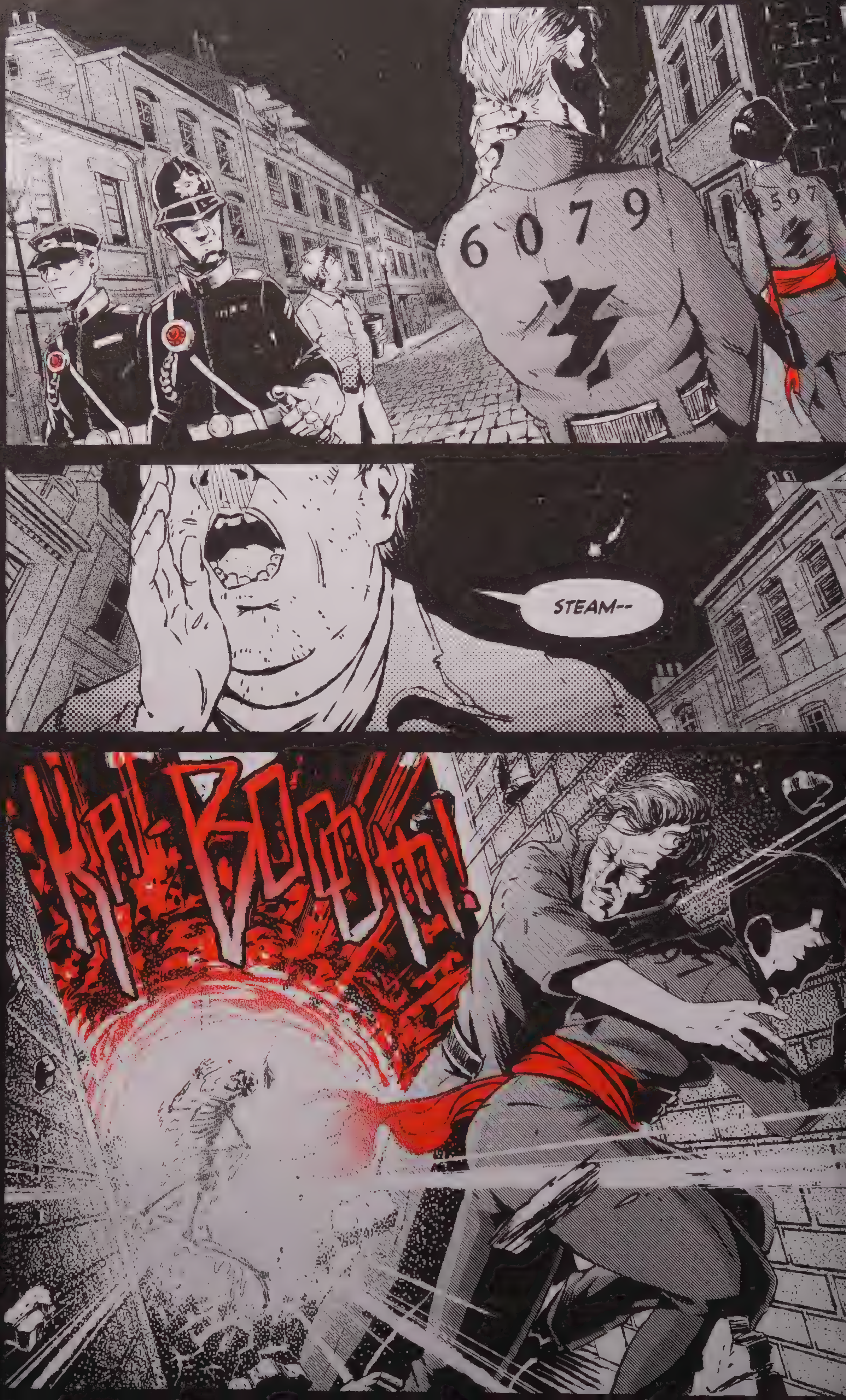

IN THE OLD DAYS, A MAN LOOKED AT A GIRL'S BODY AND SAW IT WAS DESIRABLE, AND THAT WAS THE *END* OF THE STORY.
BUT YOU CAN'T HAVE PURE LOVE OR PURE LUST NOWADAYS. ***NO EMOTION IS PURE,*** BECAUSE EVERYTHING IS MIXED UP WITH FEAR AND HATRED.
OUR EMBRACE WAS A BATTLE, THE CLIMAX A VICTORY. IT WAS A BLOW STRUCK AGAINST THE PARTY. A ***POLITICAL ACT.***

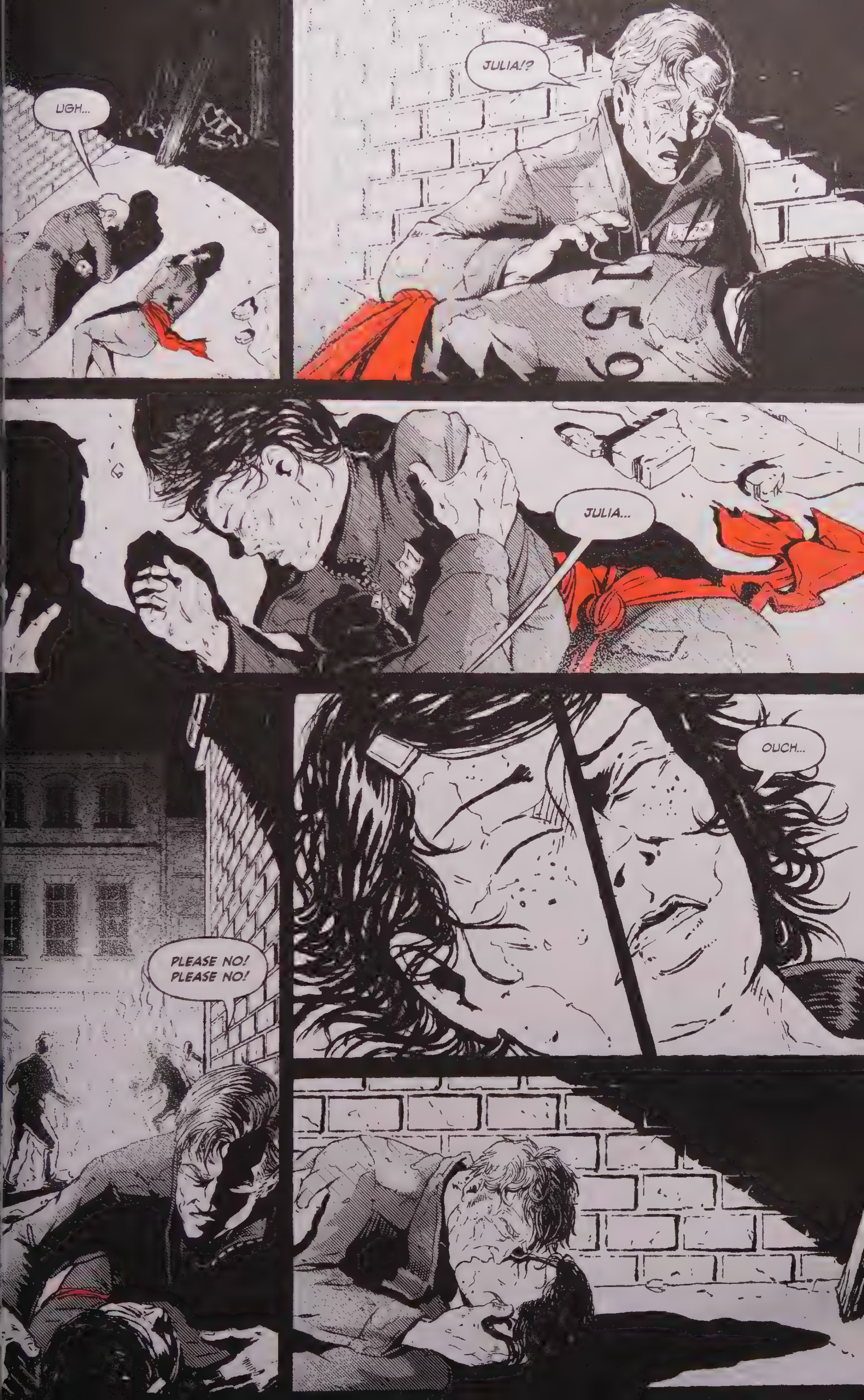
CHAPTER 3

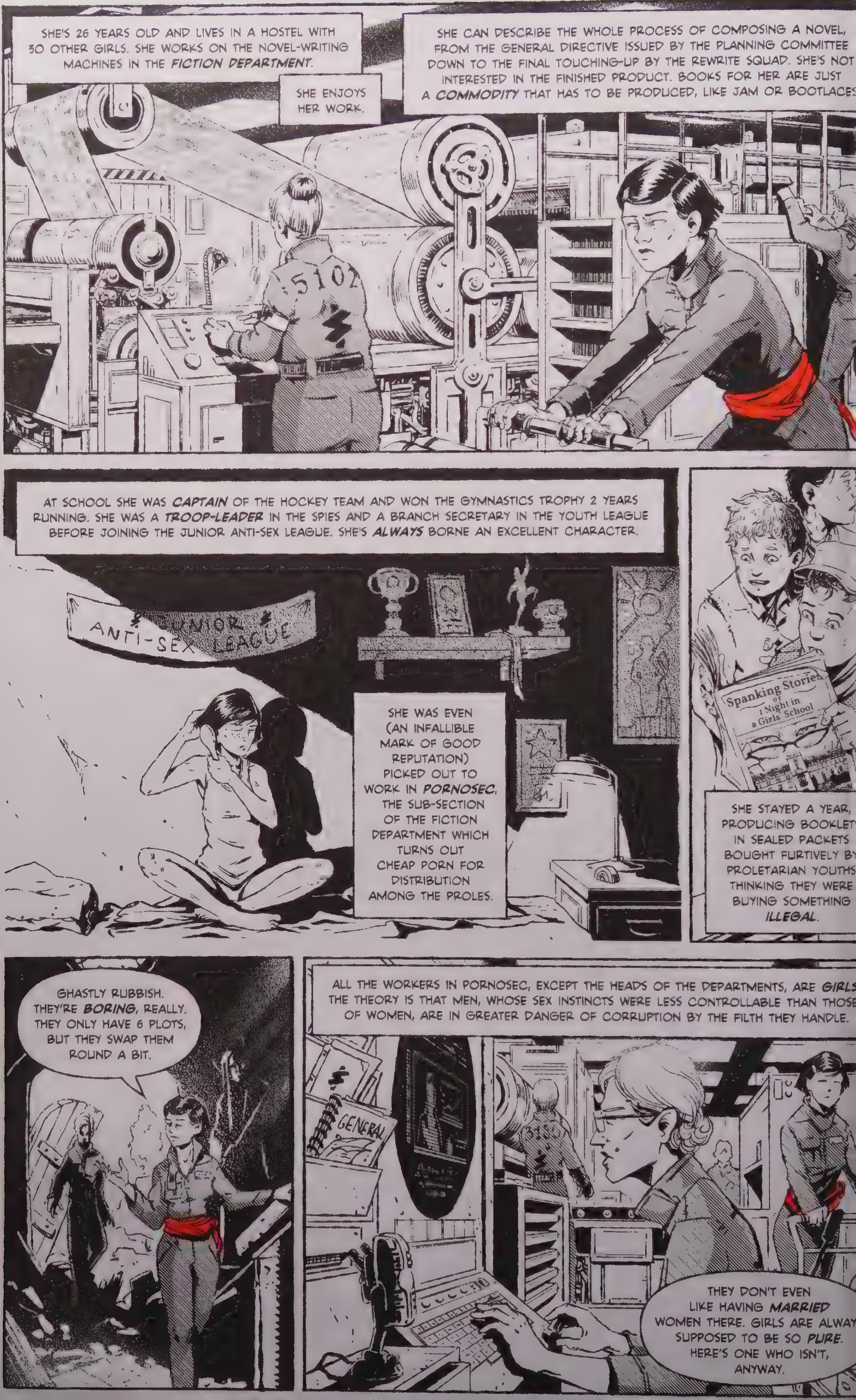
'WE'RE NOT DEAD YET,'
SAID JULIA PROSAICALLY.

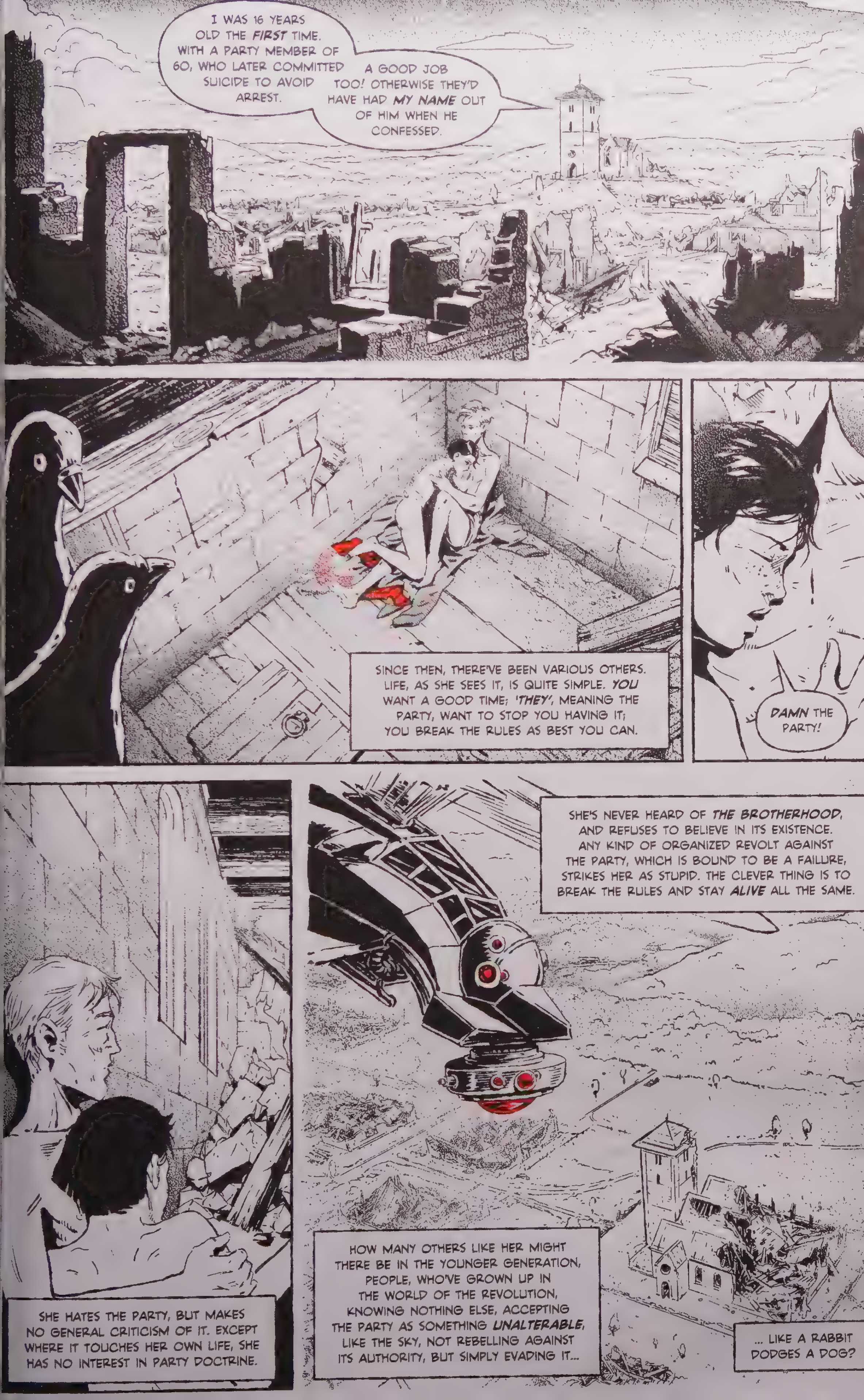

WE CAN COME HERE *ONCE* AGAIN. IT'S GENERALLY SAFE TO USE A HIDE-OUT TWICE. NOT FOR ANOTHER MONTH OR TWO, OF COURSE.
I'LL LEAVE FIRST.
AND BRUSH YOURSELF OFF!
THE ROUTE SHE GIVES ME BACK IS QUITE DIFFERENT FROM THE ONE WE CAME. SHE HAS AN *EXHAUSTIVE* KNOWLEDGE OF THE COUNTRYSIDE.
HAVE I GOT ANY TWIGS IN MY HAIR? I'M DUE BACK AT 19:30. I'VE GOT TO PUT IN 2 HOURS FOR THE JUNIOR ANTI-SEX LEAGUE, HANDING OUT LEAFLETS, OR SOMETHING. ISN'T IT *BLOODY*?
THEN GOOD-BYE, MY LOVE, GOOD-BYE!
6079

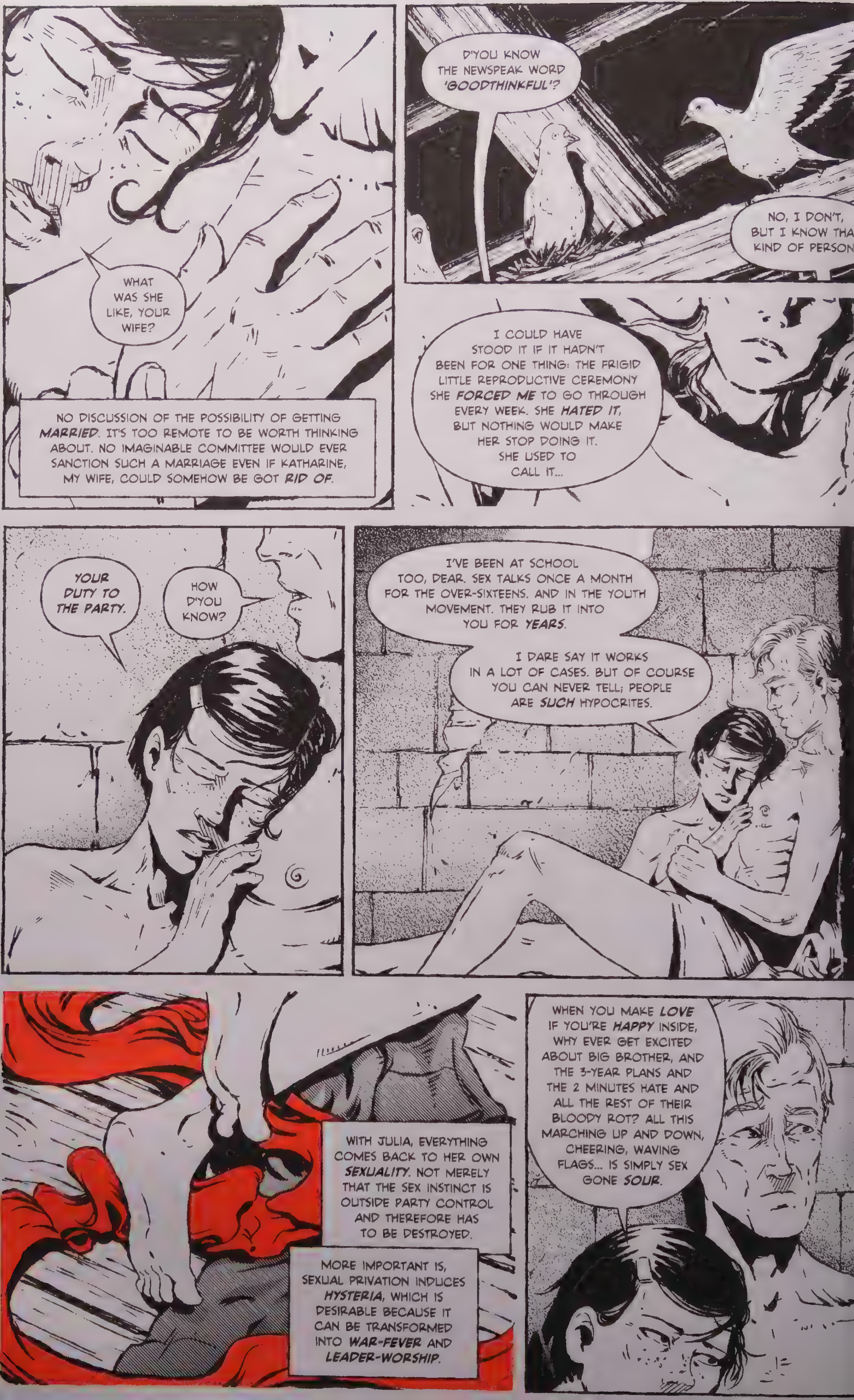

TRYSTS CONSTANTLY INTERRUPTED BY APPROACHING PARTY MEMBERS, HELICOPTERS AND TELE-SCREENS.
I'VE GOT A 60-HOUR WORKING WEEK, AND JULIA'S GOT LONGER. OUR MEETINGS ALWAYS ONLY ON THE STREET, EACH TIME SOMEWHERE DIFFERENT, AND NEVER LONGER THAN 30 MINUTES.
DURING THE MONTH OF MAY *ONLY ONCE* DO WE ACTUALLY SUCCEED IN MAKING LOVE.
SHE SPENDS AN *ASTONISHING* AMOUNT OF TIME ATTENDING LECTURES AND DEMONSTRATIONS, DISTRIBUTING LITERATURE FOR THE JUNIOR ANTI-SEX LEAGUE, PREPARING BANNERS FOR HATE WEEK, AND SUCH-LIKE.
I-SEX LEAGUE
IT PAYS. IT'S *CAMOUFLAGE*. KEEP THE SMALL RULES, YOU CAN BREAK THE *BIG ONES*. YOU SHOULD ENROLL FOR PART-TIME MUNITION WORK...
THE TIMES
... ALWAYS DONE VOLUNTARILY BY *ZEALOUS* PARTY MEMBERS. I AGREED WITH HER.
SHE'S NO MEMORIES OF ANYTHING BEFORE THE EARLY 60S. THE ONLY PERSON SHE'S EVER KNOWN WHO TALKED FREQUENTLY OF THE DAYS BEFORE THE REVOLUTION WAS A *GRANDFATHER* WHO HAD DISAPPEARED WHEN SHE WAS 8.
LIN STORE INC.
159

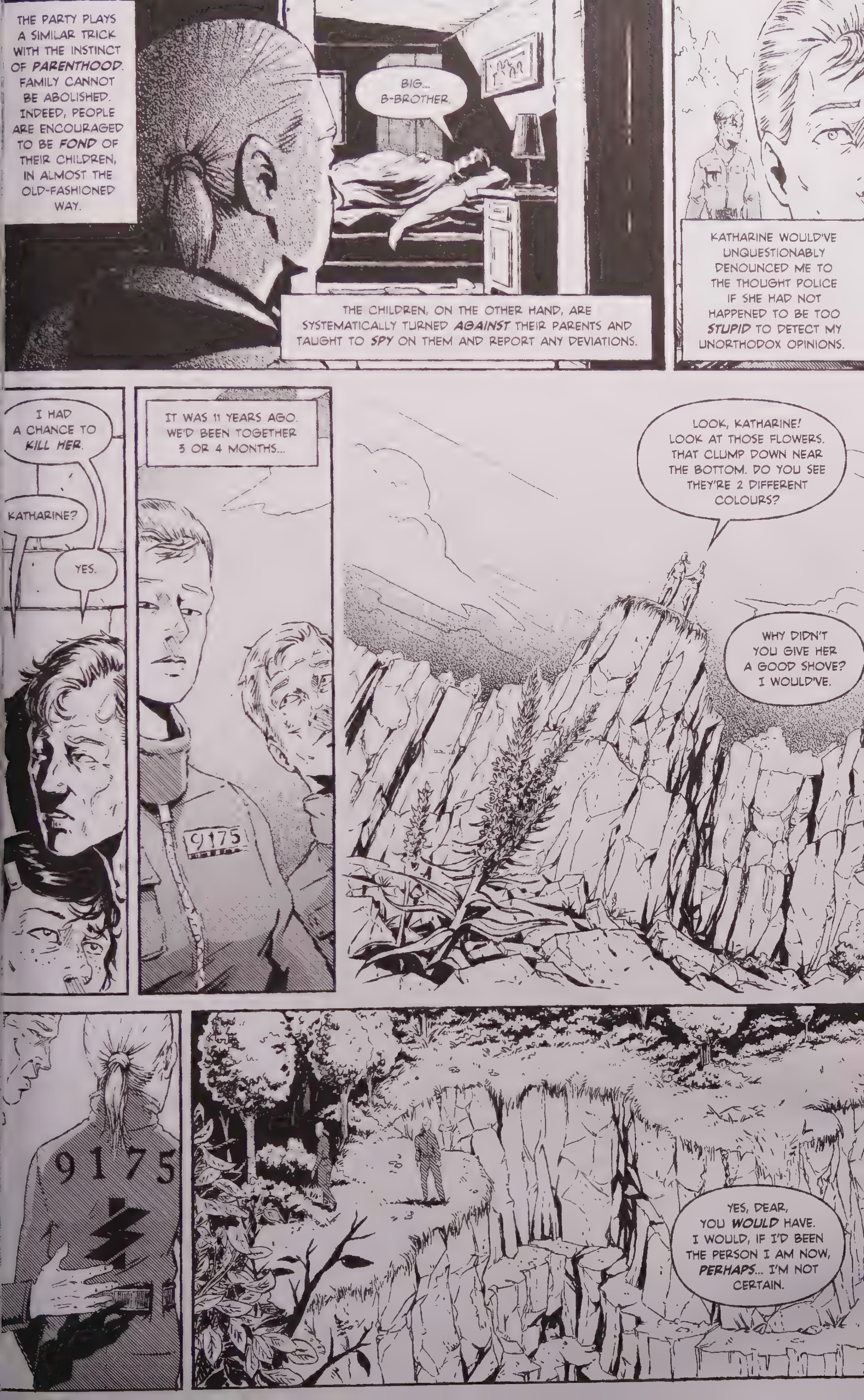

6079
597
STEAM--
KA-BOOOM!

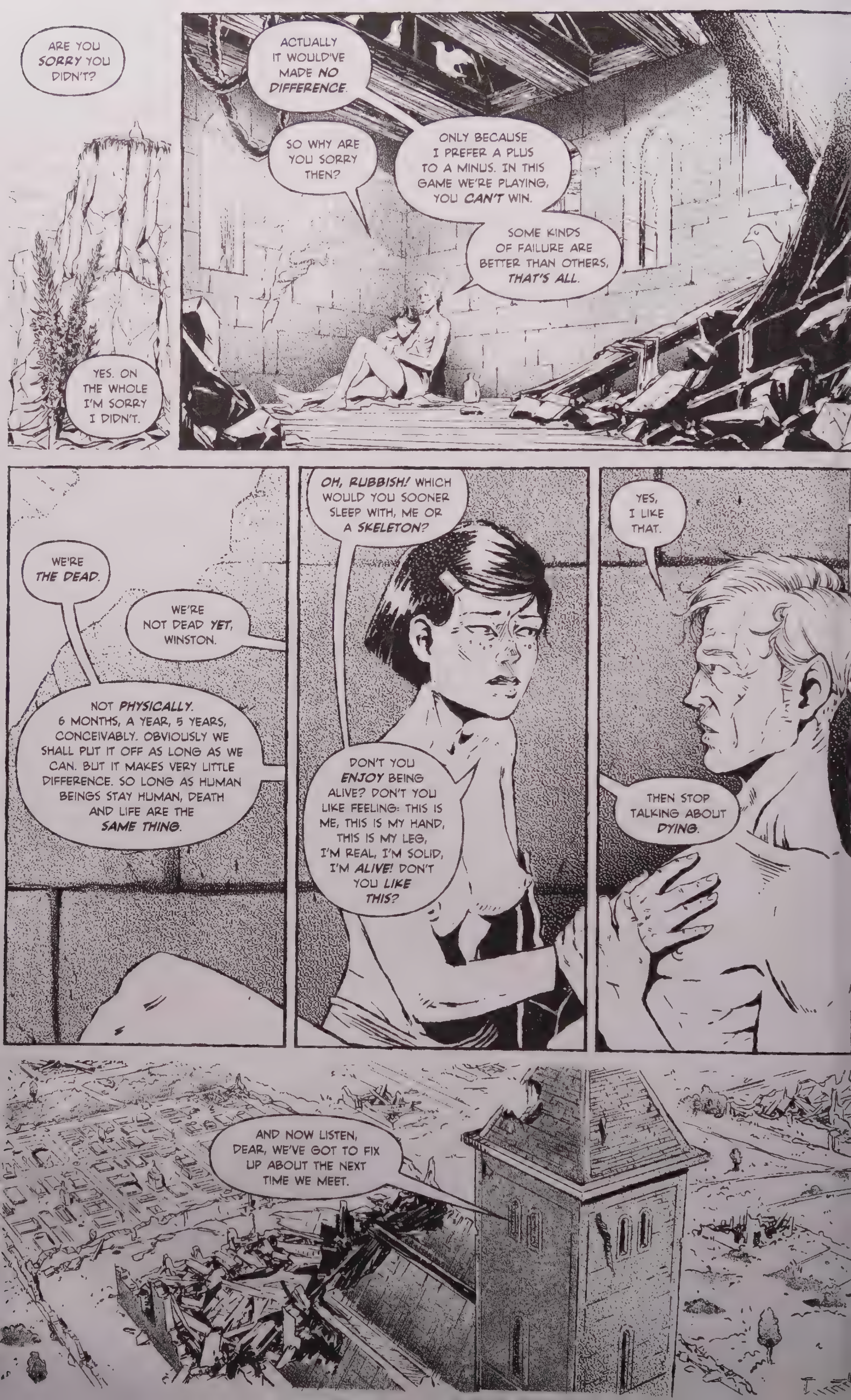

UGH...
JULIA!?
JULIA...
OUCH...
PLEASE NO! PLEASE NO!


SHE'S 26 YEARS OLD AND LIVES IN A HOSTEL WITH 30 OTHER GIRLS. SHE WORKS ON THE NOVEL-WRITING MACHINES IN THE *FICTION DEPARTMENT*.
SHE ENJOYS HER WORK.
SHE CAN DESCRIBE THE WHOLE PROCESS OF COMPOSING A NOVEL, FROM THE GENERAL DIRECTIVE ISSUED BY THE PLANNING COMMITTEE DOWN TO THE FINAL TOUCHING-UP BY THE REWRITE SQUAD. SHE'S NOT INTERESTED IN THE FINISHED PRODUCT. BOOKS FOR HER ARE JUST A *COMMODITY* THAT HAS TO BE PRODUCED, LIKE JAM OR BOOTLACES
5102
AT SCHOOL SHE WAS *CAPTAIN* OF THE HOCKEY TEAM AND WON THE GYMNASTICS TROPHY 2 YEARS RUNNING. SHE WAS A *TROOP-LEADER* IN THE SPIES AND A BRANCH SECRETARY IN THE YOUTH LEAGUE BEFORE JOINING THE JUNIOR ANTI-SEX LEAGUE. SHE'S *ALWAYS* BORNE AN EXCELLENT CHARACTER.
JUNIOR ANTI-SEX LEAGUE
SHE WAS EVEN (AN INFALLIBLE MARK OF GOOD REPUTATION) PICKED OUT TO WORK IN *PORNOSEC*, THE SUB-SECTION OF THE FICTION DEPARTMENT WHICH TURNS OUT CHEAP PORN FOR DISTRIBUTION AMONG THE PROLES.
Spanking Stories or 1 Night in a Girls School
SHE STAYED A YEAR, PRODUCING BOOKLET IN SEALED PACKETS BOUGHT FURTIVELY BY PROLETARIAN YOUTHS THINKING THEY WERE BUYING SOMETHING *ILLEGAL*.
GHASTLY RUBBISH. THEY'RE *BORING*, REALLY. THEY ONLY HAVE 6 PLOTS, BUT THEY SWAP THEM ROUND A BIT.
ALL THE WORKERS IN PORNOSEC, EXCEPT THE HEADS OF THE DEPARTMENTS, ARE *GIRLS*. THE THEORY IS THAT MEN, WHOSE SEX INSTINCTS WERE LESS CONTROLLABLE THAN THOSE OF WOMEN, ARE IN GREATER DANGER OF CORRUPTION BY THE FILTH THEY HANDLE.
GENERAL
THEY DON'T EVEN LIKE HAVING *MARRIED* WOMEN THERE. GIRLS ARE ALWAY SUPPOSED TO BE SO *PURE*. HERE'S ONE WHO ISN'T, ANYWAY.


I WAS 16 YEARS OLD THE *FIRST* TIME. WITH A PARTY MEMBER OF 60, WHO LATER COMMITTED SUICIDE TO AVOID ARREST.
A GOOD JOB TOO! OTHERWISE THEY'D HAVE HAD *MY NAME* OUT OF HIM WHEN HE CONFESSED.
SINCE THEN, THERE'VE BEEN VARIOUS OTHERS. LIFE, AS SHE SEES IT, IS QUITE SIMPLE. *YOU* WANT A GOOD TIME; *'THEY'*, MEANING THE PARTY, WANT TO STOP YOU HAVING IT; YOU BREAK THE RULES AS BEST YOU CAN.
DAMN THE PARTY!
SHE'S NEVER HEARD OF *THE BROTHERHOOD*, AND REFUSES TO BELIEVE IN ITS EXISTENCE. ANY KIND OF ORGANIZED REVOLT AGAINST THE PARTY, WHICH IS BOUND TO BE A FAILURE, STRIKES HER AS STUPID. THE CLEVER THING IS TO BREAK THE RULES AND STAY *ALIVE* ALL THE SAME.
SHE HATES THE PARTY, BUT MAKES NO GENERAL CRITICISM OF IT. EXCEPT WHERE IT TOUCHES HER OWN LIFE, SHE HAS NO INTEREST IN PARTY DOCTRINE.
HOW MANY OTHERS LIKE HER MIGHT THERE BE IN THE YOUNGER GENERATION, PEOPLE, WHO'VE GROWN UP IN THE WORLD OF THE REVOLUTION, KNOWING NOTHING ELSE, ACCEPTING THE PARTY AS SOMETHING *UNALTERABLE*, LIKE THE SKY, NOT REBELLING AGAINST ITS AUTHORITY, BUT SIMPLY EVADING IT...
... LIKE A RABBIT DODGES A DOG?

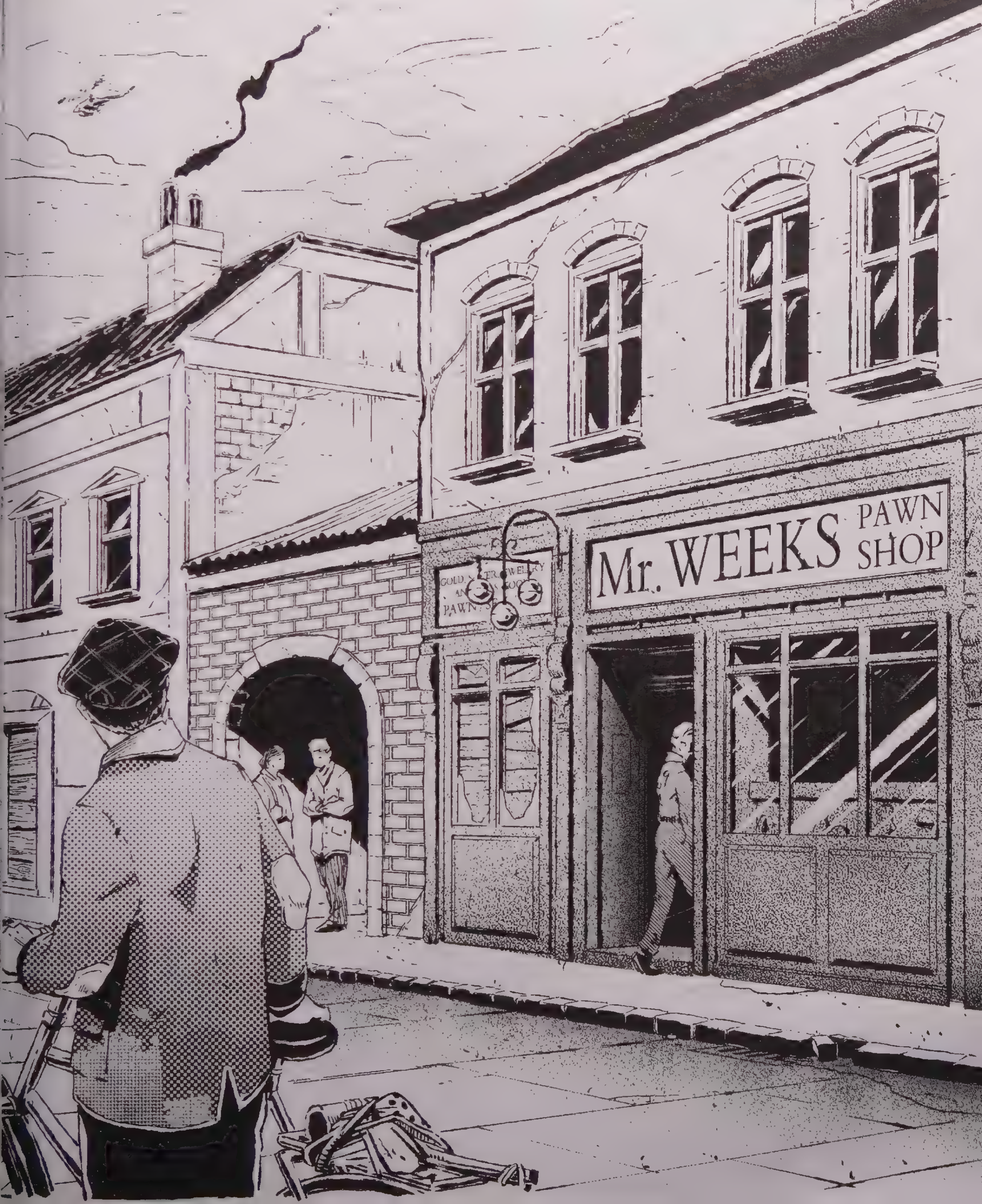

WHAT WAS SHE LIKE, YOUR WIFE?
NO DISCUSSION OF THE POSSIBILITY OF GETTING *MARRIED*. IT'S TOO REMOTE TO BE WORTH THINKING ABOUT. NO IMAGINABLE COMMITTEE WOULD EVER SANCTION SUCH A MARRIAGE EVEN IF KATHARINE, MY WIFE, COULD SOMEHOW BE GOT *RID OF*.
D'YOU KNOW THE NEWSPEAK WORD *'GOODTHINKFUL'*?
NO, I DON'T, BUT I KNOW THA KIND OF PERSON
I COULD HAVE STOOD IT IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR ONE THING: THE FRIGID LITTLE REPRODUCTIVE CEREMONY SHE *FORCED ME* TO GO THROUGH EVERY WEEK. SHE *HATED IT*, BUT NOTHING WOULD MAKE HER STOP DOING IT. SHE USED TO CALL IT...
YOUR DUTY TO THE PARTY.
HOW D'YOU KNOW?
I'VE BEEN AT SCHOOL TOO, DEAR. SEX TALKS ONCE A MONTH FOR THE OVER-SIXTEENS. AND IN THE YOUTH MOVEMENT. THEY RUB IT INTO YOU FOR *YEARS*.
I DARE SAY IT WORKS IN A LOT OF CASES. BUT OF COURSE YOU CAN NEVER TELL; PEOPLE ARE *SUCH* HYPOCRITES.
WITH JULIA, EVERYTHING COMES BACK TO HER OWN *SEXUALITY*. NOT MERELY THAT THE SEX INSTINCT IS OUTSIDE PARTY CONTROL AND THEREFORE HAS TO BE DESTROYED.
MORE IMPORTANT IS, SEXUAL PRIVATION INDUCES *HYSTERIA*, WHICH IS DESIRABLE BECAUSE IT CAN BE TRANSFORMED INTO *WAR-FEVER* AND *LEADER-WORSHIP*.
WHEN YOU MAKE *LOVE* IF YOU'RE *HAPPY* INSIDE, WHY EVER GET EXCITED ABOUT BIG BROTHER, AND THE 3-YEAR PLANS AND THE 2 MINUTES HATE AND ALL THE REST OF THEIR BLOODY ROT? ALL THIS MARCHING UP AND DOWN, CHEERING, WAVING FLAGS... IS SIMPLY SEX GONE *SOUR*.

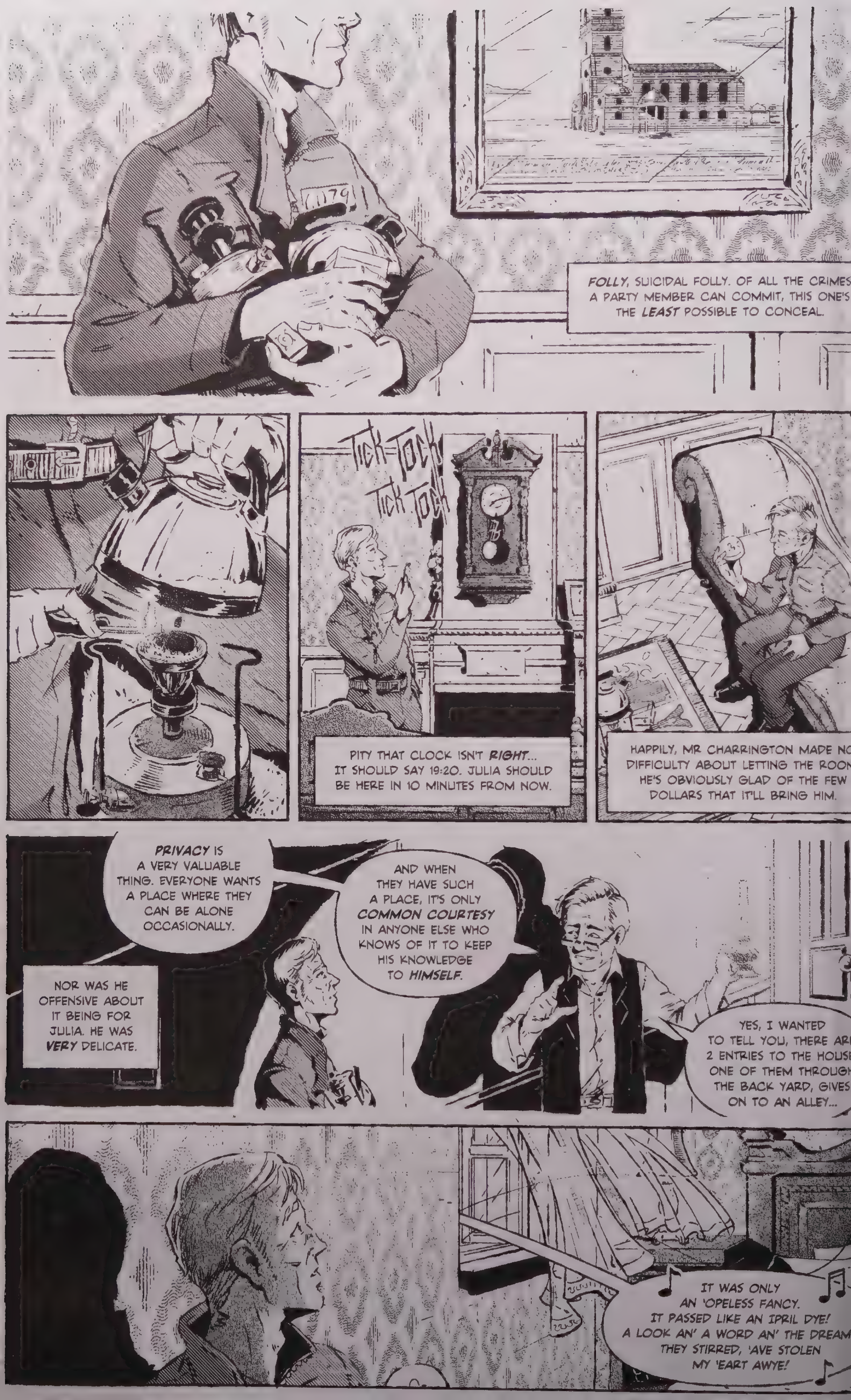

THE PARTY PLAYS A SIMILAR TRICK WITH THE INSTINCT OF *PARENTHOOD*. FAMILY CANNOT BE ABOLISHED. INDEED, PEOPLE ARE ENCOURAGED TO BE *FOND* OF THEIR CHILDREN, IN ALMOST THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY.
BIG... B-BROTHER.
THE CHILDREN, ON THE OTHER HAND, ARE SYSTEMATICALLY TURNED *AGAINST* THEIR PARENTS AND TAUGHT TO *SPY* ON THEM AND REPORT ANY DEVIATIONS.
KATHARINE WOULD'VE UNQUESTIONABLY DENOUNCED ME TO THE THOUGHT POLICE IF SHE HAD NOT HAPPENED TO BE TOO *STUPID* TO DETECT MY UNORTHODOX OPINIONS.
I HAD A CHANCE TO *KILL HER*.
KATHARINE?
YES.
IT WAS 11 YEARS AGO. WE'D BEEN TOGETHER 3 OR 4 MONTHS...
9175
LOOK, KATHARINE! LOOK AT THOSE FLOWERS. THAT CLUMP DOWN NEAR THE BOTTOM. DO YOU SEE THEY'RE 2 DIFFERENT COLOURS?
WHY DIDN'T YOU GIVE HER A GOOD SHOVE? I WOULD'VE.
9175
YES, DEAR, YOU *WOULD* HAVE. I WOULD, IF I'D BEEN THE PERSON I AM NOW, *PERHAPS*... I'M NOT CERTAIN.

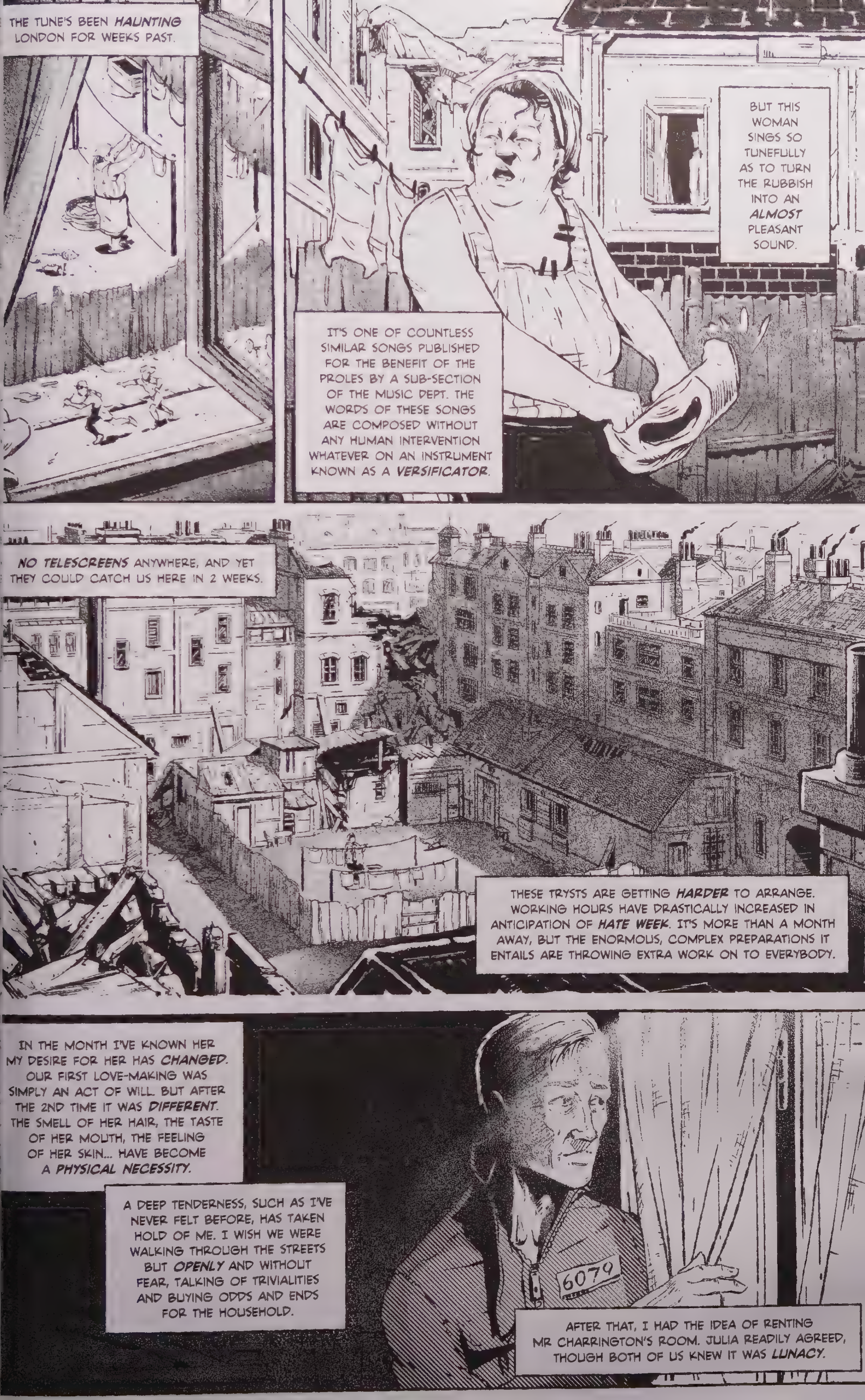

ARE YOU *SORRY* YOU DIDN'T?
YES. ON THE WHOLE I'M SORRY I DIDN'T.
ACTUALLY IT WOULD'VE MADE *NO DIFFERENCE*.
SO WHY ARE YOU SORRY THEN?
ONLY BECAUSE I PREFER A PLUS TO A MINUS. IN THIS GAME WE'RE PLAYING, YOU *CAN'T* WIN.
SOME KINDS OF FAILURE ARE BETTER THAN OTHERS, *THAT'S ALL*.
WE'RE *THE DEAD*.
WE'RE NOT DEAD *YET*, WINSTON.
NOT *PHYSICALLY*. 6 MONTHS, A YEAR, 5 YEARS, CONCEIVABLY. OBVIOUSLY WE SHALL PUT IT OFF AS LONG AS WE CAN. BUT IT MAKES VERY LITTLE DIFFERENCE. SO LONG AS HUMAN BEINGS STAY HUMAN, DEATH AND LIFE ARE THE *SAME THING*.
OH, RUBBISH! WHICH WOULD YOU SOONER SLEEP WITH, ME OR A *SKELETON?*
DON'T YOU *ENJOY* BEING ALIVE? DON'T YOU LIKE FEELING: THIS IS ME, THIS IS MY HAND, THIS IS MY LEG, I'M REAL, I'M SOLID, I'M *ALIVE!* DON'T YOU *LIKE THIS?*
YES, I LIKE THAT.
THEN STOP TALKING ABOUT *DYING*.
AND NOW LISTEN, DEAR, WE'VE GOT TO FIX UP ABOUT THE NEXT TIME WE MEET.

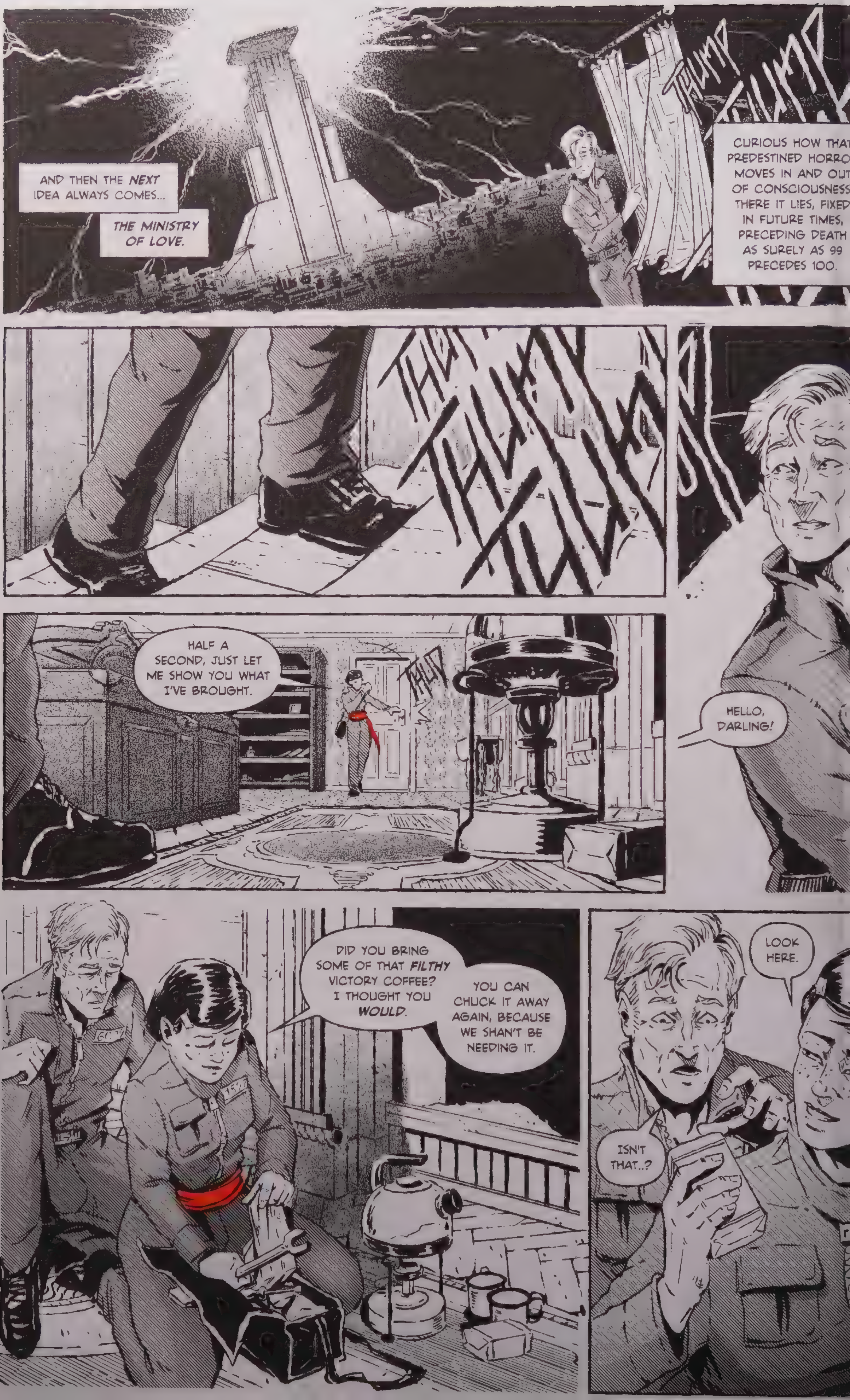
Chapter 4

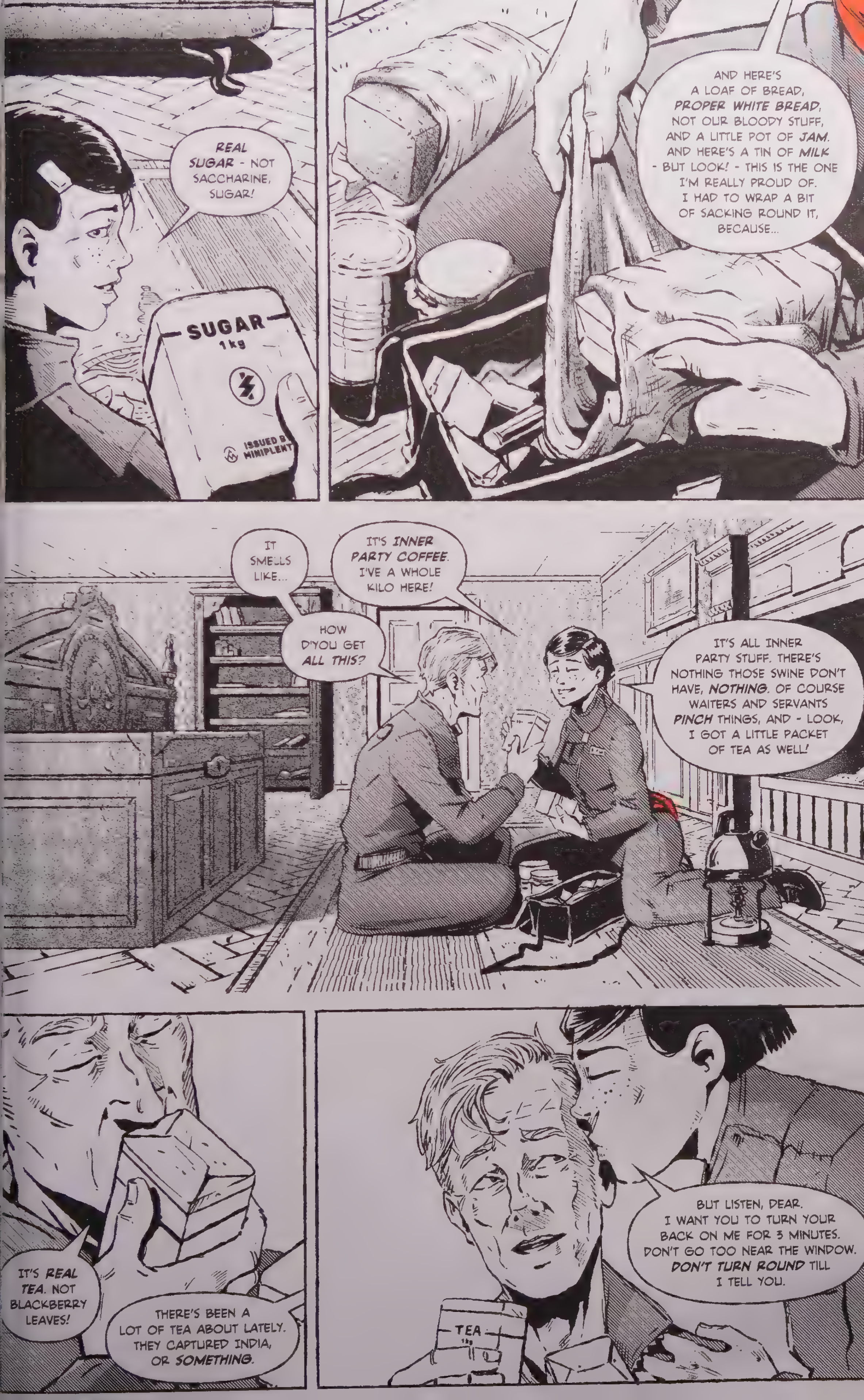
It was as though they were intentionally stepping nearer to their graves.

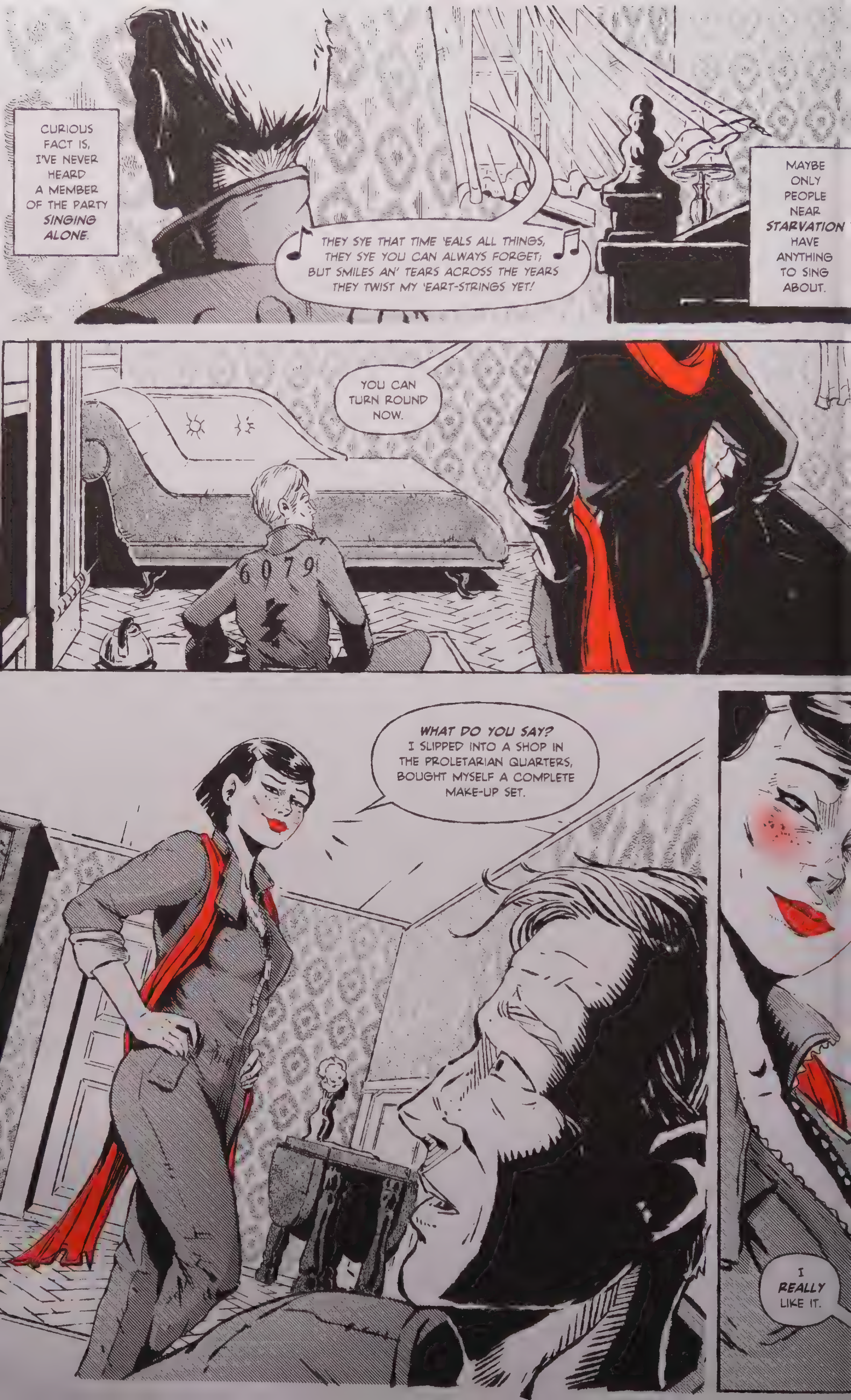

Mr. WEEKS PAWN SHOP

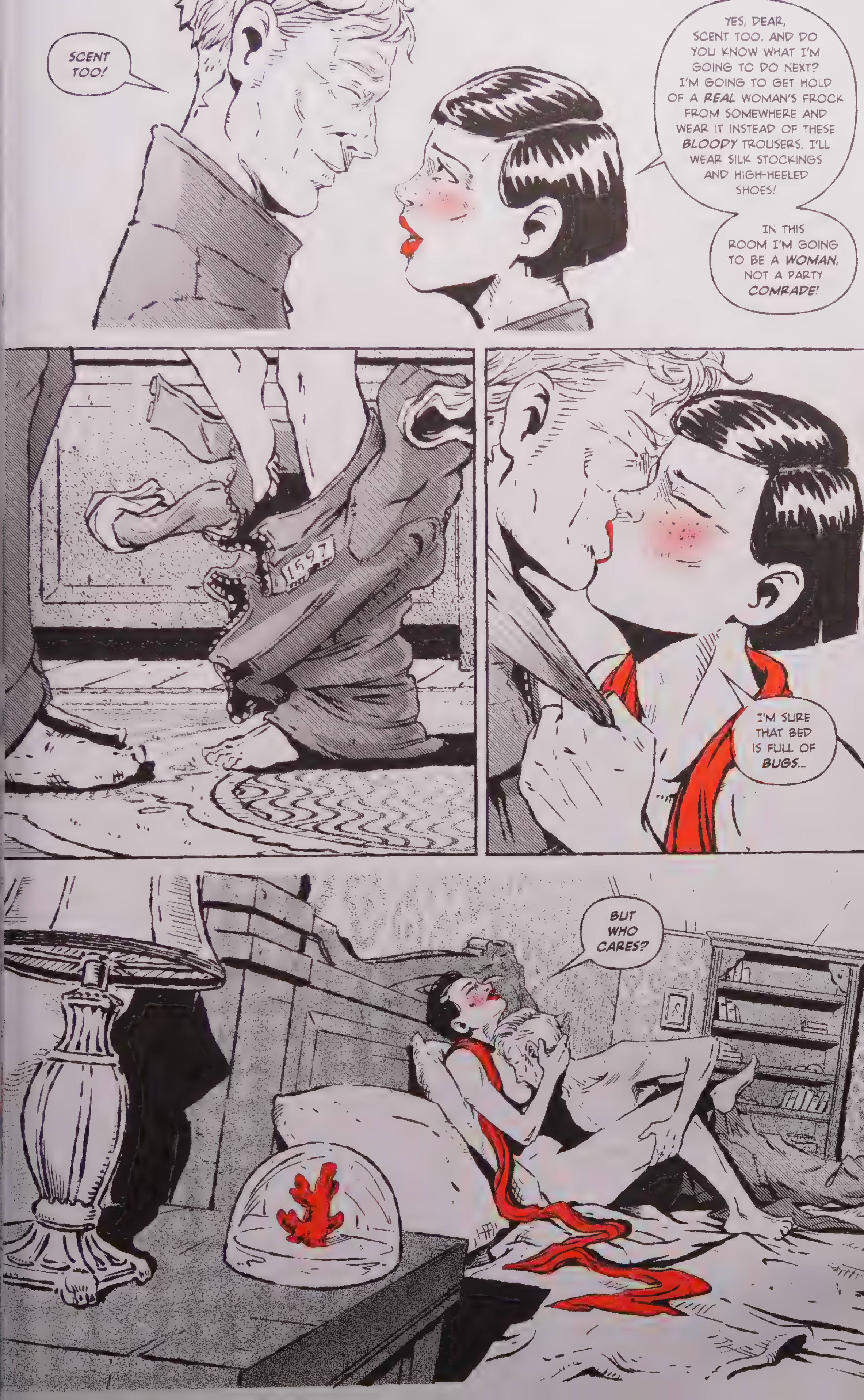

1179
FOLLY, SUICIDAL FOLLY. OF ALL THE CRIMES A PARTY MEMBER CAN COMMIT, THIS ONE'S THE LEAST POSSIBLE TO CONCEAL.
TICK-TOCK TICK-TOCK
PITY THAT CLOCK ISN'T RIGHT... IT SHOULD SAY 19:20. JULIA SHOULD BE HERE IN 10 MINUTES FROM NOW.
HAPPILY, MR CHARRINGTON MADE NO DIFFICULTY ABOUT LETTING THE ROOM HE'S OBVIOUSLY GLAD OF THE FEW DOLLARS THAT IT'LL BRING HIM.
PRIVACY IS A VERY VALUABLE THING. EVERYONE WANTS A PLACE WHERE THEY CAN BE ALONE OCCASIONALLY.
NOR WAS HE OFFENSIVE ABOUT IT BEING FOR JULIA. HE WAS VERY DELICATE.
AND WHEN THEY HAVE SUCH A PLACE, IT'S ONLY COMMON COURTESY IN ANYONE ELSE WHO KNOWS OF IT TO KEEP HIS KNOWLEDGE TO HIMSELF.
YES, I WANTED TO TELL YOU, THERE AR 2 ENTRIES TO THE HOUSE ONE OF THEM THROUGH THE BACK YARD, GIVES ON TO AN ALLEY...
IT WAS ONLY AN 'OPELESS FANCY. IT PASSED LIKE AN IPRIL DYE! A LOOK AN' A WORD AN' THE DREAM THEY STIRRED, 'AVE STOLEN MY 'EART AWYE!

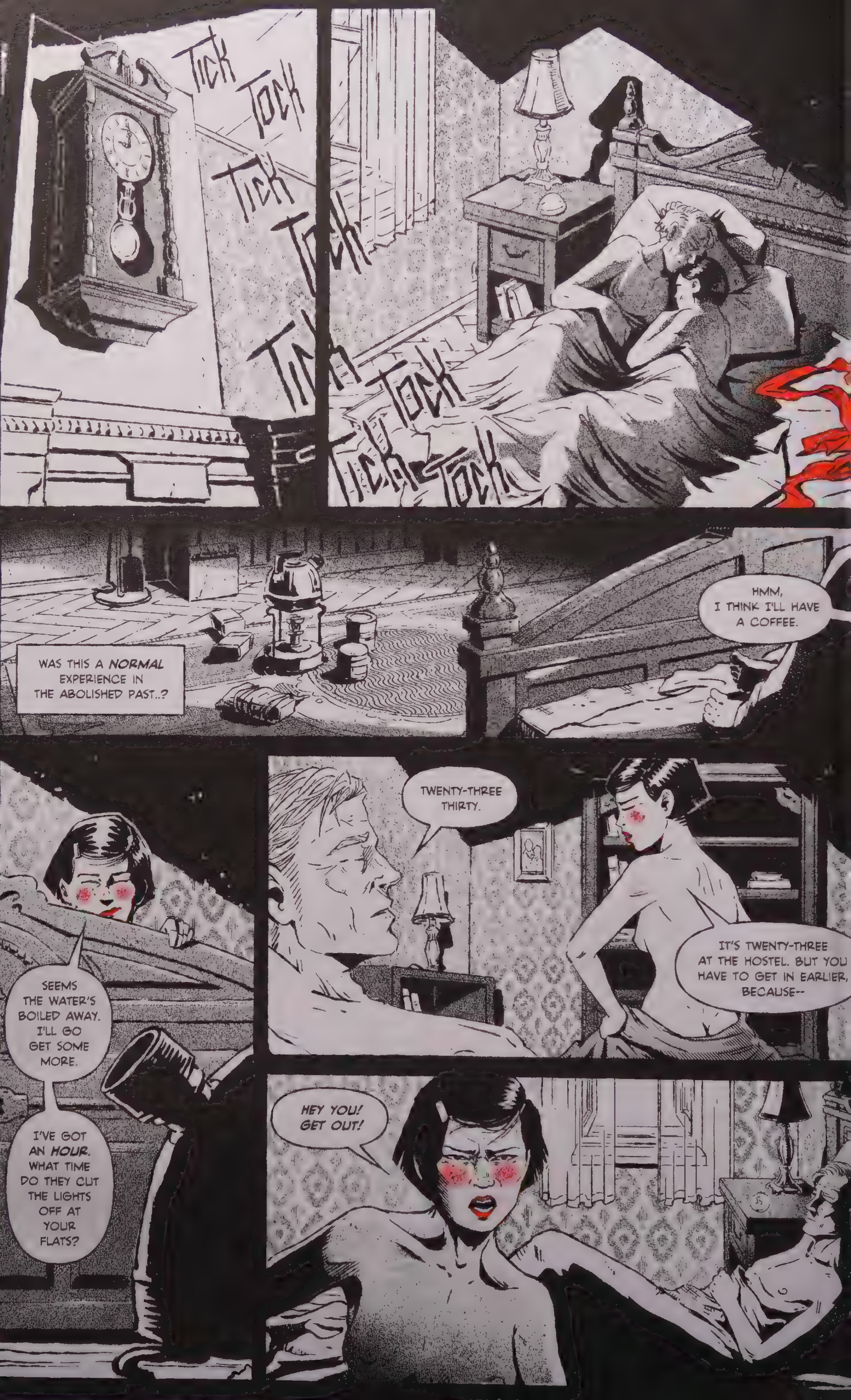

THE TUNE'S BEEN *HAUNTING* LONDON FOR WEEKS PAST.
BUT THIS WOMAN SINGS SO TUNEFULLY AS TO TURN THE RUBBISH INTO AN *ALMOST* PLEASANT SOUND.
IT'S ONE OF COUNTLESS SIMILAR SONGS PUBLISHED FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PROLES BY A SUB-SECTION OF THE MUSIC DEPT. THE WORDS OF THESE SONGS ARE COMPOSED WITHOUT ANY HUMAN INTERVENTION WHATEVER ON AN INSTRUMENT KNOWN AS A *VERSIFICATOR*.
NO TELESCREENS ANYWHERE, AND YET THEY COULD CATCH US HERE IN 2 WEEKS.
THESE TRYSTS ARE GETTING *HARDER* TO ARRANGE. WORKING HOURS HAVE DRASTICALLY INCREASED IN ANTICIPATION OF *HATE WEEK*. IT'S MORE THAN A MONTH AWAY, BUT THE ENORMOUS, COMPLEX PREPARATIONS IT ENTAILS ARE THROWING EXTRA WORK ON TO EVERYBODY.
IN THE MONTH I'VE KNOWN HER MY DESIRE FOR HER HAS *CHANGED*. OUR FIRST LOVE-MAKING WAS SIMPLY AN ACT OF WILL. BUT AFTER THE 2ND TIME IT WAS *DIFFERENT*. THE SMELL OF HER HAIR, THE TASTE OF HER MOUTH, THE FEELING OF HER SKIN... HAVE BECOME A *PHYSICAL NECESSITY*.
A DEEP TENDERNESS, SUCH AS I'VE NEVER FELT BEFORE, HAS TAKEN HOLD OF ME. I WISH WE WERE WALKING THROUGH THE STREETS BUT *OPENLY* AND WITHOUT FEAR, TALKING OF TRIVIALITIES AND BUYING ODDS AND ENDS FOR THE HOUSEHOLD.
6079
AFTER THAT, I HAD THE IDEA OF RENTING MR CHARRINGTON'S ROOM. JULIA READILY AGREED, THOUGH BOTH OF US KNEW IT WAS *LUNACY*.

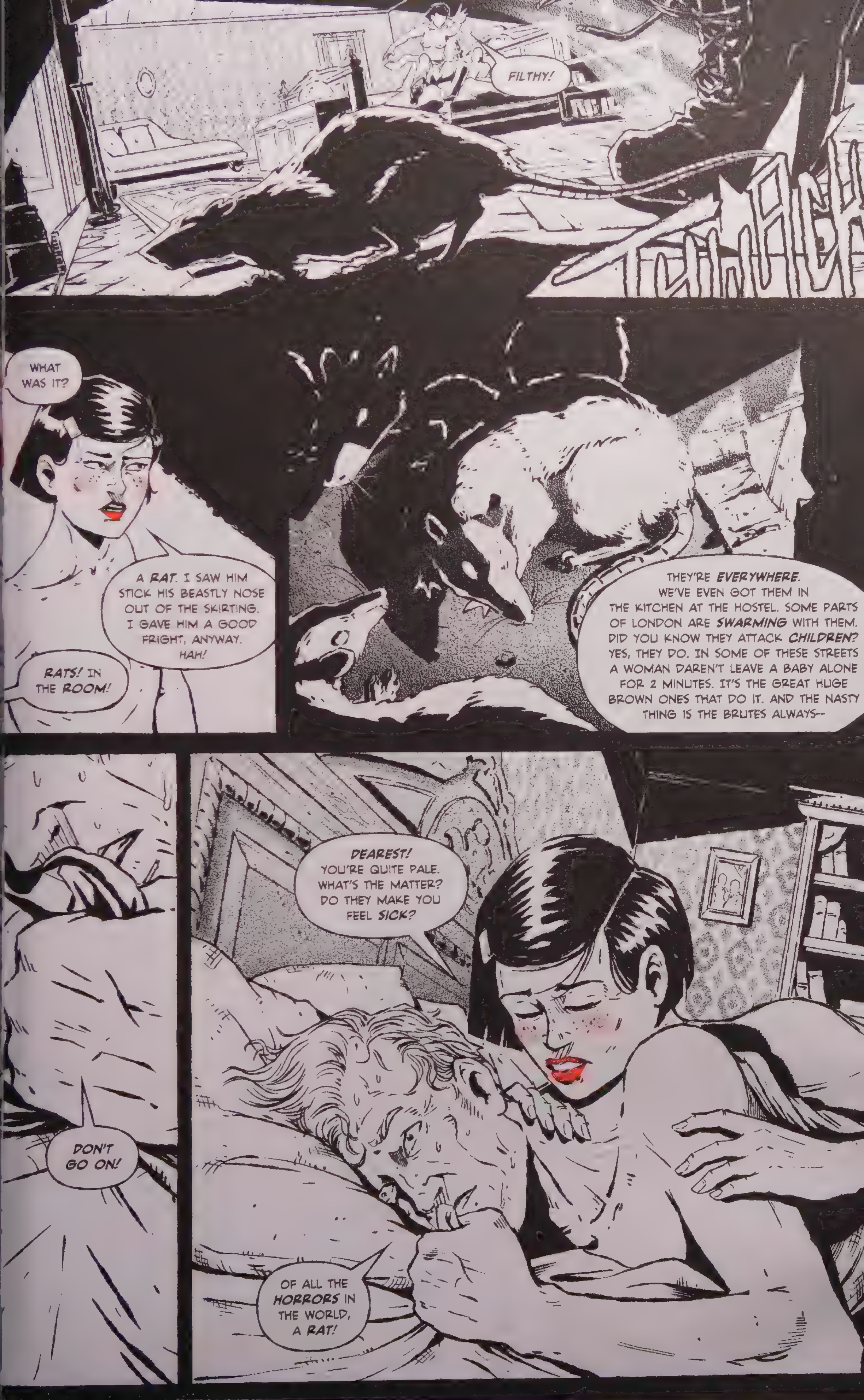

AND THEN THE *NEXT* IDEA ALWAYS COMES...
THE MINISTRY OF LOVE.
THUMP
THUMP
CURIOUS HOW THAT PREDESTINED HORRO MOVES IN AND OUT OF CONSCIOUSNESS. THERE IT LIES, FIXED IN FUTURE TIMES, PRECEDING DEATH AS SURELY AS 99 PRECEDES 100.
THUMP
THUMP
THUMP
HELLO, DARLING!
HALF A SECOND, JUST LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT I'VE BROUGHT.
THUD
DID YOU BRING SOME OF THAT *FILTHY* VICTORY COFFEE? I THOUGHT YOU *WOULD*.
YOU CAN CHUCK IT AWAY AGAIN, BECAUSE WE SHAN'T BE NEEDING IT.
LOOK HERE.
ISN'T THAT..?

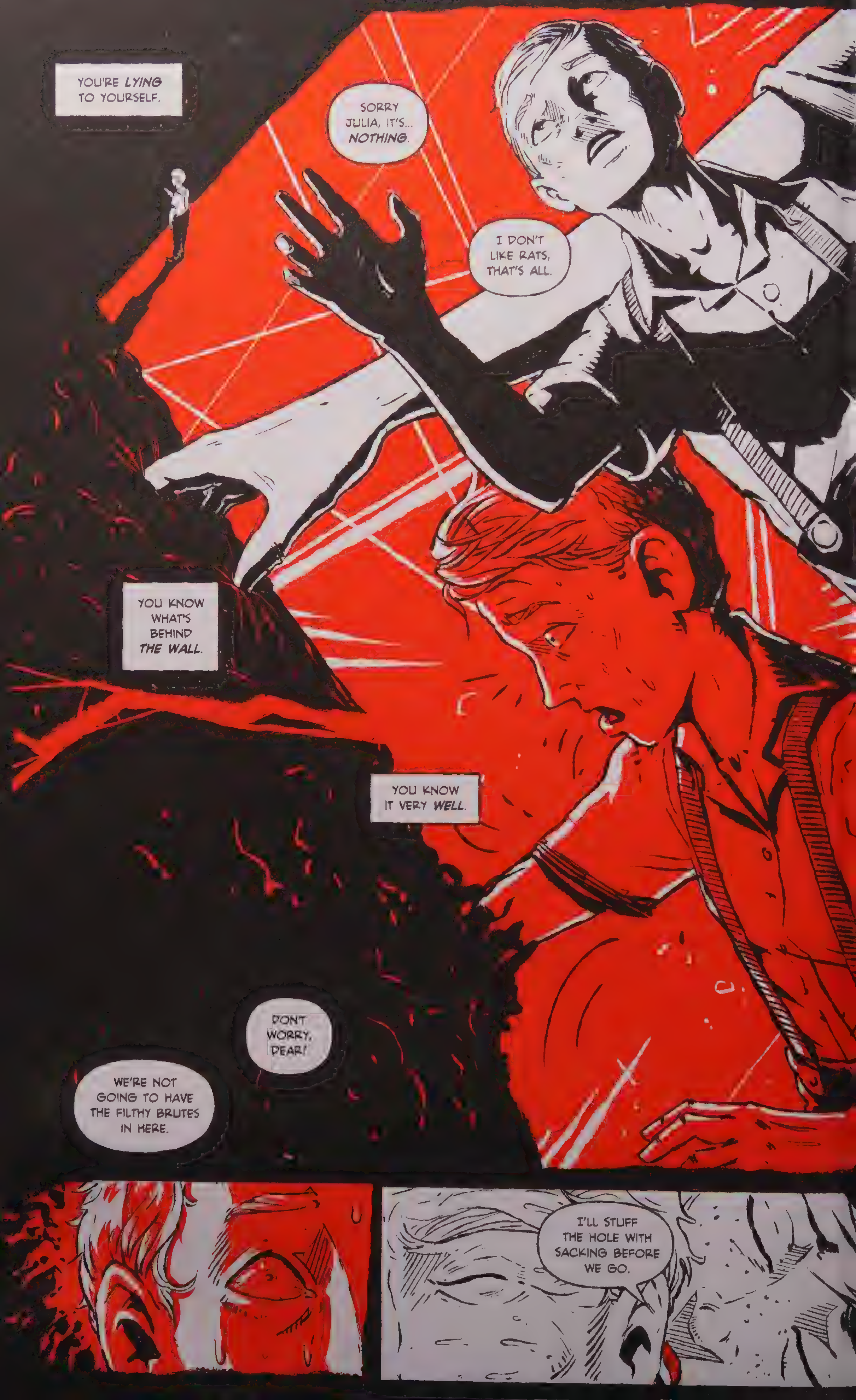

REAL SUGAR - NOT SACCHARINE, SUGAR!
SUGAR 1kg
ISSUED B MINIPLENT
AND HERE'S A LOAF OF BREAD, PROPER WHITE BREAD, NOT OUR BLOODY STUFF, AND A LITTLE POT OF JAM. AND HERE'S A TIN OF MILK - BUT LOOK! - THIS IS THE ONE I'M REALLY PROUD OF. I HAD TO WRAP A BIT OF SACKING ROUND IT, BECAUSE...
IT SMELLS LIKE...
IT'S INNER PARTY COFFEE. I'VE A WHOLE KILO HERE!
HOW D'YOU GET ALL THIS?
IT'S ALL INNER PARTY STUFF. THERE'S NOTHING THOSE SWINE DON'T HAVE, NOTHING. OF COURSE WAITERS AND SERVANTS PINCH THINGS, AND - LOOK, I GOT A LITTLE PACKET OF TEA AS WELL!
IT'S REAL TEA. NOT BLACKBERRY LEAVES!
THERE'S BEEN A LOT OF TEA ABOUT LATELY. THEY CAPTURED INDIA, OR SOMETHING.
BUT LISTEN, DEAR. I WANT YOU TO TURN YOUR BACK ON ME FOR 3 MINUTES. DON'T GO TOO NEAR THE WINDOW. DON'T TURN ROUND TILL I TELL YOU.
TEA 1kg

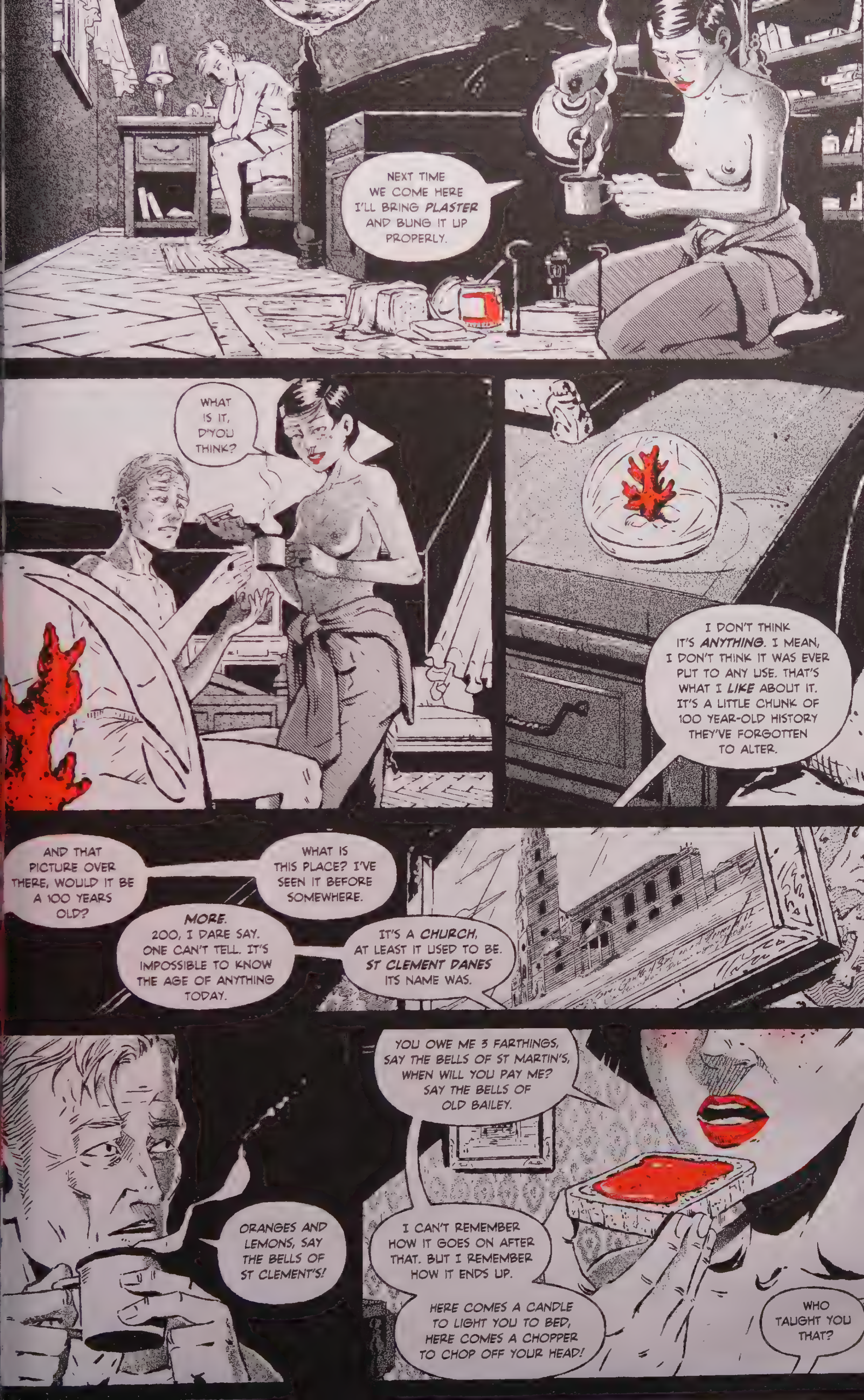

CURIOUS FACT IS, I'VE NEVER HEARD A MEMBER OF THE PARTY *SINGING ALONE*.
♪ THEY SYE THAT TIME 'EALS ALL THINGS, THEY SYE YOU CAN ALWAYS FORGET; BUT SMILES AN' TEARS ACROSS THE YEARS THEY TWIST MY 'EART-STRINGS YET! ♫
MAYBE ONLY PEOPLE NEAR *STARVATION* HAVE ANYTHING TO SING ABOUT.
YOU CAN TURN ROUND NOW.
6079
WHAT DO YOU SAY? I SLIPPED INTO A SHOP IN THE PROLETARIAN QUARTERS, BOUGHT MYSELF A COMPLETE MAKE-UP SET.
I *REALLY* LIKE IT.

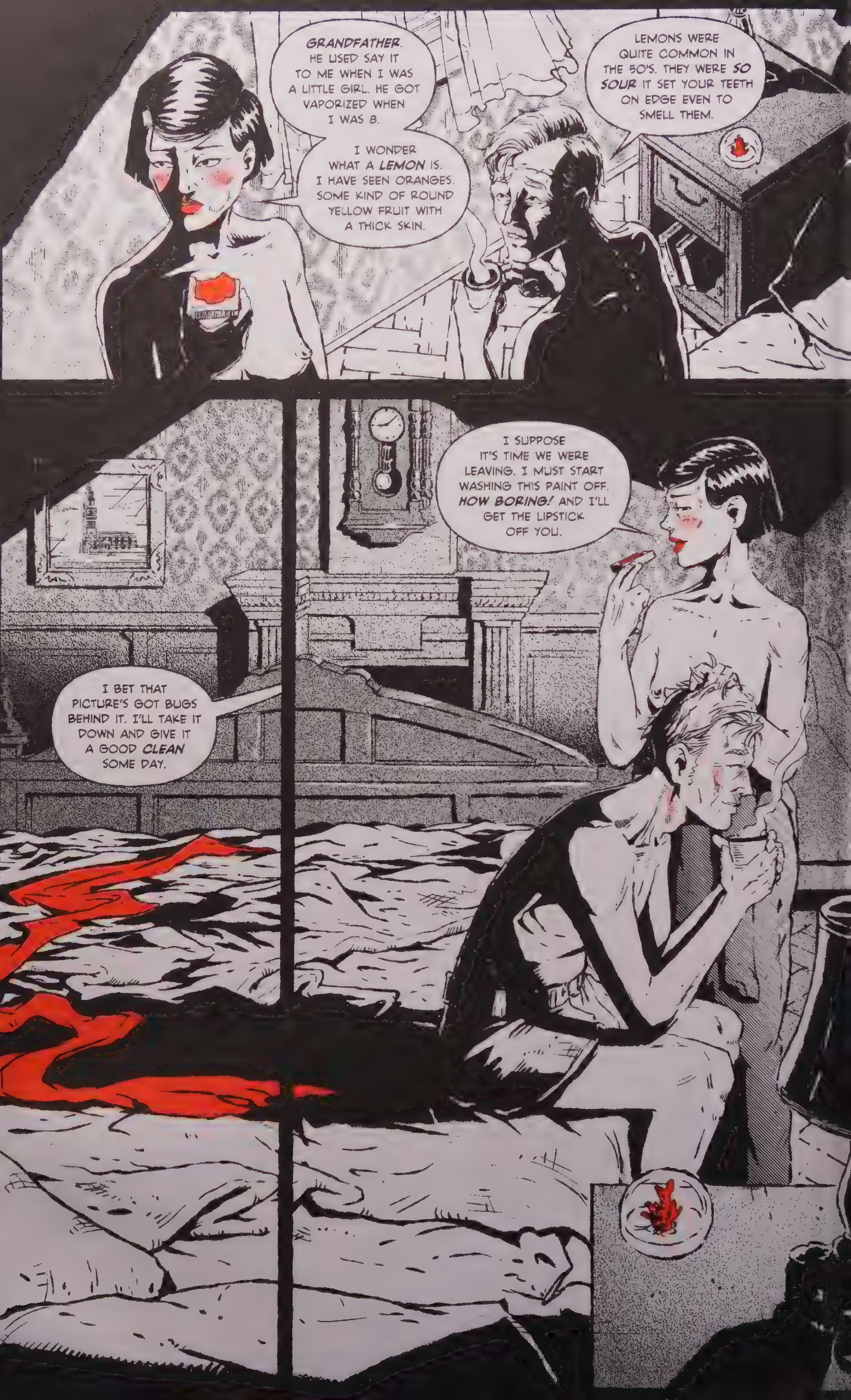

SCENT TOO!
YES, DEAR, SCENT TOO. AND DO YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GOING TO DO NEXT? I'M GOING TO GET HOLD OF A *REAL* WOMAN'S FROCK FROM SOMEWHERE AND WEAR IT INSTEAD OF THESE *BLOODY* TROUSERS. I'LL WEAR SILK STOCKINGS AND HIGH-HEELED SHOES!
IN THIS ROOM I'M GOING TO BE A *WOMAN*, NOT A PARTY *COMRADE!*
1597
I'M SURE THAT BED IS FULL OF *BUGS*...
BUT WHO CARES?


TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK
TICK
TOCK
WAS THIS A *NORMAL* EXPERIENCE IN THE ABOLISHED PAST..?
HMM, I THINK I'LL HAVE A COFFEE.
SEEMS THE WATER'S BOILED AWAY. I'LL GO GET SOME MORE.
I'VE GOT AN *HOUR*. WHAT TIME DO THEY CUT THE LIGHTS OFF AT YOUR FLATS?
TWENTY-THREE THIRTY.
IT'S TWENTY-THREE AT THE HOSTEL. BUT YOU HAVE TO GET IN EARLIER, BECAUSE--
HEY YOU! GET OUT!


FILTHY!
WHAT WAS IT?
A *RAT.* I SAW HIM STICK HIS BEASTLY NOSE OUT OF THE SKIRTING. I GAVE HIM A GOOD FRIGHT, ANYWAY. *HAH!*
RATS! IN THE *ROOM!*
THEY'RE ***EVERYWHERE.*** WE'VE EVEN GOT THEM IN THE KITCHEN AT THE HOSTEL. SOME PARTS OF LONDON ARE ***SWARMING*** WITH THEM. DID YOU KNOW THEY ATTACK ***CHILDREN?*** YES, THEY DO. IN SOME OF THESE STREETS A WOMAN DAREN'T LEAVE A BABY ALONE FOR 2 MINUTES. IT'S THE GREAT HUGE BROWN ONES THAT DO IT. AND THE NASTY THING IS THE BRUTES ALWAYS--
DON'T GO ON!
DEAREST! YOU'RE QUITE PALE. WHAT'S THE MATTER? DO THEY MAKE YOU FEEL *SICK?*
OF ALL THE *HORRORS* IN THE WORLD, A *RAT!*

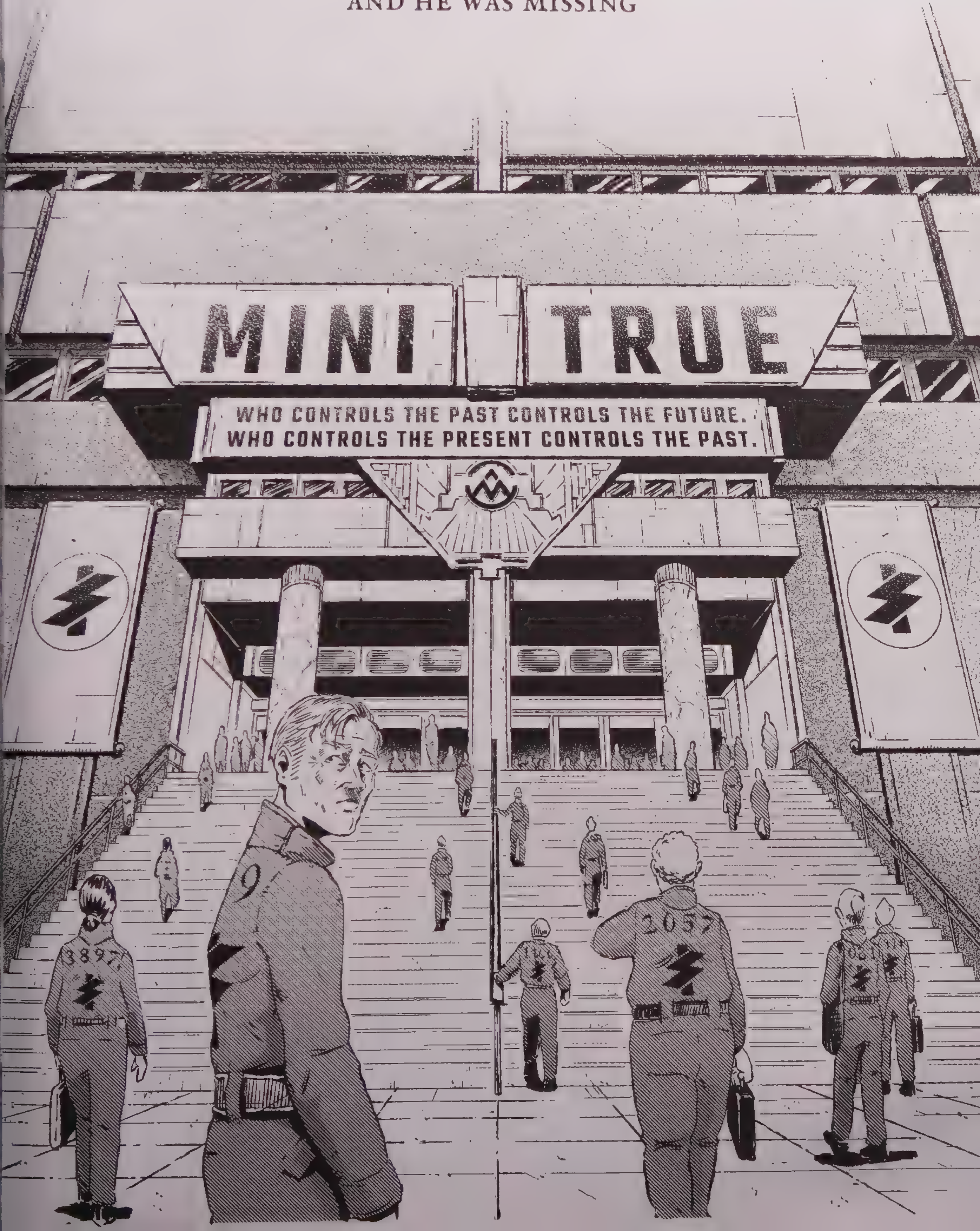

YOU'RE *LYING* TO YOURSELF.
SORRY JULIA, IT'S... *NOTHING*.
I DON'T LIKE RATS, THAT'S ALL.
YOU KNOW WHAT'S BEHIND *THE WALL*.
YOU KNOW IT VERY *WELL*.
DON'T WORRY, DEAR!
WE'RE NOT GOING TO HAVE THE FILTHY BRUTES IN HERE.
I'LL STUFF THE HOLE WITH SACKING BEFORE WE GO.


NEXT TIME WE COME HERE I'LL BRING PLASTER AND BUNG IT UP PROPERLY.
WHAT IS IT, D'YOU THINK?
I DON'T THINK IT'S ANYTHING. I MEAN, I DON'T THINK IT WAS EVER PUT TO ANY USE. THAT'S WHAT I LIKE ABOUT IT. IT'S A LITTLE CHUNK OF 100 YEAR-OLD HISTORY THEY'VE FORGOTTEN TO ALTER.
AND THAT PICTURE OVER THERE, WOULD IT BE A 100 YEARS OLD?
MORE. 200, I DARE SAY. ONE CAN'T TELL. IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO KNOW THE AGE OF ANYTHING TODAY.
WHAT IS THIS PLACE? I'VE SEEN IT BEFORE SOMEWHERE.
IT'S A CHURCH, AT LEAST IT USED TO BE. ST CLEMENT DANES ITS NAME WAS.
ORANGES AND LEMONS, SAY THE BELLS OF ST CLEMENT'S!
YOU OWE ME 3 FARTHINGS, SAY THE BELLS OF ST MARTIN'S, WHEN WILL YOU PAY ME? SAY THE BELLS OF OLD BAILEY.
I CAN'T REMEMBER HOW IT GOES ON AFTER THAT. BUT I REMEMBER HOW IT ENDS UP.
HERE COMES A CANDLE TO LIGHT YOU TO BED, HERE COMES A CHOPPER TO CHOP OFF YOUR HEAD!
WHO TAUGHT YOU THAT?


GRANDFATHER. HE USED SAY IT TO ME WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. HE GOT VAPORIZED WHEN I WAS 8.
I WONDER WHAT A LEMON IS. I HAVE SEEN ORANGES. SOME KIND OF ROUND YELLOW FRUIT WITH A THICK SKIN.
LEMONS WERE QUITE COMMON IN THE 50'S. THEY WERE SO SOUR IT SET YOUR TEETH ON EDGE EVEN TO SMELL THEM.
I BET THAT PICTURE'S GOT BUGS BEHIND IT. I'LL TAKE IT DOWN AND GIVE IT A GOOD CLEAN SOME DAY.
I SUPPOSE IT'S TIME WE WERE LEAVING. I MUST START WASHING THIS PAINT OFF. HOW BORING! AND I'LL GET THE LIPSTICK OFF YOU.

Chapter 5

A morning came, and he was missing


MINI TRUE
WHO CONTROLS THE PAST CONTROLS THE FUTURE.
WHO CONTROLS THE PRESENT CONTROLS THE PAST.
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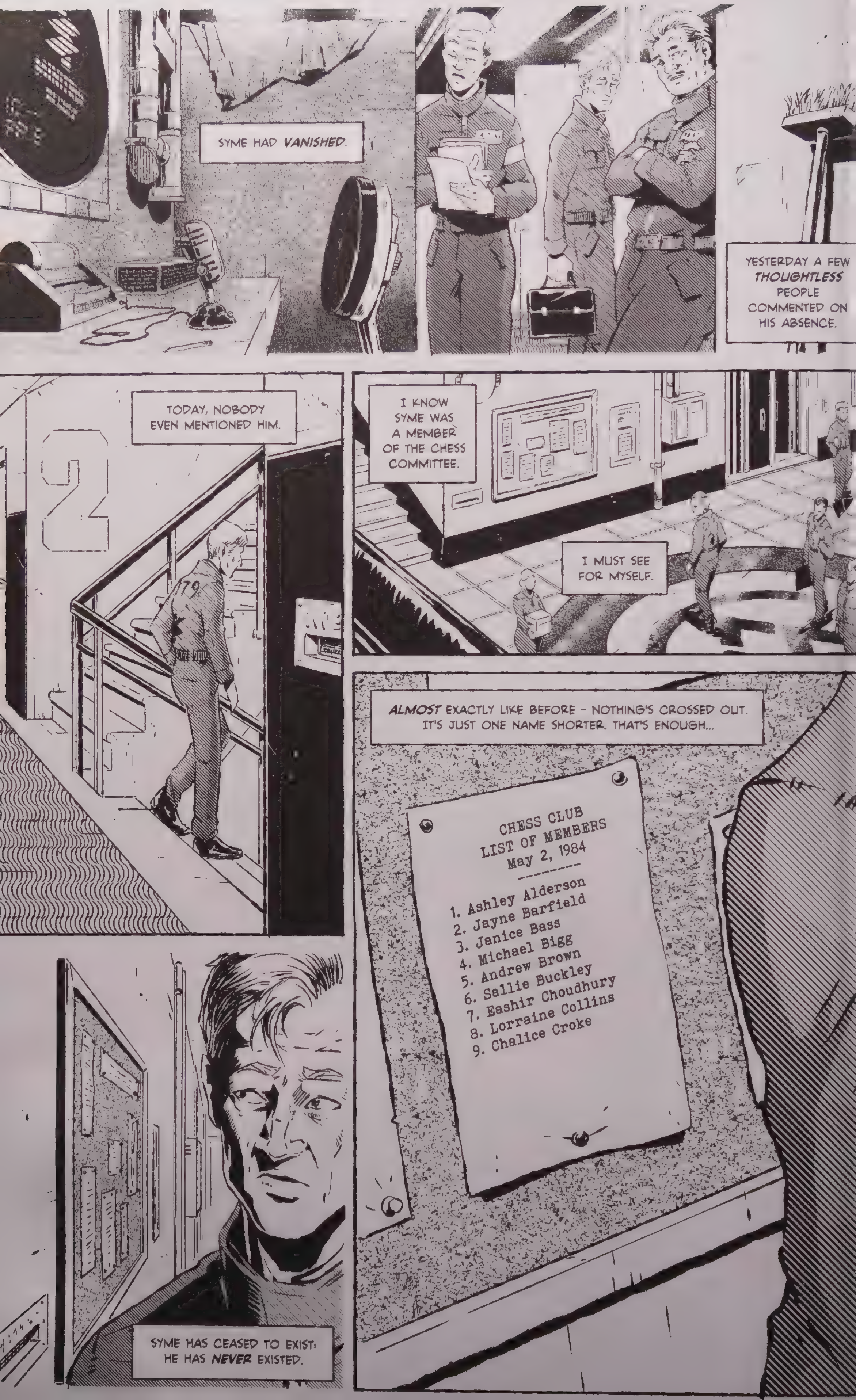
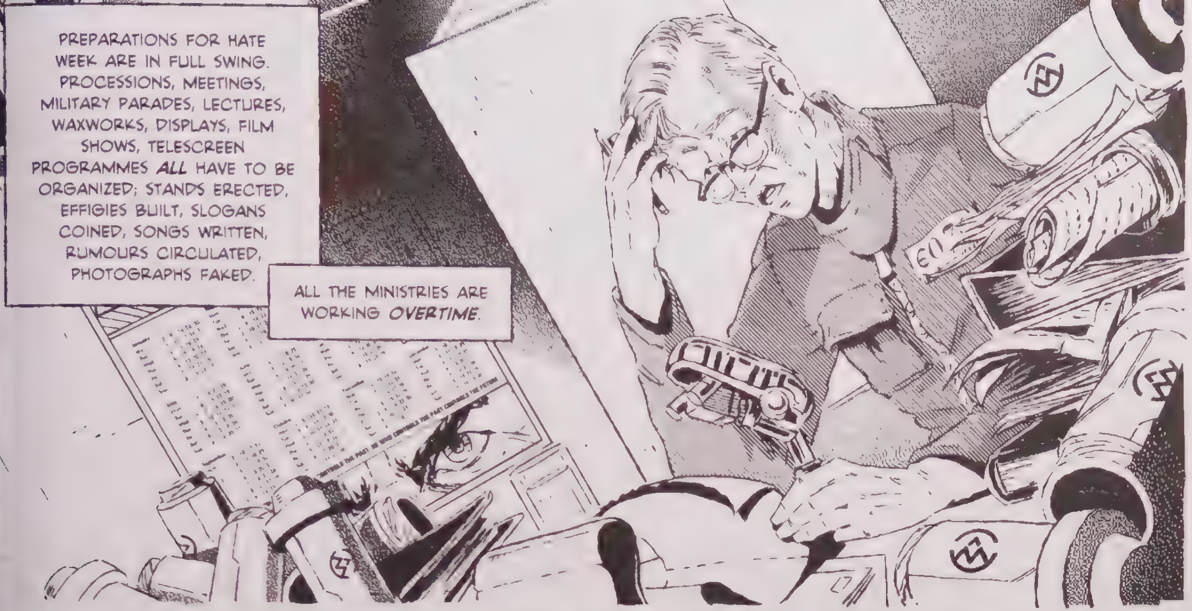
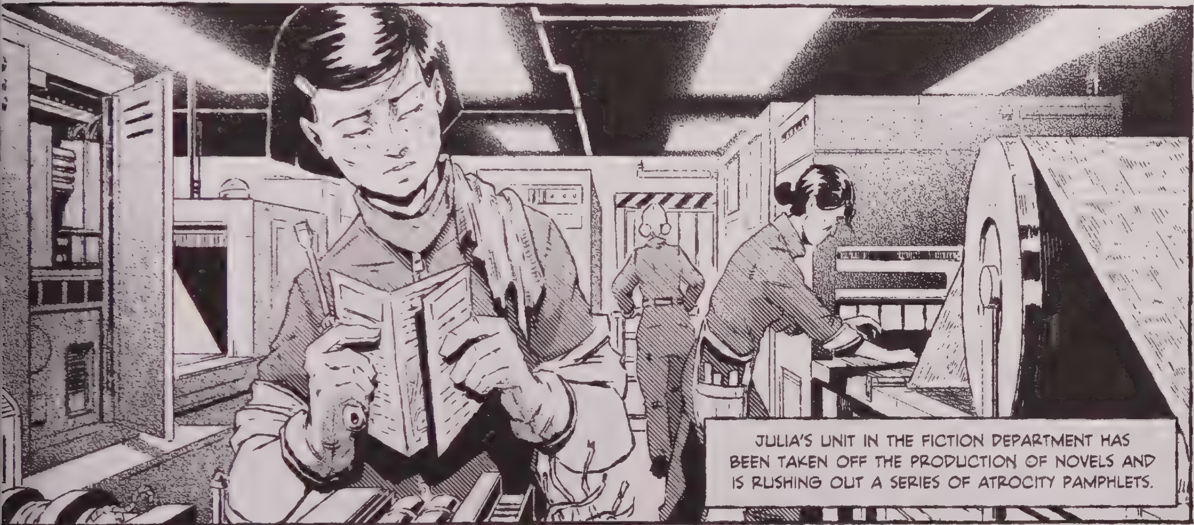
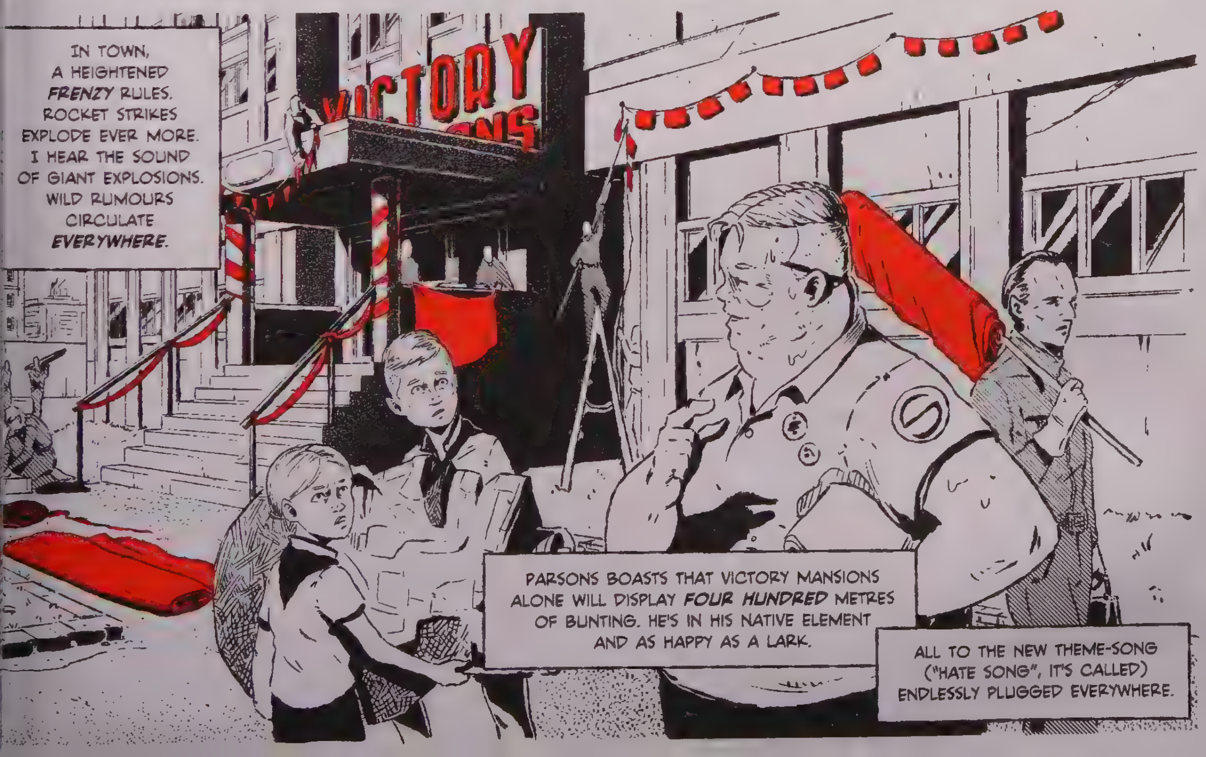
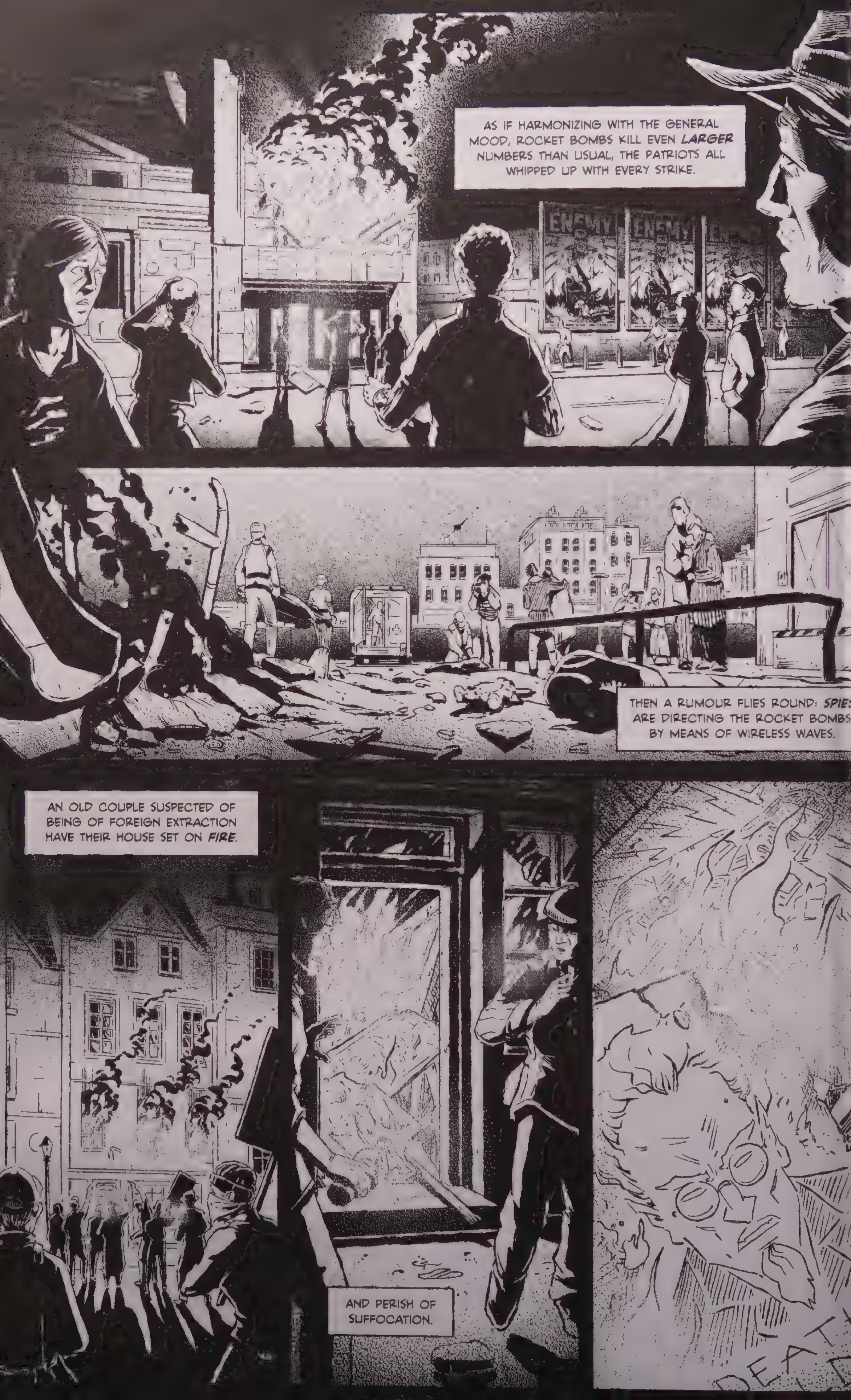
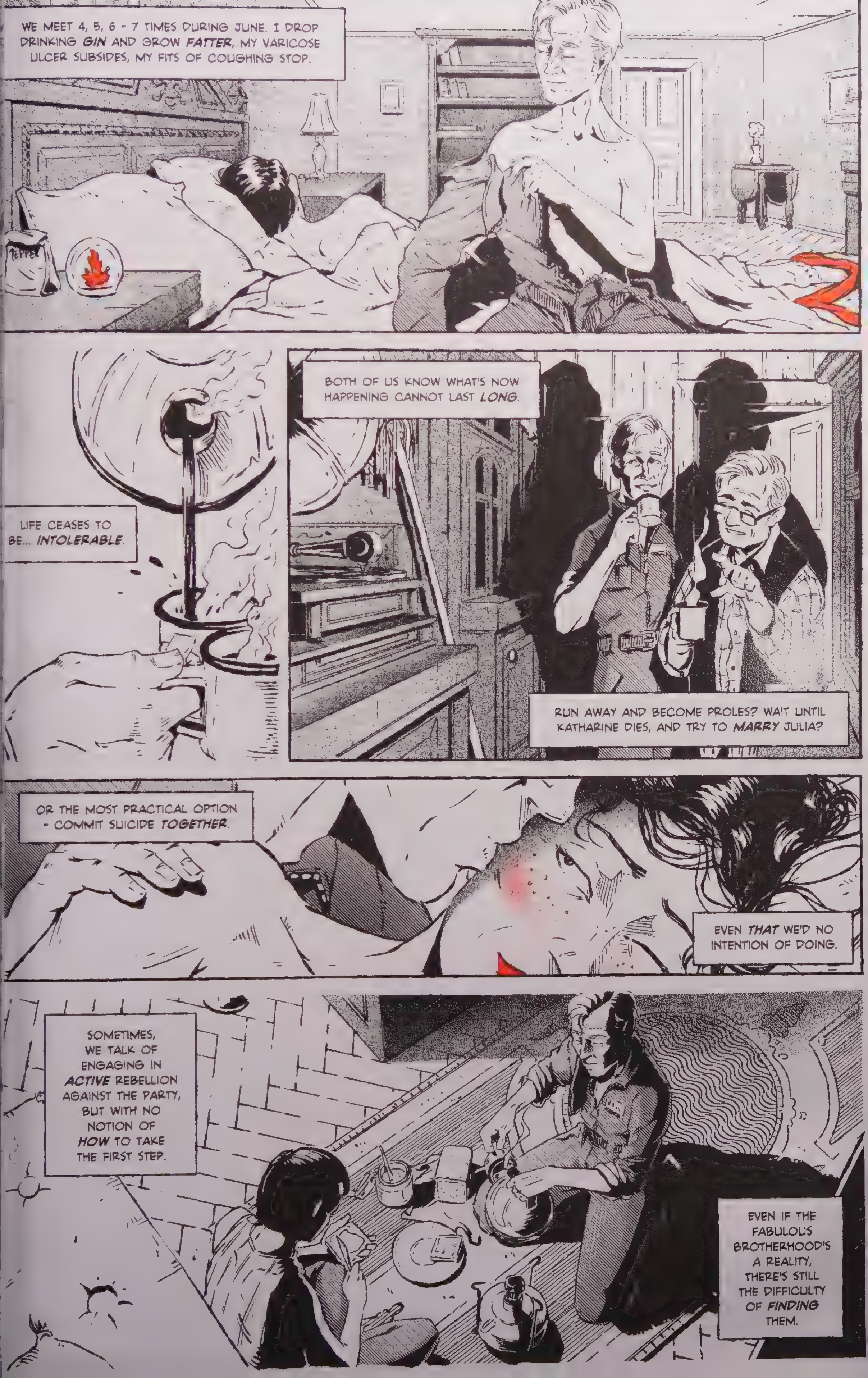

SYME HAD *VANISHED*.
YESTERDAY A FEW *THOUGHTLESS* PEOPLE COMMENTED ON HIS ABSENCE.
TODAY, NOBODY EVEN MENTIONED HIM.
I KNOW SYME WAS A MEMBER OF THE CHESS COMMITTEE.
I MUST SEE FOR MYSELF.
ALMOST EXACTLY LIKE BEFORE - NOTHING'S CROSSED OUT. IT'S JUST ONE NAME SHORTER. THAT'S ENOUGH...
CHESS CLUB
LIST OF MEMBERS
May 2, 1984
1. Ashley Alderson
2. Jayne Barfield
3. Janice Bass
4. Michael Bigg
5. Andrew Brown
6. Sallie Buckley
7. Eashir Choudhury
8. Lorraine Collins
9. Chalice Croke
SYME HAS CEASED TO EXIST: HE HAS *NEVER* EXISTED.

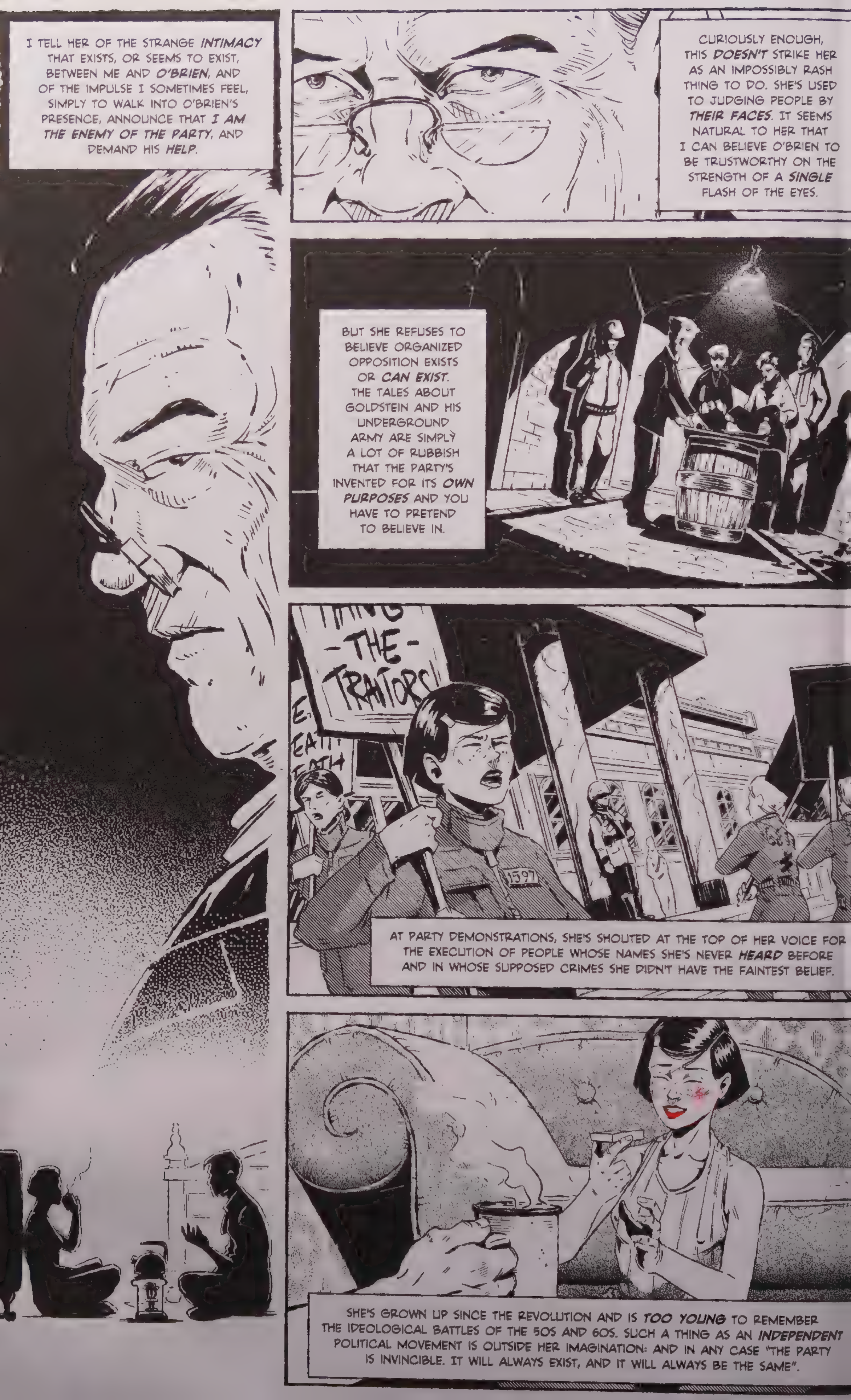

PREPARATIONS FOR HATE WEEK ARE IN FULL SWING. PROCESSIONS, MEETINGS, MILITARY PARADES, LECTURES, WAXWORKS, DISPLAYS, FILM SHOWS, TELESCREEN PROGRAMMES *ALL* HAVE TO BE ORGANIZED; STANDS ERECTED, EFFIGIES BUILT, SLOGANS COINED, SONGS WRITTEN, RUMOURS CIRCULATED, PHOTOGRAPHS FAKED.
ALL THE MINISTRIES ARE WORKING *OVERTIME*.

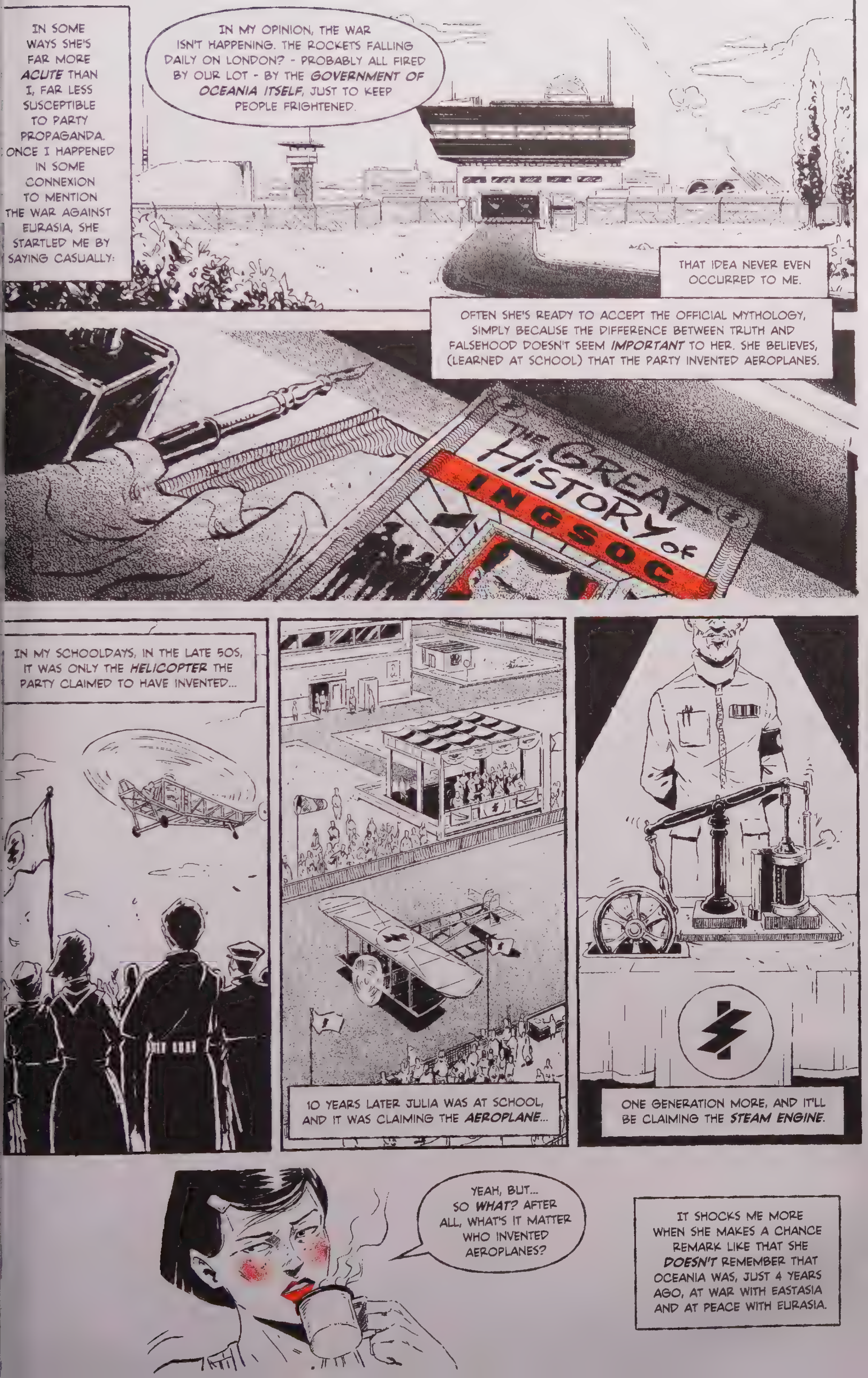

JULIA'S UNIT IN THE FICTION DEPARTMENT HAS BEEN TAKEN OFF THE PRODUCTION OF NOVELS AND IS RUSHING OUT A SERIES OF ATROCITY PAMPHLETS.

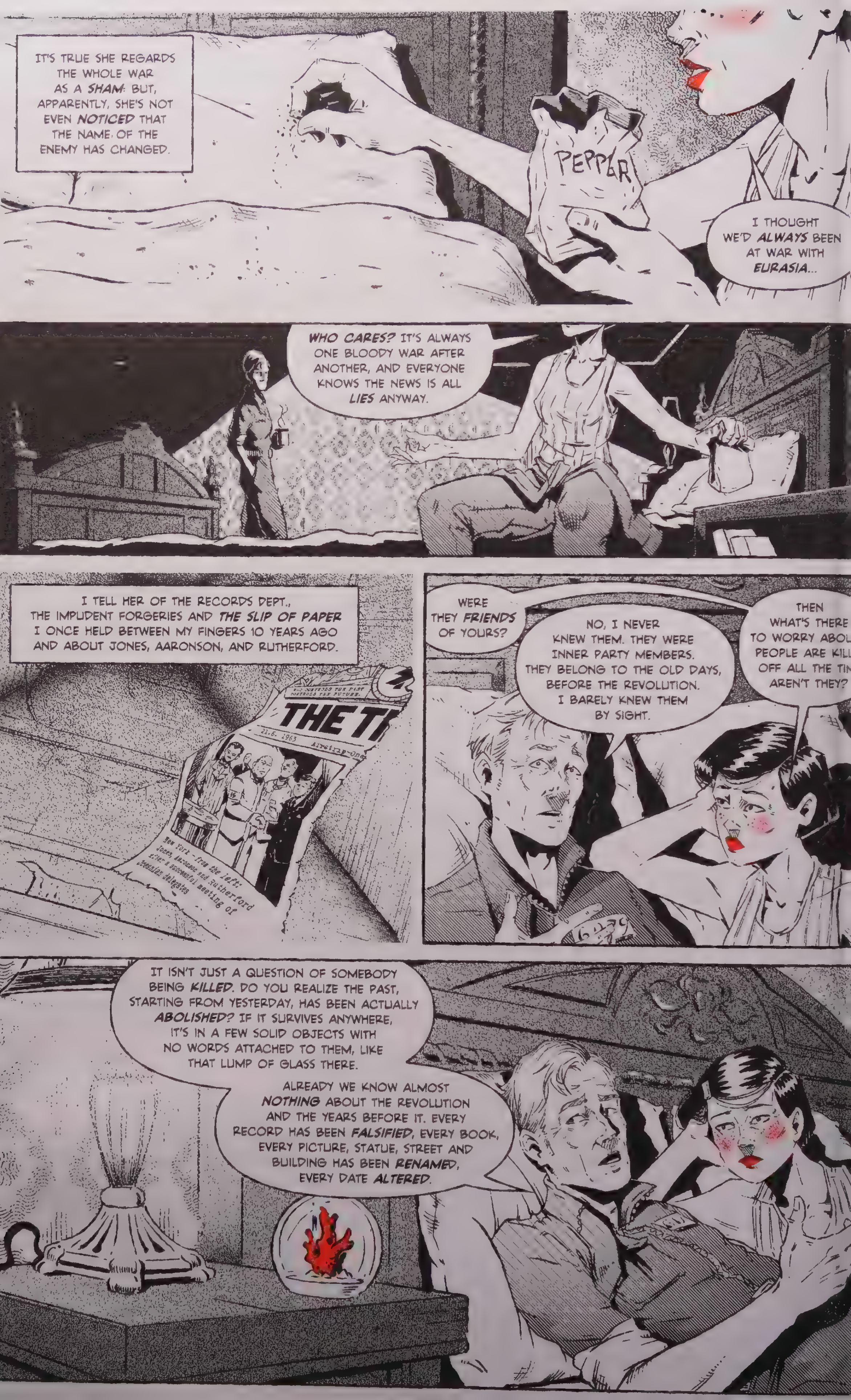

IN TOWN, A HEIGHTENED *FRENZY* RULES. ROCKET STRIKES EXPLODE EVER MORE. I HEAR THE SOUND OF GIANT EXPLOSIONS. WILD RUMOURS CIRCULATE *EVERYWHERE*.
VICTORY
PARSONS BOASTS THAT VICTORY MANSIONS ALONE WILL DISPLAY *FOUR HUNDRED* METRES OF BUNTING. HE'S IN HIS NATIVE ELEMENT AND AS HAPPY AS A LARK.
ALL TO THE NEW THEME-SONG ("HATE SONG", IT'S CALLED) ENDLESSLY PLUGGED EVERYWHERE.

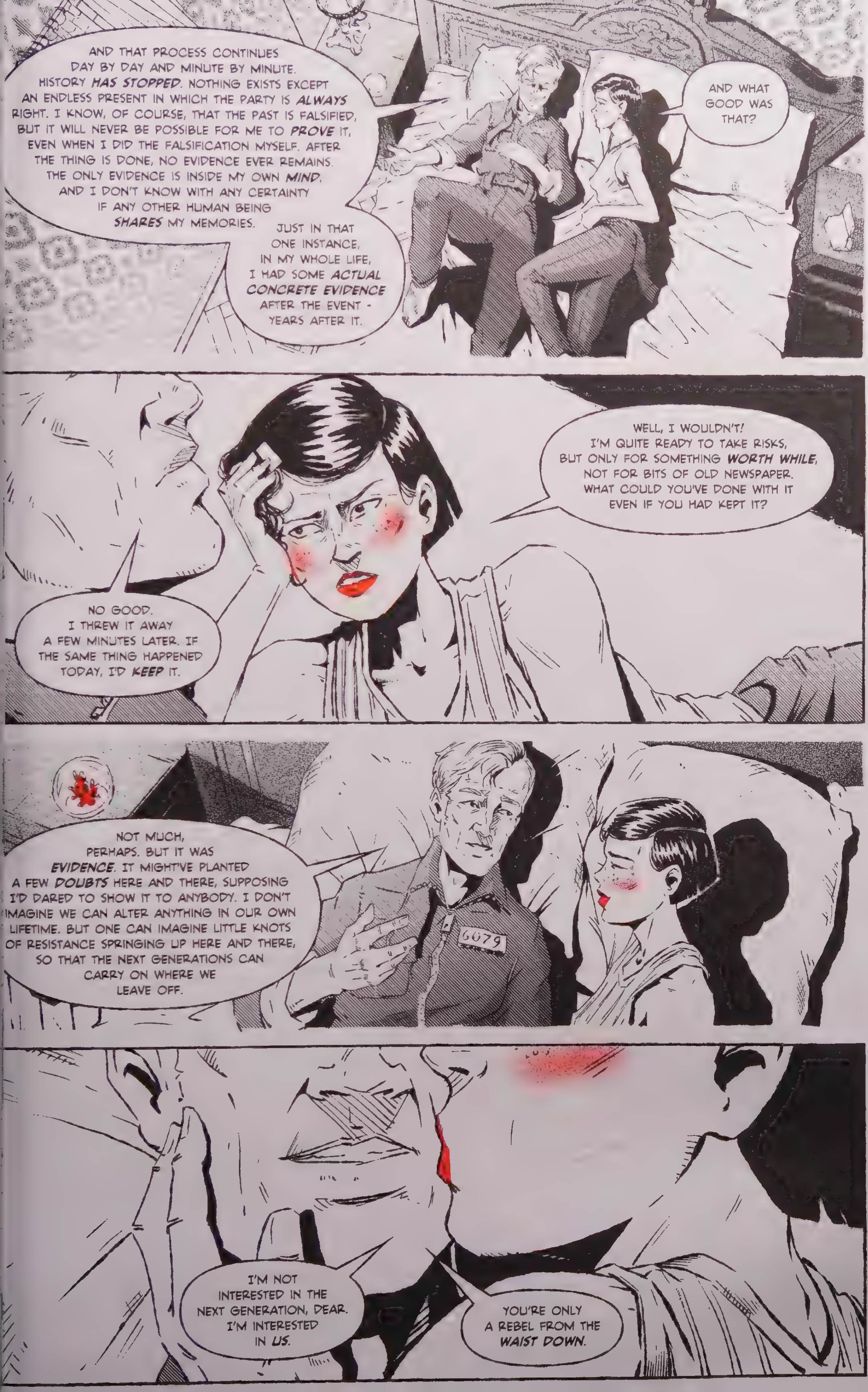

AS IF HARMONIZING WITH THE GENERAL MOOD, ROCKET BOMBS KILL EVEN *LARGER* NUMBERS THAN USUAL, THE PATRIOTS ALL WHIPPED UP WITH EVERY STRIKE.
ENEMY
ENEMY
THEN A RUMOUR FLIES ROUND: *SPIES* ARE DIRECTING THE ROCKET BOMBS BY MEANS OF WIRELESS WAVES.
AN OLD COUPLE SUSPECTED OF BEING OF FOREIGN EXTRACTION HAVE THEIR HOUSE SET ON *FIRE*.
AND PERISH OF SUFFOCATION.
DEAT

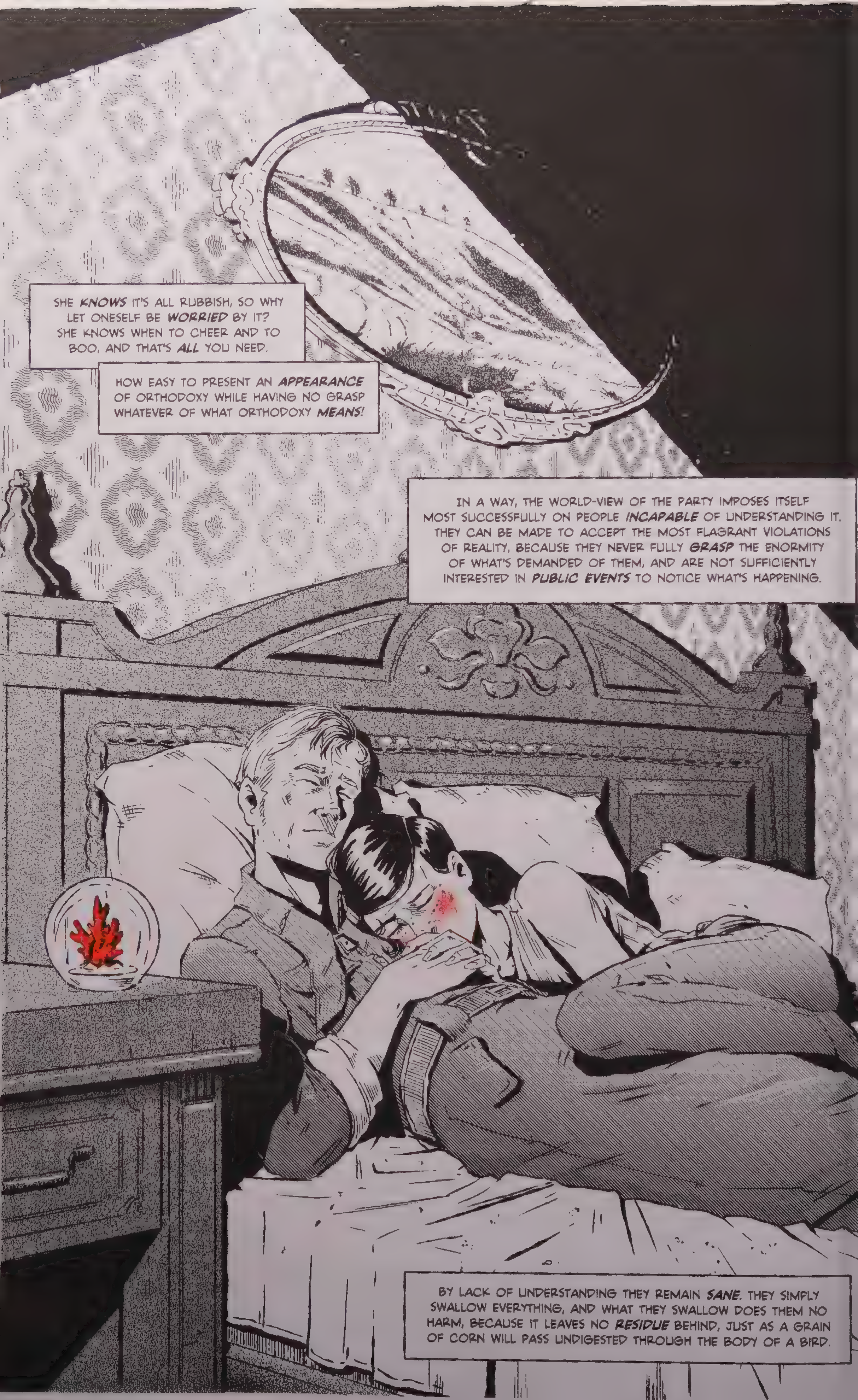

WE MEET 4, 5, 6 - 7 TIMES DURING JUNE. I DROP DRINKING *GIN* AND GROW *FATTER*, MY VARICOSE ULCER SUBSIDES, MY FITS OF COUGHING STOP.
PEPPER
LIFE CEASES TO BE... *INTOLERABLE*.
BOTH OF US KNOW WHAT'S NOW HAPPENING CANNOT LAST *LONG*.
RUN AWAY AND BECOME PROLES? WAIT UNTIL KATHARINE DIES, AND TRY TO *MARRY* JULIA?
OR THE MOST PRACTICAL OPTION - COMMIT SUICIDE *TOGETHER*.
EVEN *THAT* WE'D NO INTENTION OF DOING.
SOMETIMES, WE TALK OF ENGAGING IN *ACTIVE* REBELLION AGAINST THE PARTY, BUT WITH NO NOTION OF *HOW* TO TAKE THE FIRST STEP.
EVEN IF THE FABULOUS BROTHERHOOD'S A REALITY, THERE'S STILL THE DIFFICULTY OF *FINDING* THEM.


I TELL HER OF THE STRANGE *INTIMACY* THAT EXISTS, OR SEEMS TO EXIST, BETWEEN ME AND *O'BRIEN*, AND OF THE IMPULSE I SOMETIMES FEEL, SIMPLY TO WALK INTO O'BRIEN'S PRESENCE, ANNOUNCE THAT *I AM THE ENEMY OF THE PARTY*, AND DEMAND HIS *HELP*.
CURIOUSLY ENOUGH, THIS ***DOESN'T*** STRIKE HER AS AN IMPOSSIBLY RASH THING TO DO. SHE'S USED TO JUDGING PEOPLE BY ***THEIR FACES***. IT SEEMS NATURAL TO HER THAT I CAN BELIEVE O'BRIEN TO BE TRUSTWORTHY ON THE STRENGTH OF A ***SINGLE*** FLASH OF THE EYES.
BUT SHE REFUSES TO BELIEVE ORGANIZED OPPOSITION EXISTS OR ***CAN EXIST***. THE TALES ABOUT GOLDSTEIN AND HIS UNDERGROUND ARMY ARE SIMPLY A LOT OF RUBBISH THAT THE PARTY'S INVENTED FOR ITS ***OWN PURPOSES*** AND YOU HAVE TO PRETEND TO BELIEVE IN.
-THE-
TRAITORS
1597
AT PARTY DEMONSTRATIONS, SHE'S SHOUTED AT THE TOP OF HER VOICE FOR THE EXECUTION OF PEOPLE WHOSE NAMES SHE'S NEVER ***HEARD*** BEFORE AND IN WHOSE SUPPOSED CRIMES SHE DIDN'T HAVE THE FAINTEST BELIEF.
SHE'S GROWN UP SINCE THE REVOLUTION AND IS ***TOO YOUNG*** TO REMEMBER THE IDEOLOGICAL BATTLES OF THE 50S AND 60S. SUCH A THING AS AN ***INDEPENDENT*** POLITICAL MOVEMENT IS OUTSIDE HER IMAGINATION: AND IN ANY CASE "THE PARTY IS INVINCIBLE. IT WILL ALWAYS EXIST, AND IT WILL ALWAYS BE THE SAME".


IN SOME WAYS SHE'S FAR MORE *ACUTE* THAN I, FAR LESS SUSCEPTIBLE TO PARTY PROPAGANDA. ONCE I HAPPENED IN SOME CONNEXION TO MENTION THE WAR AGAINST EURASIA, SHE STARTLED ME BY SAYING CASUALLY:
IN MY OPINION, THE WAR ISN'T HAPPENING. THE ROCKETS FALLING DAILY ON LONDON? - PROBABLY ALL FIRED BY OUR LOT - BY THE *GOVERNMENT OF OCEANIA ITSELF*, JUST TO KEEP PEOPLE FRIGHTENED.
THAT IDEA NEVER EVEN OCCURRED TO ME.
OFTEN SHE'S READY TO ACCEPT THE OFFICIAL MYTHOLOGY, SIMPLY BECAUSE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN TRUTH AND FALSEHOOD DOESN'T SEEM *IMPORTANT* TO HER. SHE BELIEVES, (LEARNED AT SCHOOL) THAT THE PARTY INVENTED AEROPLANES.
THE GREAT HISTORY OF INGSOC
IN MY SCHOOLDAYS, IN THE LATE 50S, IT WAS ONLY THE *HELICOPTER* THE PARTY CLAIMED TO HAVE INVENTED...
10 YEARS LATER JULIA WAS AT SCHOOL, AND IT WAS CLAIMING THE *AEROPLANE*...
ONE GENERATION MORE, AND IT'LL BE CLAIMING THE *STEAM ENGINE*.
YEAH, BUT... SO *WHAT?* AFTER ALL, WHAT'S IT MATTER WHO INVENTED AEROPLANES?
IT SHOCKS ME MORE WHEN SHE MAKES A CHANCE REMARK LIKE THAT SHE *DOESN'T* REMEMBER THAT OCEANIA WAS, JUST 4 YEARS AGO, AT WAR WITH EASTASIA AND AT PEACE WITH EURASIA.

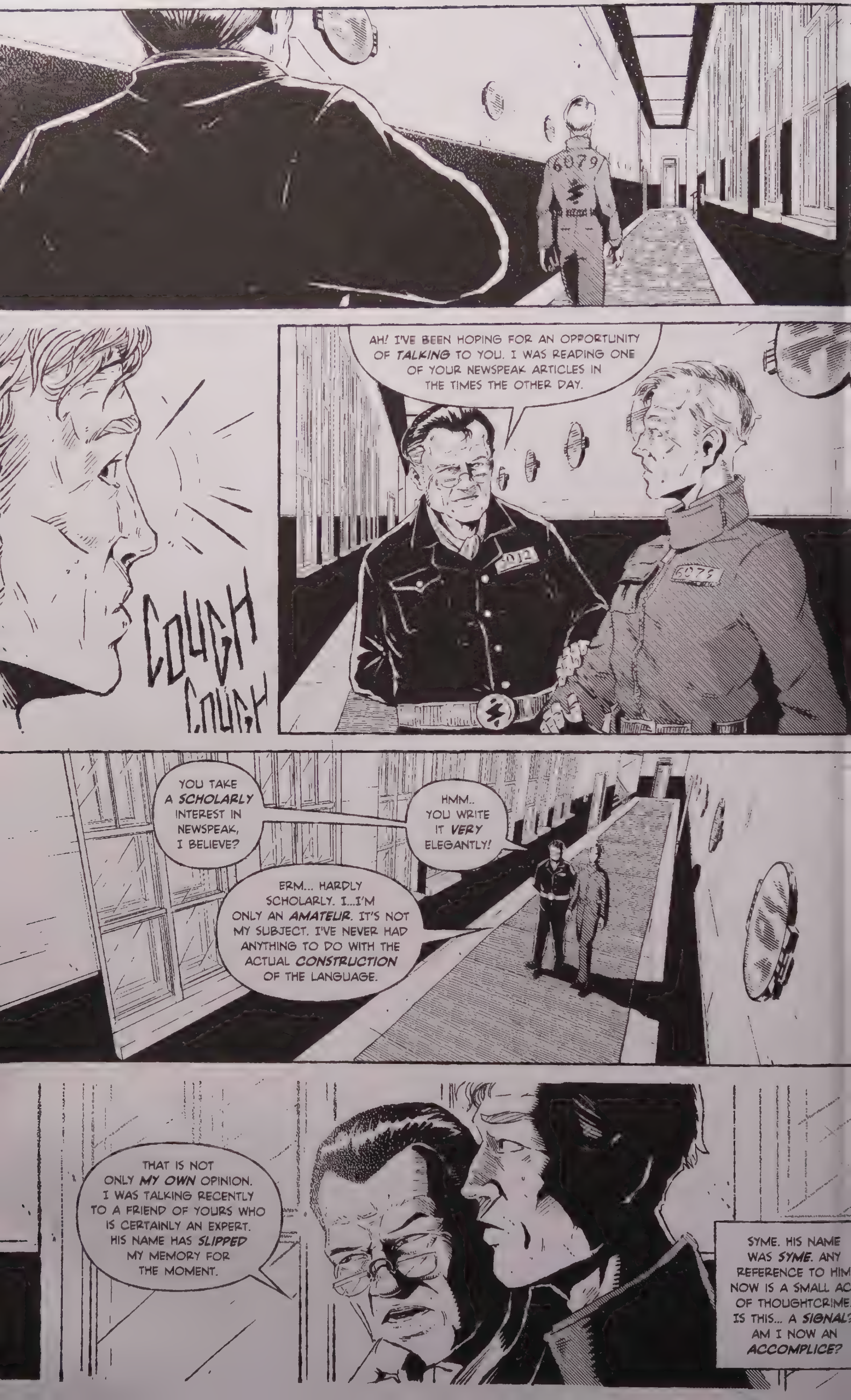

IT'S TRUE SHE REGARDS THE WHOLE WAR AS A *SHAM*: BUT, APPARENTLY, SHE'S NOT EVEN *NOTICED* THAT THE NAME OF THE ENEMY HAS CHANGED.
PEPPER
I THOUGHT WE'D *ALWAYS* BEEN AT WAR WITH *EURASIA*...
WHO CARES? IT'S ALWAYS ONE BLOODY WAR AFTER ANOTHER, AND EVERYONE KNOWS THE NEWS IS ALL *LIES* ANYWAY.
I TELL HER OF THE RECORDS DEPT., THE IMPUDENT FORGERIES AND *THE SLIP OF PAPER* I ONCE HELD BETWEEN MY FINGERS 10 YEARS AGO AND ABOUT JONES, AARONSON, AND RUTHERFORD.
WHO CONTROLS THE PAST CONTROLS THE FUTURE.
THE TI
21.6. 1965
Airstrip One
New York – from the left: Jones, Aaronson and Rutherford after a successful meeting of Eurasian delegates
WERE THEY *FRIENDS* OF YOURS?
NO, I NEVER KNEW THEM. THEY WERE INNER PARTY MEMBERS. THEY BELONG TO THE OLD DAYS, BEFORE THE REVOLUTION. I BARELY KNEW THEM BY SIGHT.
THEN WHAT'S THERE TO WORRY ABOU PEOPLE ARE KILL OFF ALL THE TI AREN'T THEY?
6079
IT ISN'T JUST A QUESTION OF SOMEBODY BEING *KILLED*. DO YOU REALIZE THE PAST, STARTING FROM YESTERDAY, HAS BEEN ACTUALLY *ABOLISHED?* IF IT SURVIVES ANYWHERE, IT'S IN A FEW SOLID OBJECTS WITH NO WORDS ATTACHED TO THEM, LIKE THAT LUMP OF GLASS THERE.
ALREADY WE KNOW ALMOST *NOTHING* ABOUT THE REVOLUTION AND THE YEARS BEFORE IT. EVERY RECORD HAS BEEN *FALSIFIED*, EVERY BOOK, EVERY PICTURE, STATUE, STREET AND BUILDING HAS BEEN *RENAMED*, EVERY DATE *ALTERED*.

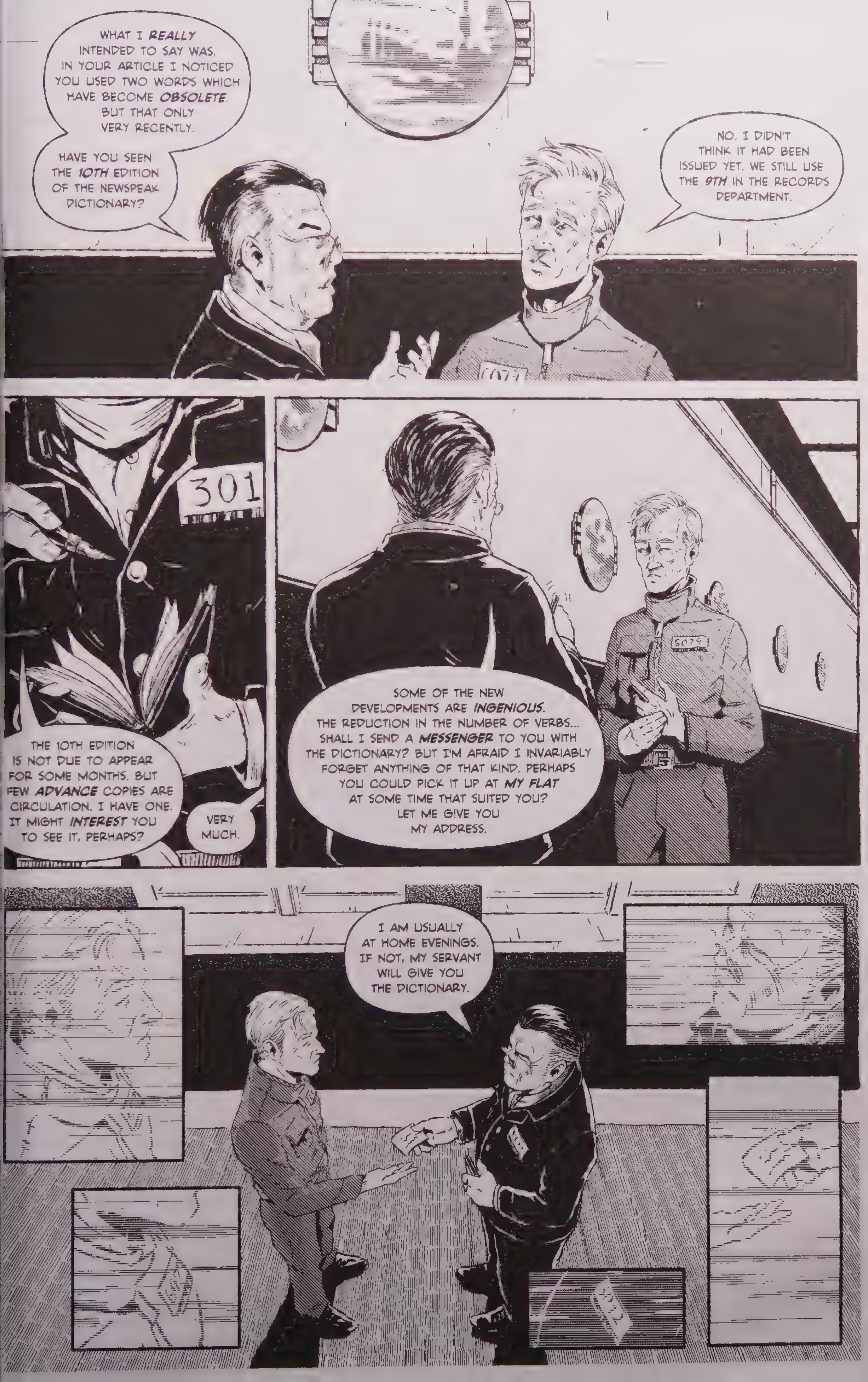

AND THAT PROCESS CONTINUES DAY BY DAY AND MINUTE BY MINUTE. HISTORY *HAS STOPPED*. NOTHING EXISTS EXCEPT AN ENDLESS PRESENT IN WHICH THE PARTY IS *ALWAYS* RIGHT. I KNOW, OF COURSE, THAT THE PAST IS FALSIFIED, BUT IT WILL NEVER BE POSSIBLE FOR ME TO *PROVE* IT, EVEN WHEN I DID THE FALSIFICATION MYSELF. AFTER THE THING IS DONE, NO EVIDENCE EVER REMAINS. THE ONLY EVIDENCE IS INSIDE MY OWN *MIND*, AND I DON'T KNOW WITH ANY CERTAINTY IF ANY OTHER HUMAN BEING *SHARES* MY MEMORIES.
AND WHAT GOOD WAS THAT?
JUST IN THAT ONE INSTANCE, IN MY WHOLE LIFE, I HAD SOME *ACTUAL CONCRETE EVIDENCE* AFTER THE EVENT - YEARS AFTER IT.
WELL, I WOULDN'T! I'M QUITE READY TO TAKE RISKS, BUT ONLY FOR SOMETHING *WORTH WHILE*, NOT FOR BITS OF OLD NEWSPAPER. WHAT COULD YOU'VE DONE WITH IT EVEN IF YOU HAD KEPT IT?
NO GOOD. I THREW IT AWAY A FEW MINUTES LATER. IF THE SAME THING HAPPENED TODAY, I'D *KEEP* IT.
NOT MUCH, PERHAPS. BUT IT WAS *EVIDENCE*. IT MIGHT'VE PLANTED A FEW *DOUBTS* HERE AND THERE, SUPPOSING I'D DARED TO SHOW IT TO ANYBODY. I DON'T IMAGINE WE CAN ALTER ANYTHING IN OUR OWN LIFETIME. BUT ONE CAN IMAGINE LITTLE KNOTS OF RESISTANCE SPRINGING UP HERE AND THERE, SO THAT THE NEXT GENERATIONS CAN CARRY ON WHERE WE LEAVE OFF.
6079
I'M NOT INTERESTED IN THE NEXT GENERATION, DEAR. I'M INTERESTED IN *US*.
YOU'RE ONLY A REBEL FROM THE *WAIST DOWN*.

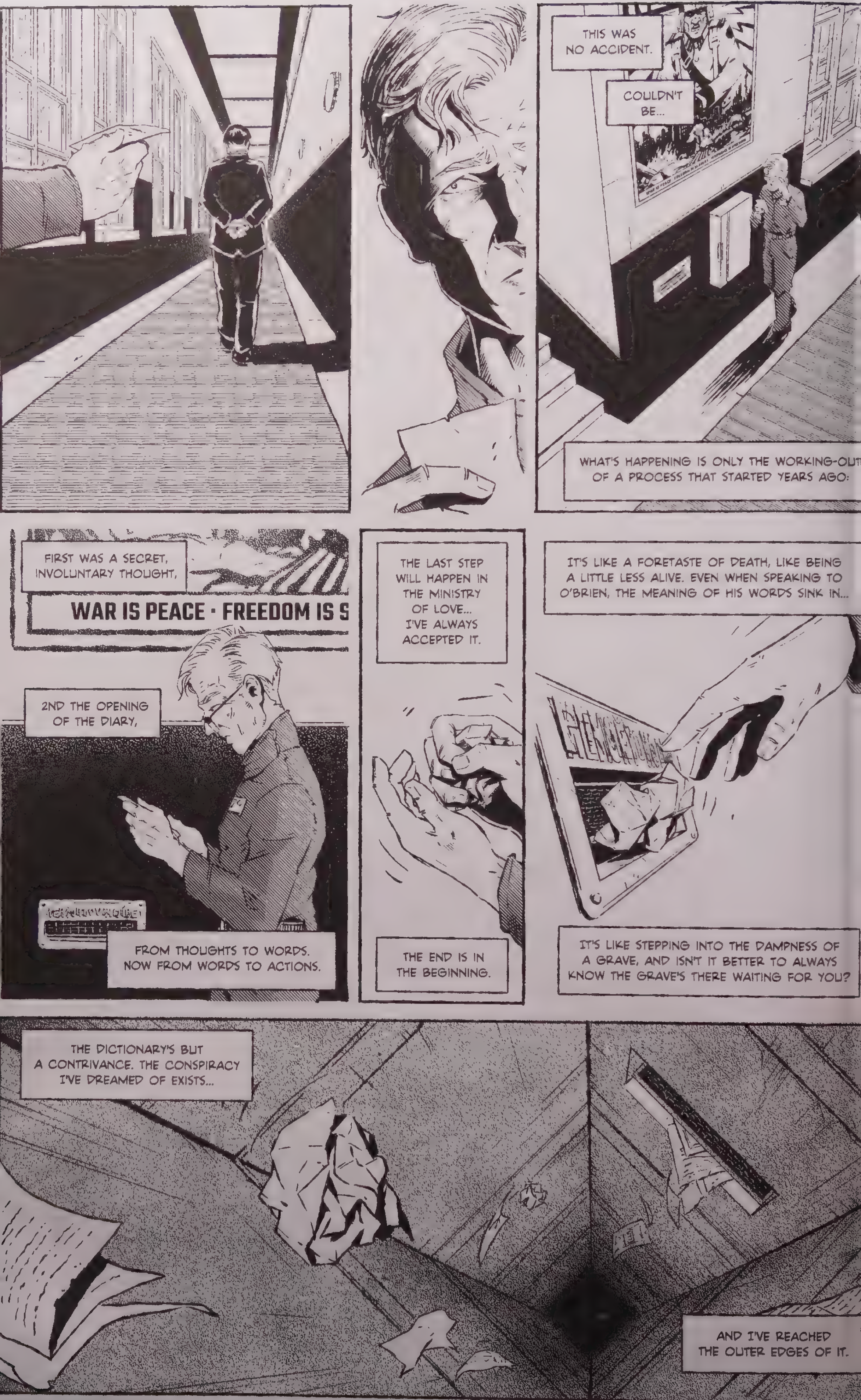

SHE *KNOWS* IT'S ALL RUBBISH, SO WHY LET ONESELF BE *WORRIED* BY IT? SHE KNOWS WHEN TO CHEER AND TO BOO, AND THAT'S *ALL* YOU NEED.
HOW EASY TO PRESENT AN *APPEARANCE* OF ORTHODOXY WHILE HAVING NO GRASP WHATEVER OF WHAT ORTHODOXY *MEANS!*
IN A WAY, THE WORLD-VIEW OF THE PARTY IMPOSES ITSELF MOST SUCCESSFULLY ON PEOPLE *INCAPABLE* OF UNDERSTANDING IT. THEY CAN BE MADE TO ACCEPT THE MOST FLAGRANT VIOLATIONS OF REALITY, BECAUSE THEY NEVER FULLY *GRASP* THE ENORMITY OF WHAT'S DEMANDED OF THEM, AND ARE NOT SUFFICIENTLY INTERESTED IN *PUBLIC EVENTS* TO NOTICE WHAT'S HAPPENING.
BY LACK OF UNDERSTANDING THEY REMAIN *SANE*. THEY SIMPLY SWALLOW EVERYTHING, AND WHAT THEY SWALLOW DOES THEM NO HARM, BECAUSE IT LEAVES NO *RESIDUE* BEHIND, JUST AS A GRAIN OF CORN WILL PASS UNDIGESTED THROUGH THE BODY OF A BIRD.

CHAPTER 6

ALL HIS LIFE, IT SEEMED TO HIM, HE HAD BEEN WAITING FOR THIS TO HAPPEN.


6079
COUGH COUGH
AH! I'VE BEEN HOPING FOR AN OPPORTUNITY OF *TALKING* TO YOU. I WAS READING ONE OF YOUR NEWSPEAK ARTICLES IN THE TIMES THE OTHER DAY.
6079
YOU TAKE A *SCHOLARLY* INTEREST IN NEWSPEAK, I BELIEVE?
HMM.. YOU WRITE IT *VERY* ELEGANTLY!
ERM... HARDLY SCHOLARLY. I...I'M ONLY AN *AMATEUR*. IT'S NOT MY SUBJECT. I'VE NEVER HAD ANYTHING TO DO WITH THE ACTUAL *CONSTRUCTION* OF THE LANGUAGE.
THAT IS NOT ONLY *MY OWN* OPINION. I WAS TALKING RECENTLY TO A FRIEND OF YOURS WHO IS CERTAINLY AN EXPERT. HIS NAME HAS *SLIPPED* MY MEMORY FOR THE MOMENT.
SYME. HIS NAME WAS *SYME*. ANY REFERENCE TO HIM NOW IS A SMALL AC OF THOUGHTCRIME. IS THIS... A *SIGNAL*? AM I NOW AN *ACCOMPLICE*?

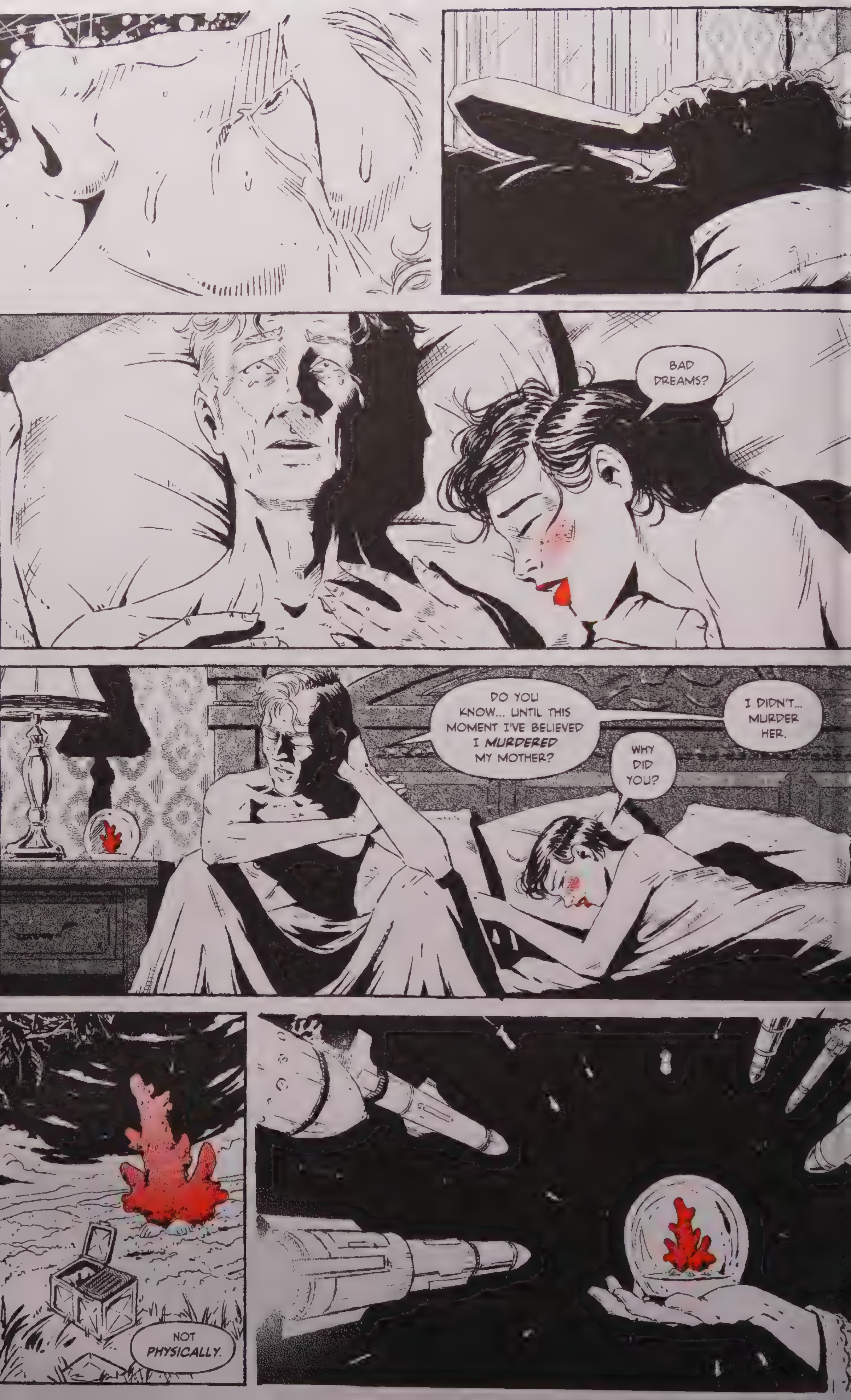

WHAT I *REALLY* INTENDED TO SAY WAS, IN YOUR ARTICLE I NOTICED YOU USED TWO WORDS WHICH HAVE BECOME *OBSOLETE*. BUT THAT ONLY VERY RECENTLY.
HAVE YOU SEEN THE *10TH* EDITION OF THE NEWSPEAK DICTIONARY?
NO. I DIDN'T THINK IT HAD BEEN ISSUED YET. WE STILL USE THE *9TH* IN THE RECORDS DEPARTMENT.
6079
301
THE 10TH EDITION IS NOT DUE TO APPEAR FOR SOME MONTHS. BUT FEW *ADVANCE* COPIES ARE CIRCULATION. I HAVE ONE. IT MIGHT *INTEREST* YOU TO SEE IT, PERHAPS?
VERY MUCH.
SOME OF THE NEW DEVELOPMENTS ARE *INGENIOUS*. THE REDUCTION IN THE NUMBER OF VERBS... SHALL I SEND A *MESSENGER* TO YOU WITH THE DICTIONARY? BUT I'M AFRAID I INVARIABLY FORGET ANYTHING OF THAT KIND. PERHAPS YOU COULD PICK IT UP AT *MY FLAT* AT SOME TIME THAT SUITED YOU? LET ME GIVE YOU MY ADDRESS.
6079
I AM USUALLY AT HOME EVENINGS. IF NOT, MY SERVANT WILL GIVE YOU THE DICTIONARY.

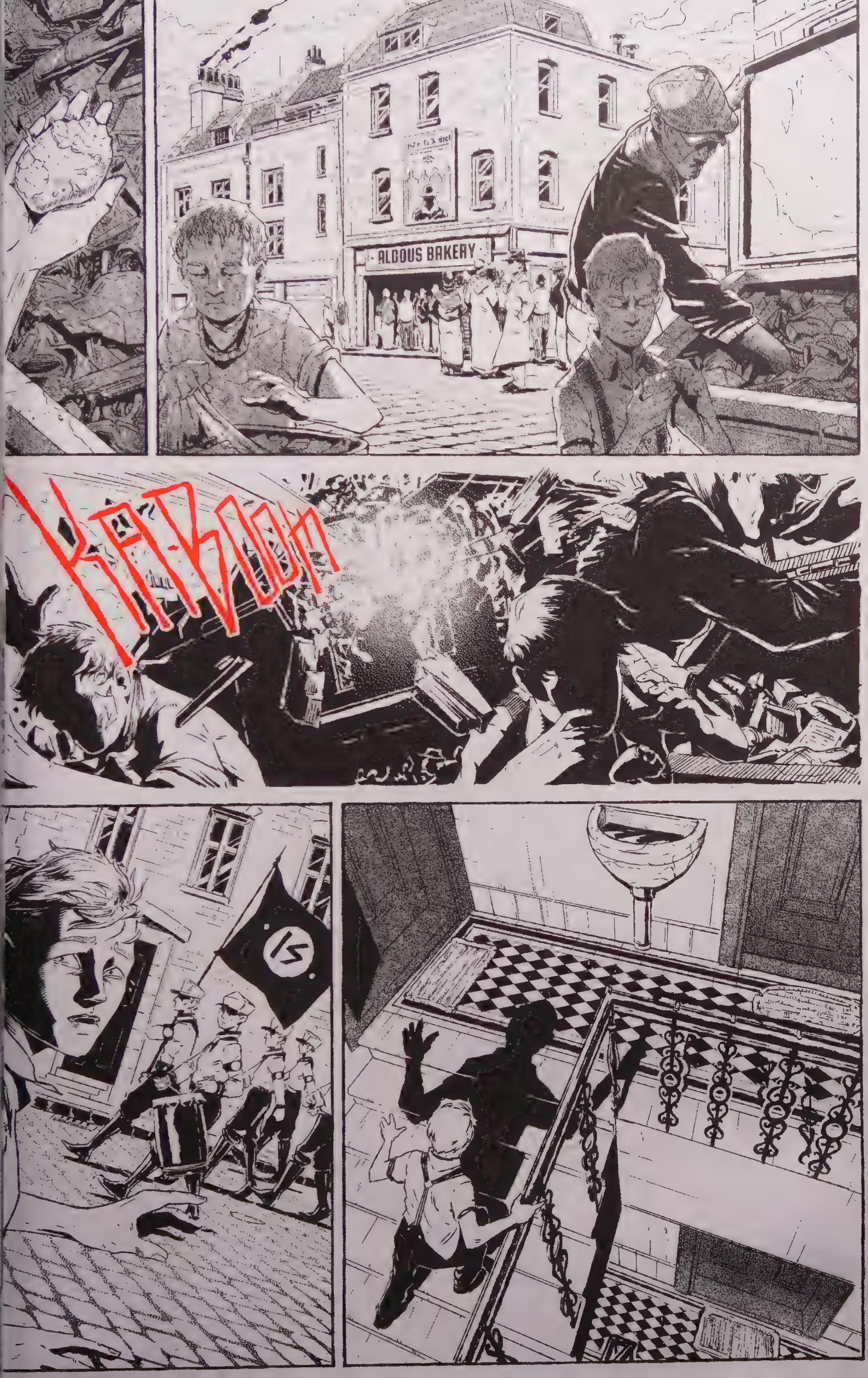

THIS WAS NO ACCIDENT.
COULDN'T BE...
WHAT'S HAPPENING IS ONLY THE WORKING-OUT OF A PROCESS THAT STARTED YEARS AGO:
FIRST WAS A SECRET, INVOLUNTARY THOUGHT,
WAR IS PEACE · FREEDOM IS S
2ND THE OPENING OF THE DIARY,
FROM THOUGHTS TO WORDS. NOW FROM WORDS TO ACTIONS.
THE LAST STEP WILL HAPPEN IN THE MINISTRY OF LOVE... I'VE ALWAYS ACCEPTED IT.
THE END IS IN THE BEGINNING.
IT'S LIKE A FORETASTE OF DEATH, LIKE BEING A LITTLE LESS ALIVE. EVEN WHEN SPEAKING TO O'BRIEN, THE MEANING OF HIS WORDS SINK IN...
IT'S LIKE STEPPING INTO THE DAMPNESS OF A GRAVE, AND ISN'T IT BETTER TO ALWAYS KNOW THE GRAVE'S THERE WAITING FOR YOU?
THE DICTIONARY'S BUT A CONTRIVANCE. THE CONSPIRACY I'VE DREAMED OF EXISTS...
AND I'VE REACHED THE OUTER EDGES OF IT.

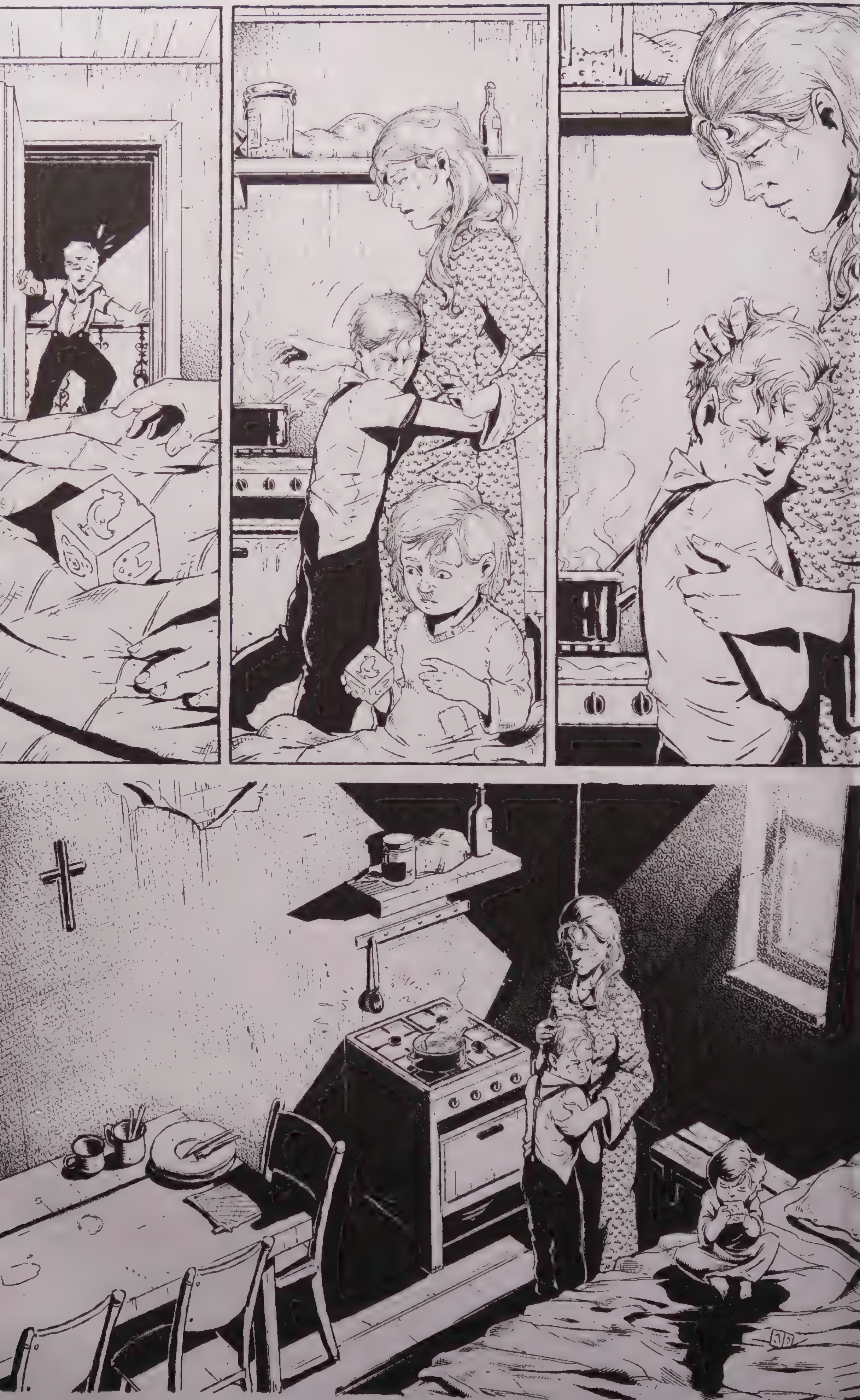
CHAPTER 7

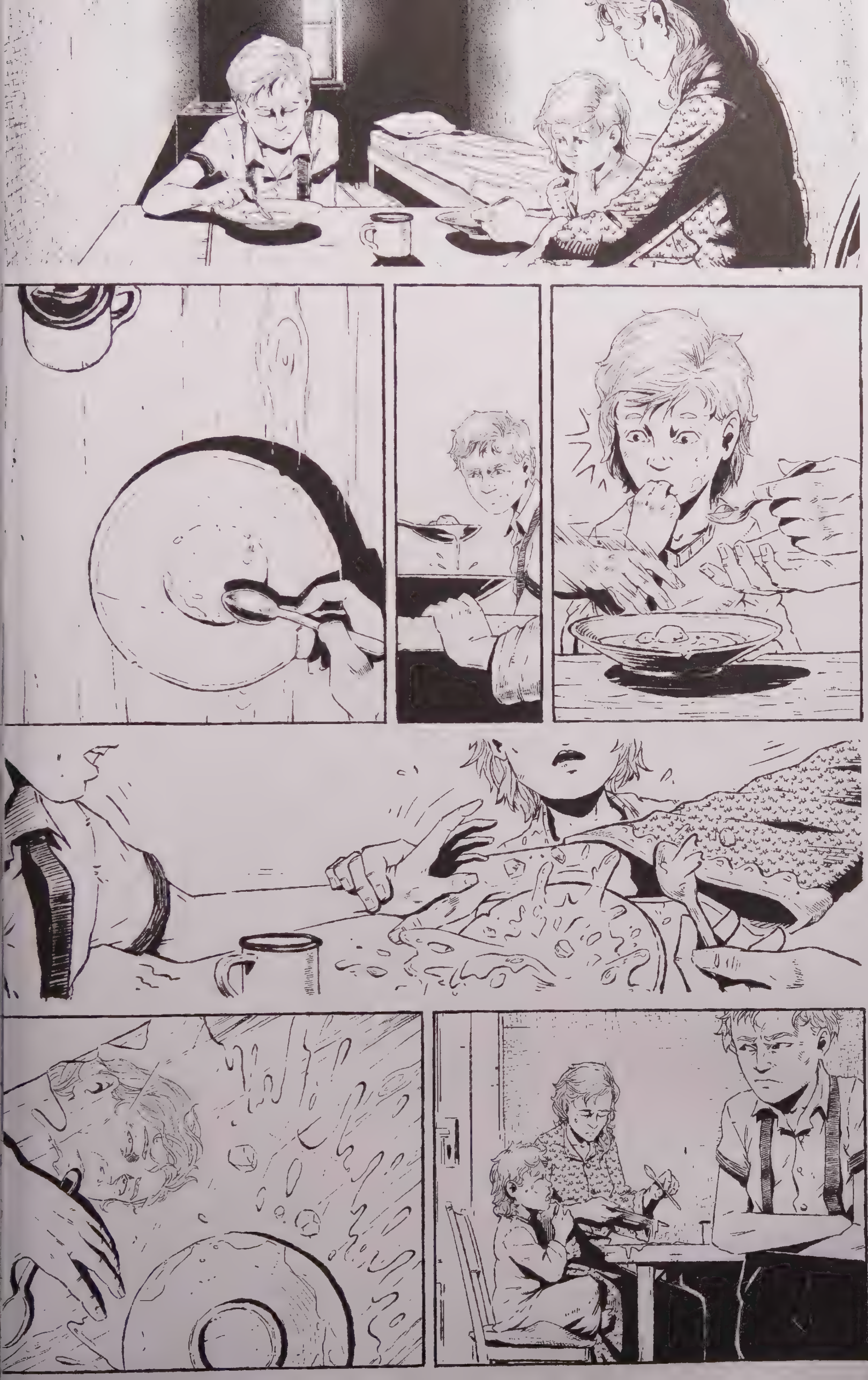
... HIS WHOLE LIFE SEEMED TO STRETCH OUT
BEFORE HIM LIKE A LANDSCAPE
ON A SUMMER EVENING AFTER RAIN.

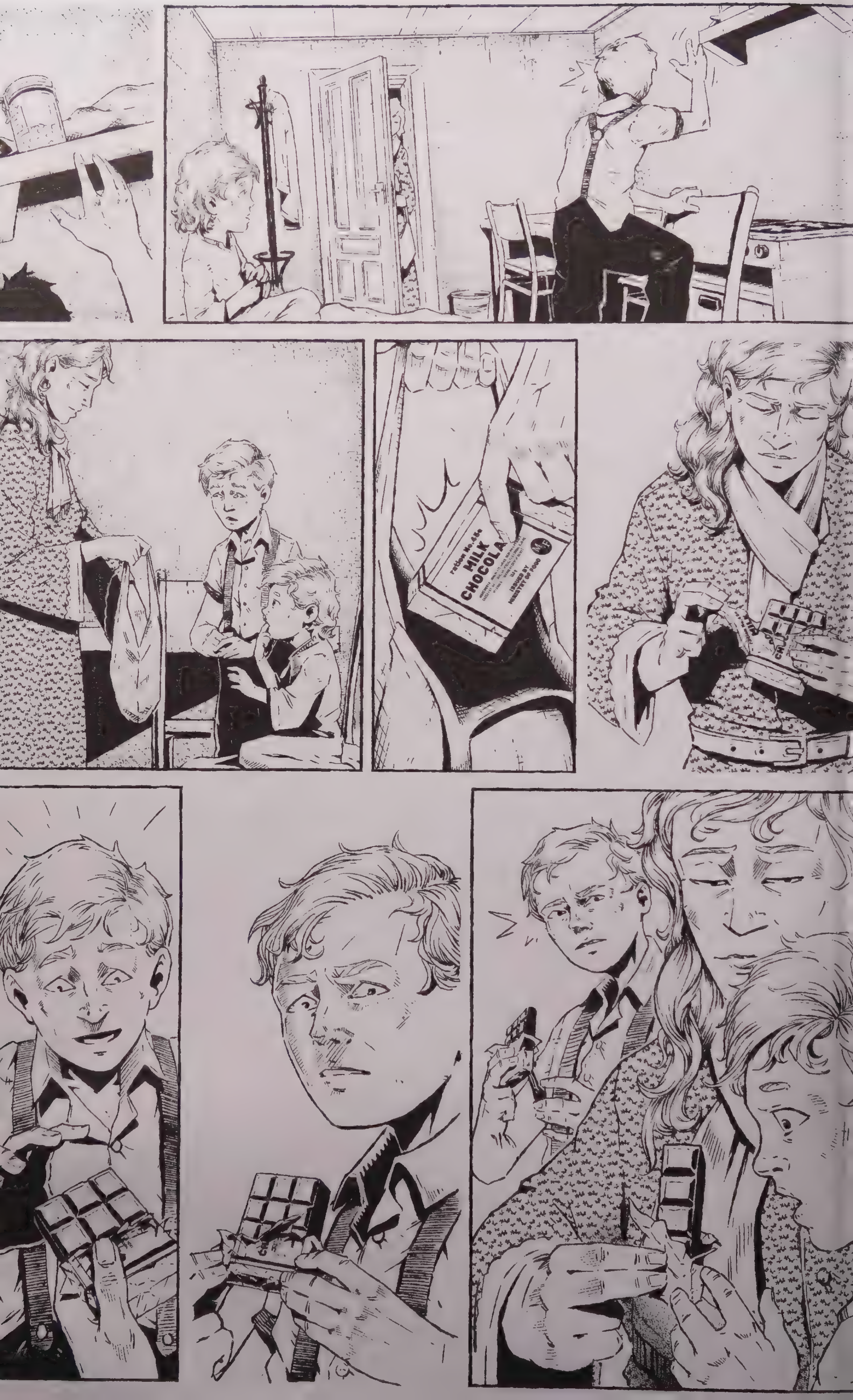
ration No.45c
MILK CHOCOLATE
INGREDIENTS : CHOCOLATE
COCOA FAT, OAT FLOUR
VITAMINE

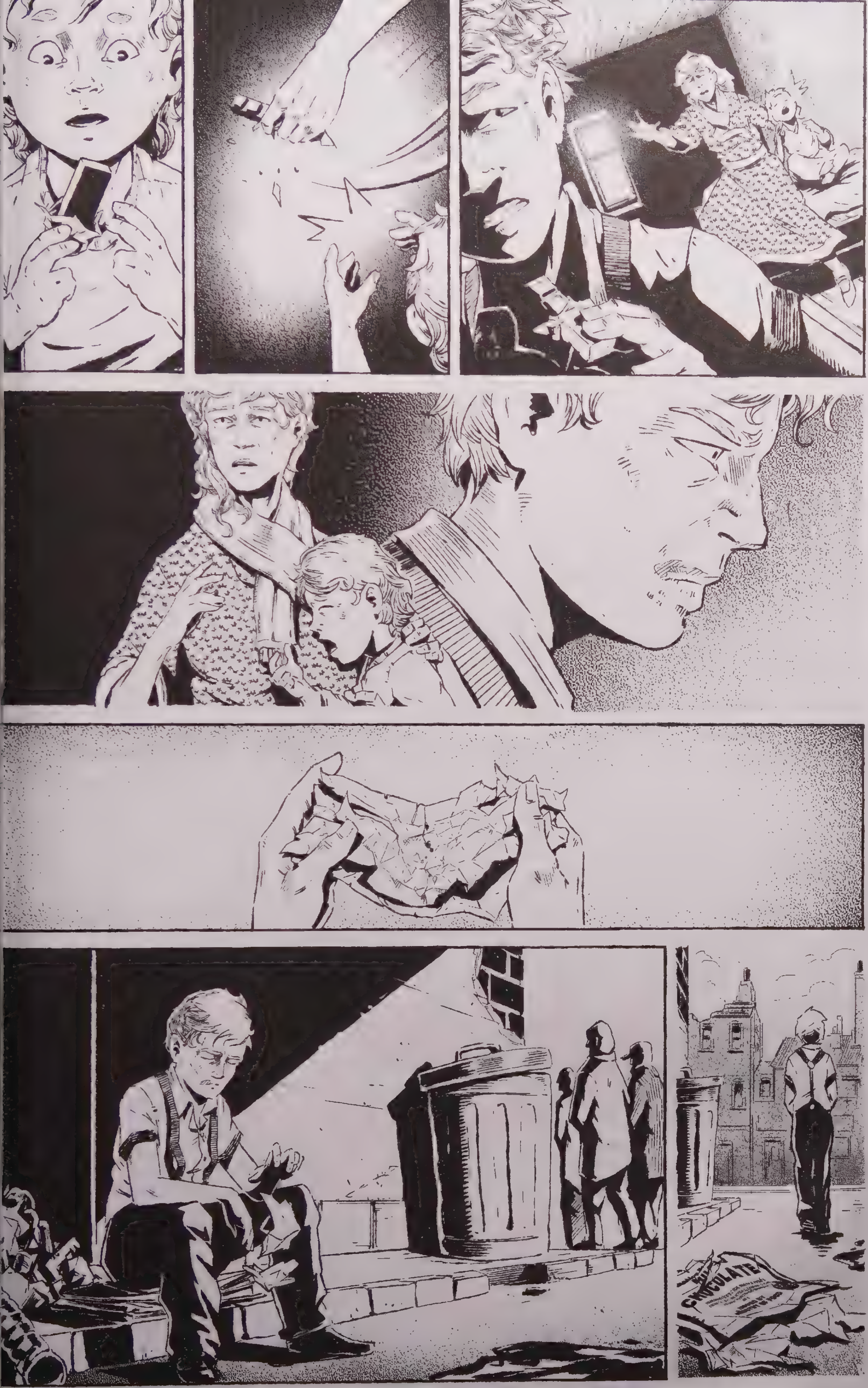

BAD DREAMS?
DO YOU KNOW... UNTIL THIS MOMENT I'VE BELIEVED I *MURDERED* MY MOTHER?
WHY DID YOU?
I DIDN'T... MURDER HER.
NOT *PHYSICALLY.*

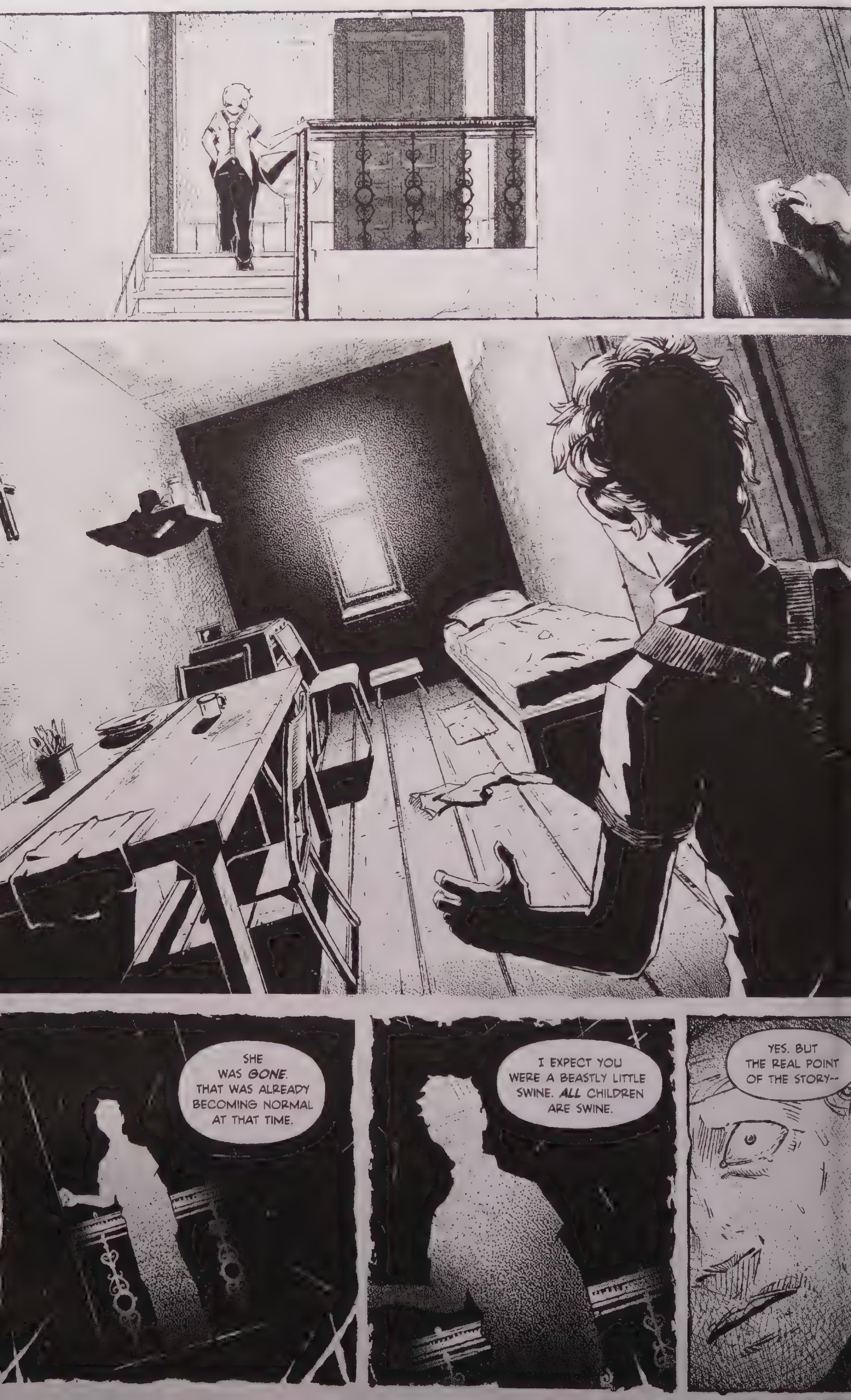

ALDOUS BAKERY
KABOOM
IS

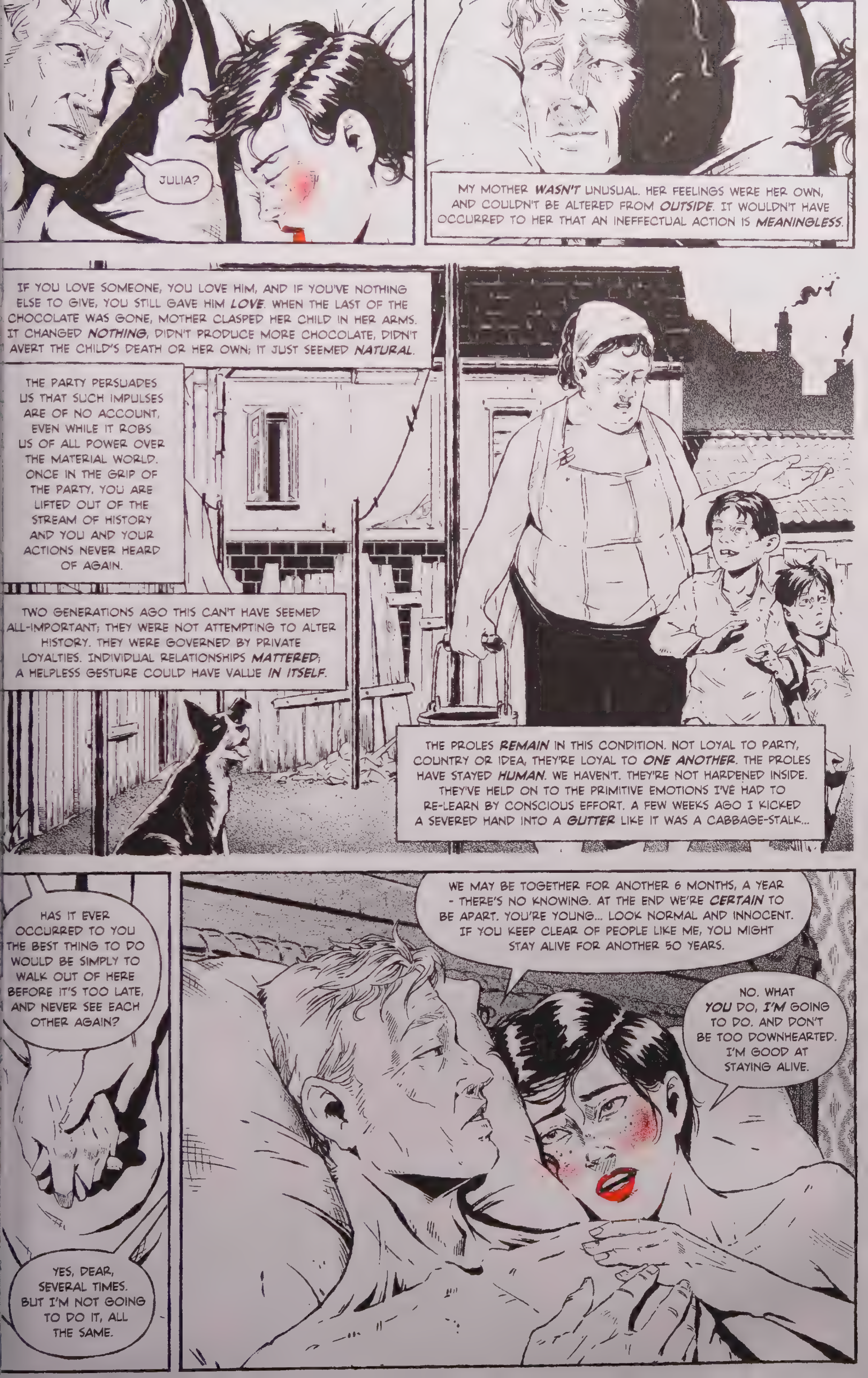


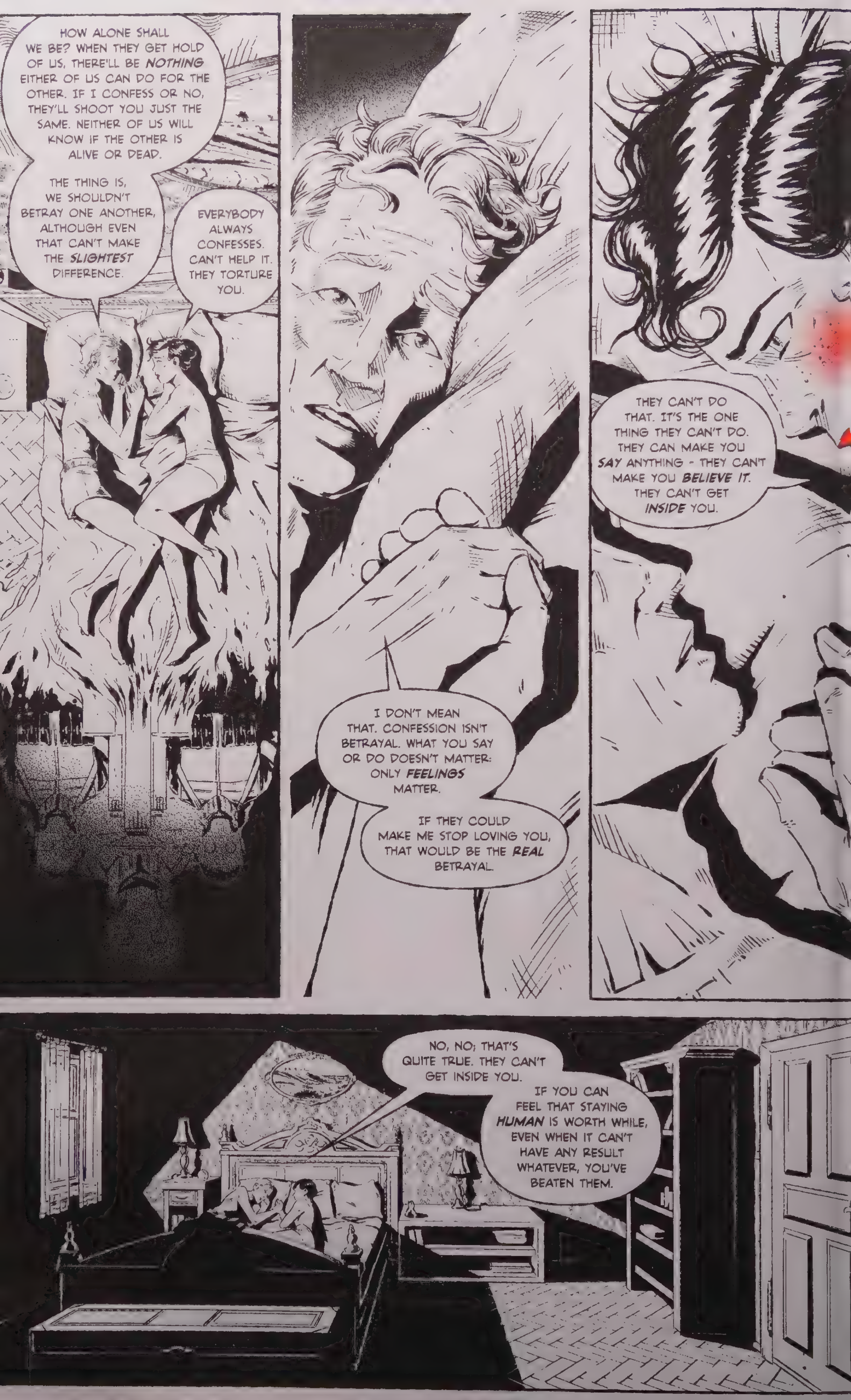



ration No. 456
MILK
CHOCOLA
ISSUED BY
MINISTRY OF FOOD


CHOCOLATE

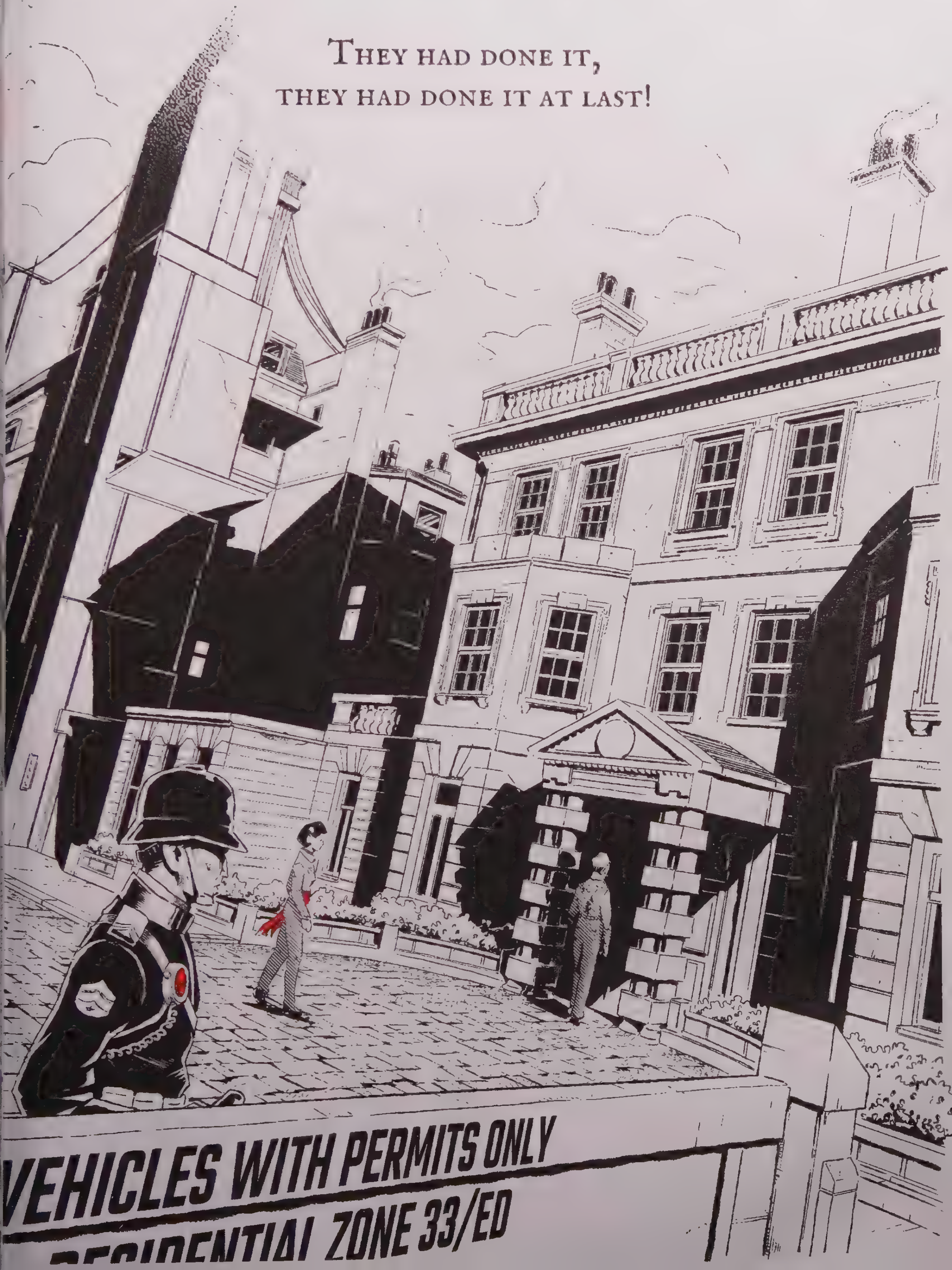

SHE WAS *GONE*. THAT WAS ALREADY BECOMING NORMAL AT THAT TIME.
I EXPECT YOU WERE A BEASTLY LITTLE SWINE. *ALL* CHILDREN ARE SWINE.
YES. BUT THE REAL POINT OF THE STORY--

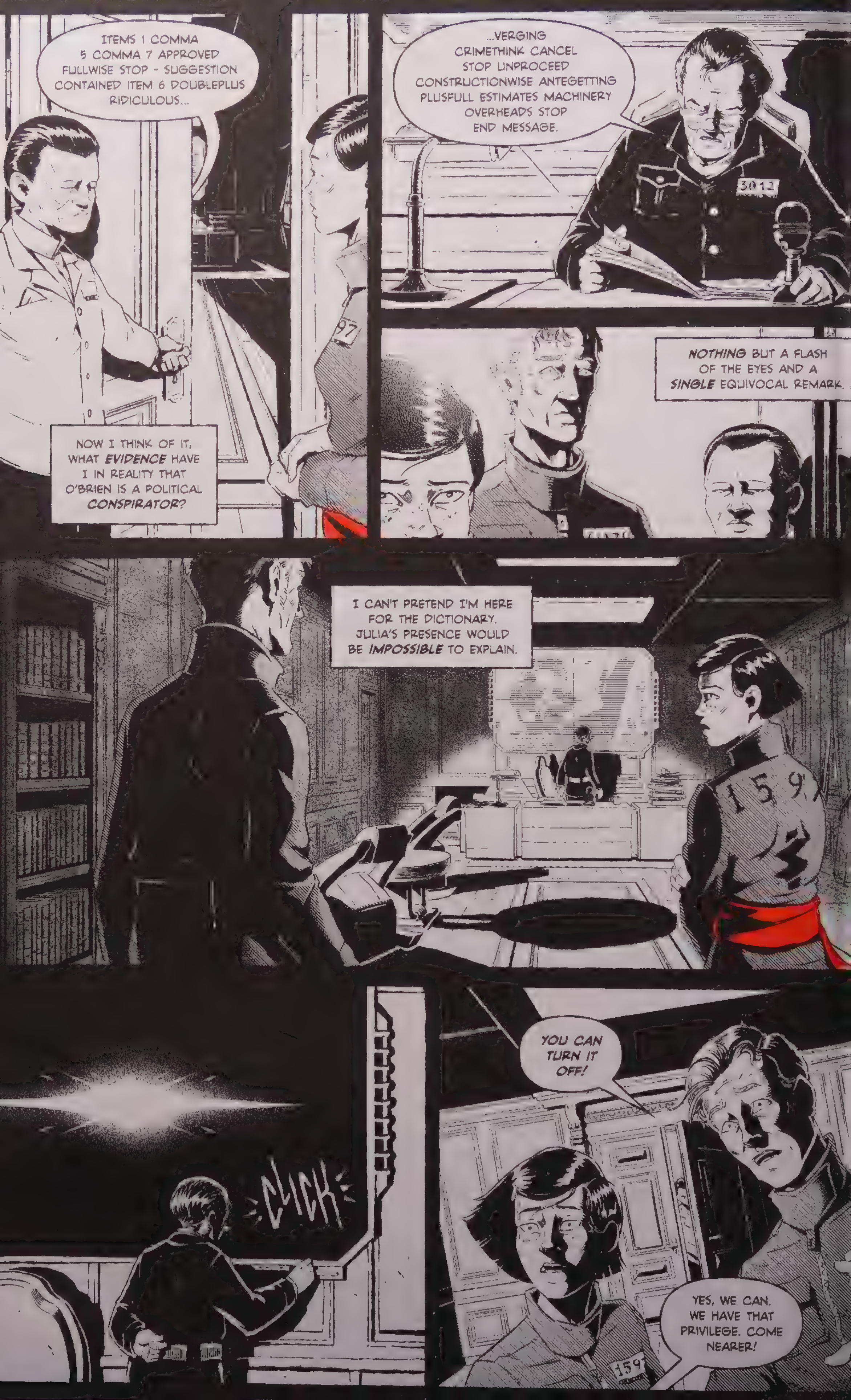

JULIA?
MY MOTHER *WASN'T* UNUSUAL. HER FEELINGS WERE HER OWN, AND COULDN'T BE ALTERED FROM *OUTSIDE*. IT WOULDN'T HAVE OCCURRED TO HER THAT AN INEFFECTUAL ACTION IS *MEANINGLESS*.
IF YOU LOVE SOMEONE, YOU LOVE HIM, AND IF YOU'VE NOTHING ELSE TO GIVE, YOU STILL GAVE HIM *LOVE*. WHEN THE LAST OF THE CHOCOLATE WAS GONE, MOTHER CLASPED HER CHILD IN HER ARMS. IT CHANGED *NOTHING*, DIDN'T PRODUCE MORE CHOCOLATE, DIDN'T AVERT THE CHILD'S DEATH OR HER OWN; IT JUST SEEMED *NATURAL*.
THE PARTY PERSUADES US THAT SUCH IMPULSES ARE OF NO ACCOUNT, EVEN WHILE IT ROBS US OF ALL POWER OVER THE MATERIAL WORLD. ONCE IN THE GRIP OF THE PARTY, YOU ARE LIFTED OUT OF THE STREAM OF HISTORY AND YOU AND YOUR ACTIONS NEVER HEARD OF AGAIN.
TWO GENERATIONS AGO THIS CAN'T HAVE SEEMED ALL-IMPORTANT; THEY WERE NOT ATTEMPTING TO ALTER HISTORY. THEY WERE GOVERNED BY PRIVATE LOYALTIES. INDIVIDUAL RELATIONSHIPS *MATTERED*; A HELPLESS GESTURE COULD HAVE VALUE *IN ITSELF*.
THE PROLES *REMAIN* IN THIS CONDITION. NOT LOYAL TO PARTY, COUNTRY OR IDEA, THEY'RE LOYAL TO *ONE ANOTHER*. THE PROLES HAVE STAYED *HUMAN*. WE HAVEN'T. THEY'RE NOT HARDENED INSIDE. THEY'VE HELD ON TO THE PRIMITIVE EMOTIONS I'VE HAD TO RE-LEARN BY CONSCIOUS EFFORT. A FEW WEEKS AGO I KICKED A SEVERED HAND INTO A *GUTTER* LIKE IT WAS A CABBAGE-STALK...
HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU THE BEST THING TO DO WOULD BE SIMPLY TO WALK OUT OF HERE BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE, AND NEVER SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN?
YES, DEAR, SEVERAL TIMES. BUT I'M NOT GOING TO DO IT, ALL THE SAME.
WE MAY BE TOGETHER FOR ANOTHER 6 MONTHS, A YEAR - THERE'S NO KNOWING. AT THE END WE'RE *CERTAIN* TO BE APART. YOU'RE YOUNG... LOOK NORMAL AND INNOCENT. IF YOU KEEP CLEAR OF PEOPLE LIKE ME, YOU MIGHT STAY ALIVE FOR ANOTHER 50 YEARS.
NO. WHAT *YOU* DO, *I'M* GOING TO DO. AND DON'T BE TOO DOWNHEARTED. I'M GOOD AT STAYING ALIVE.

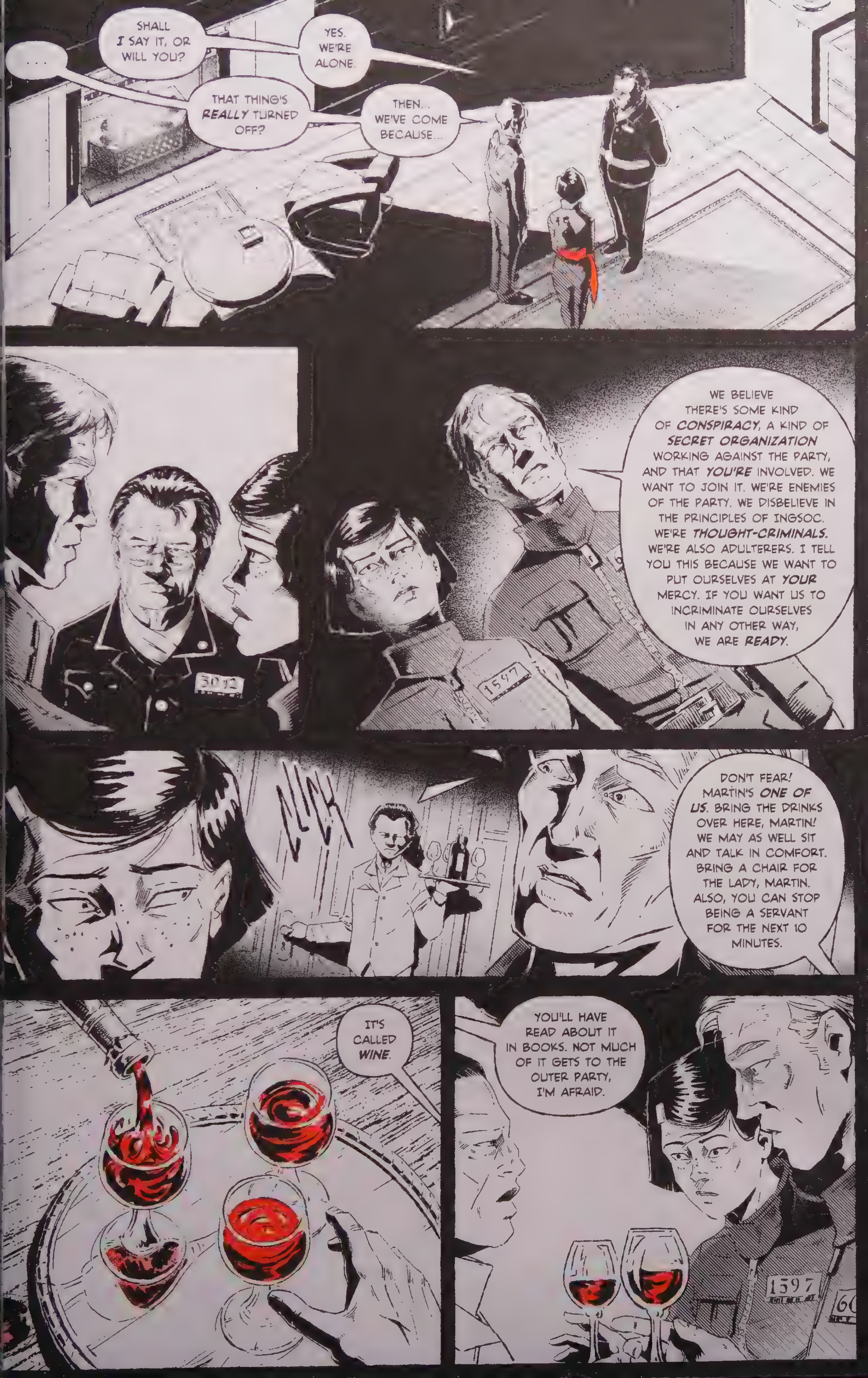

HOW ALONE SHALL WE BE? WHEN THEY GET HOLD OF US, THERE'LL BE *NOTHING* EITHER OF US CAN DO FOR THE OTHER. IF I CONFESS OR NO, THEY'LL SHOOT YOU JUST THE SAME. NEITHER OF US WILL KNOW IF THE OTHER IS ALIVE OR DEAD.
THE THING IS, WE SHOULDN'T BETRAY ONE ANOTHER, ALTHOUGH EVEN THAT CAN'T MAKE THE *SLIGHTEST* DIFFERENCE.
EVERYBODY ALWAYS CONFESSES. CAN'T HELP IT. THEY TORTURE YOU.
I DON'T MEAN THAT. CONFESSION ISN'T BETRAYAL. WHAT YOU SAY OR DO DOESN'T MATTER: ONLY *FEELINGS* MATTER.
IF THEY COULD MAKE ME STOP LOVING YOU, THAT WOULD BE THE *REAL* BETRAYAL.
THEY CAN'T DO THAT. IT'S THE ONE THING THEY CAN'T DO. THEY CAN MAKE YOU *SAY* ANYTHING - THEY CAN'T MAKE YOU *BELIEVE IT*. THEY CAN'T GET *INSIDE* YOU.
NO, NO; THAT'S QUITE TRUE. THEY CAN'T GET INSIDE YOU.
IF YOU CAN FEEL THAT STAYING *HUMAN* IS WORTH WHILE, EVEN WHEN IT CAN'T HAVE ANY RESULT WHATEVER, YOU'VE BEATEN THEM.

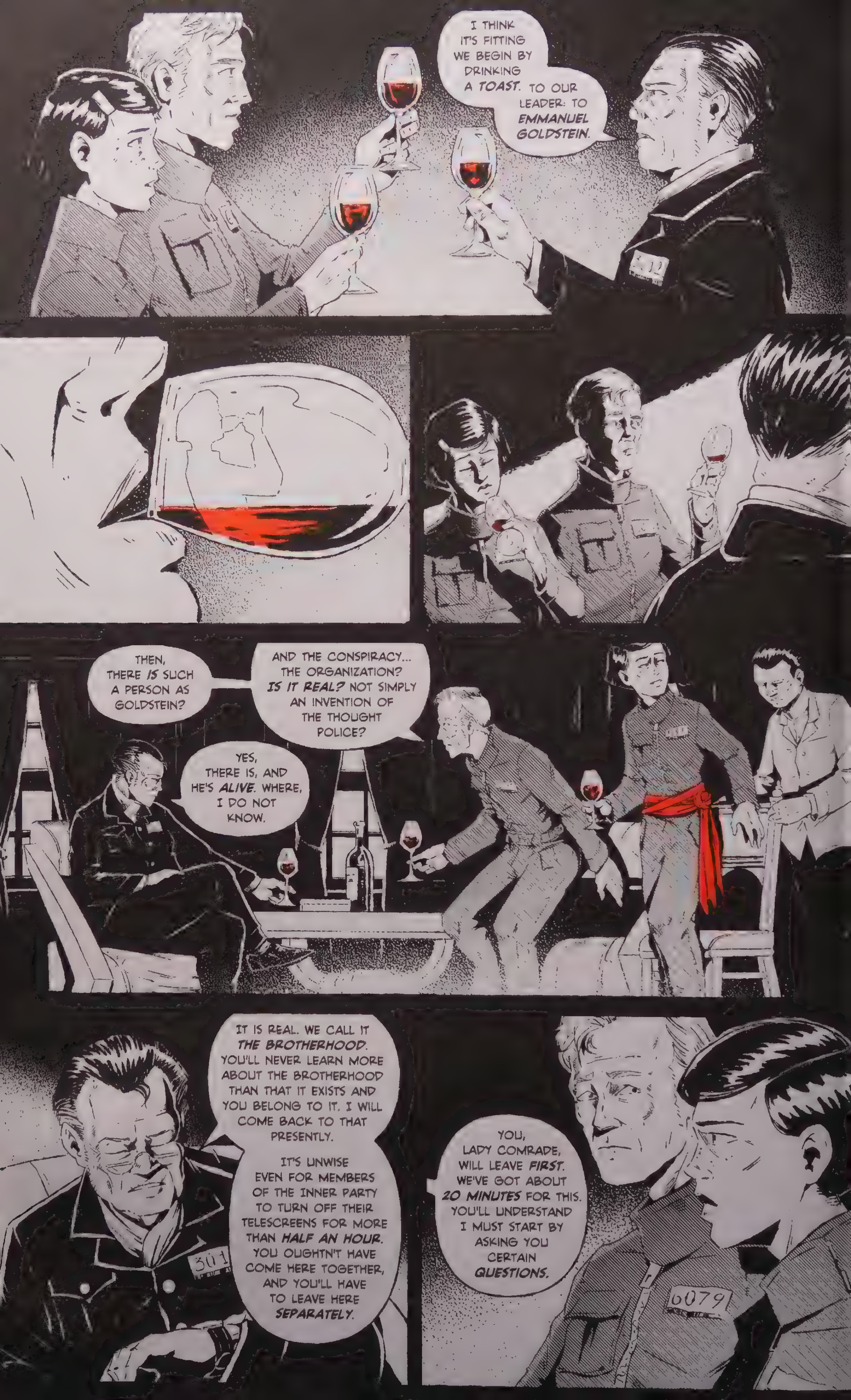
CHAPTER 8

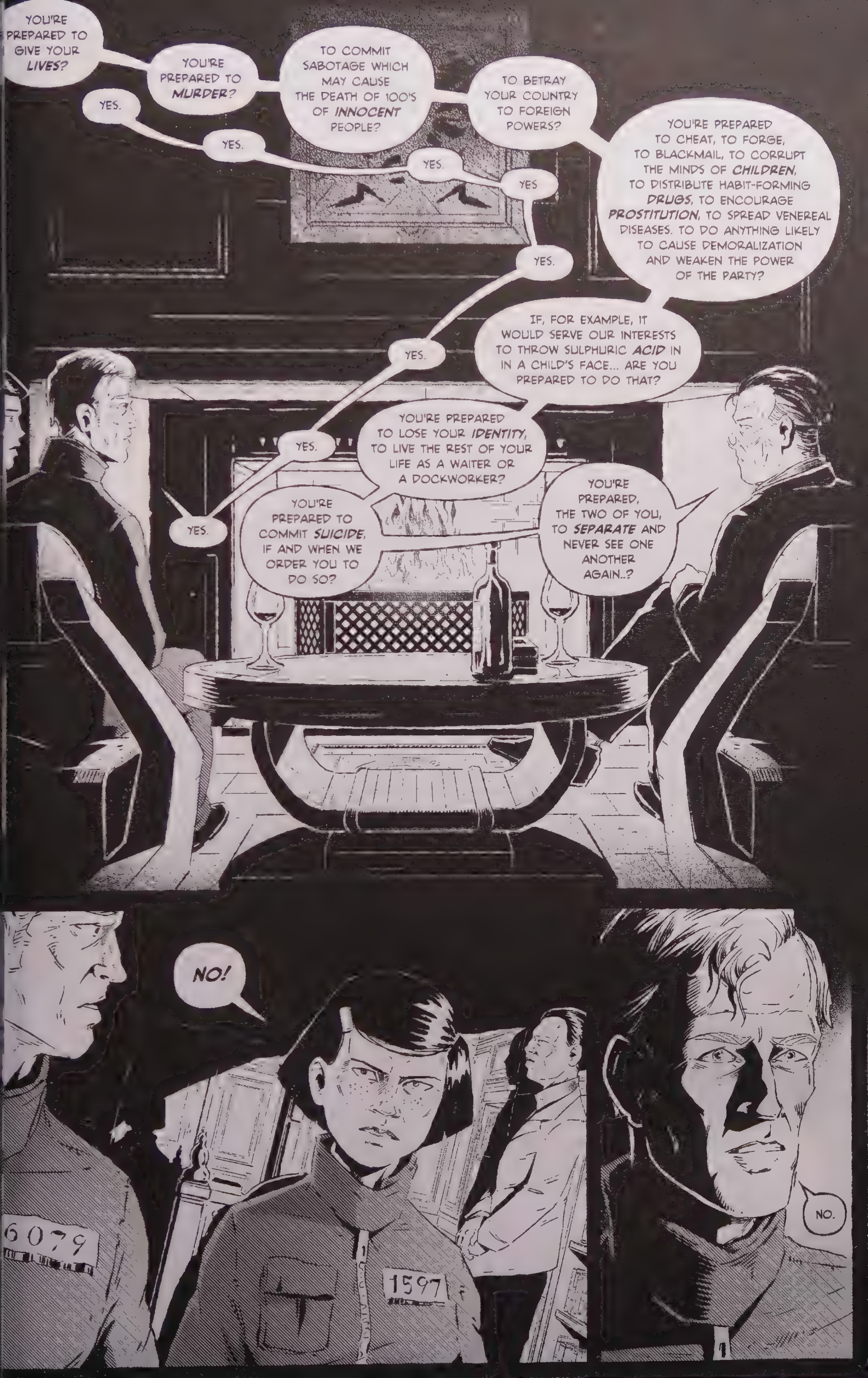
THEY HAD DONE IT, THEY HAD DONE IT AT LAST!

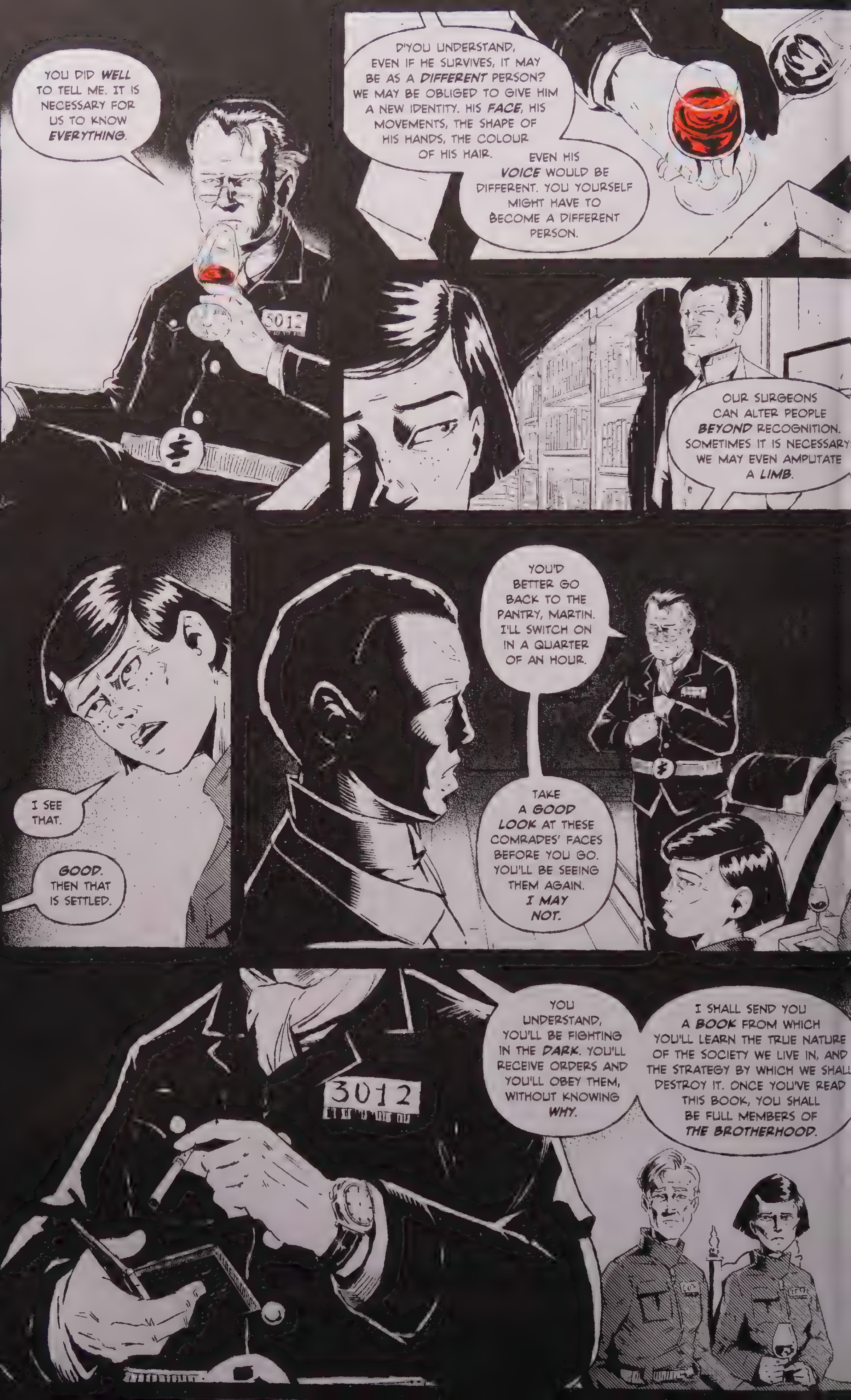

VEHICLES WITH PERMITS ONLY
RESIDENTIAL ZONE 33/ED

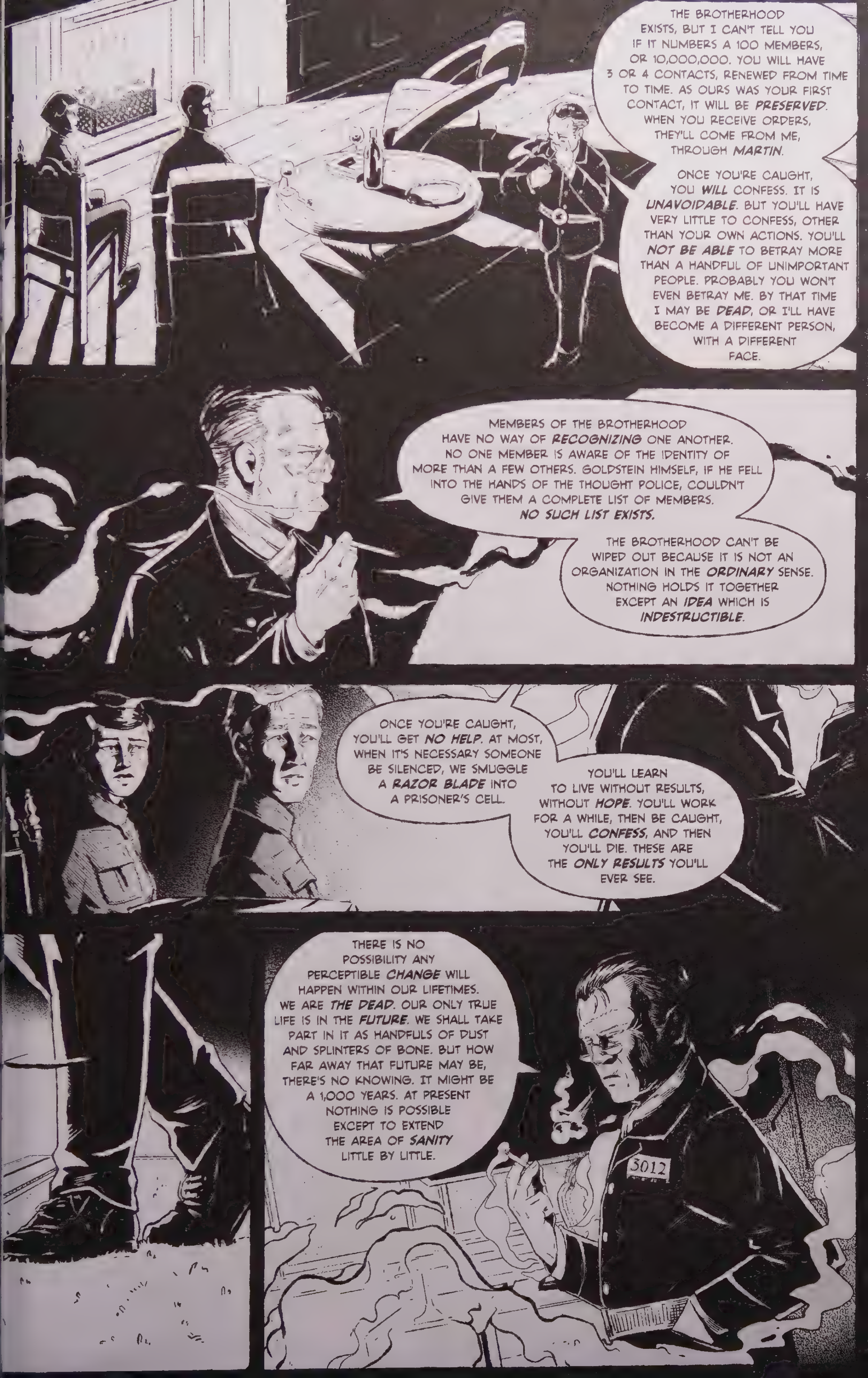

ITEMS 1 COMMA 5 COMMA 7 APPROVED FULLWISE STOP - SUGGESTION CONTAINED ITEM 6 DOUBLEPLUS RIDICULOUS...
NOW I THINK OF IT, WHAT *EVIDENCE* HAVE I IN REALITY THAT O'BRIEN IS A POLITICAL *CONSPIRATOR?*
97
...VERGING CRIMETHINK CANCEL STOP UNPROCEED CONSTRUCTIONWISE ANTEGETTING PLUSFULL ESTIMATES MACHINERY OVERHEADS STOP END MESSAGE.
3012
NOTHING BUT A FLASH OF THE EYES AND A *SINGLE* EQUIVOCAL REMARK.
I CAN'T PRETEND I'M HERE FOR THE DICTIONARY. JULIA'S PRESENCE WOULD BE *IMPOSSIBLE* TO EXPLAIN.
159
CLICK
YOU CAN TURN IT OFF!
YES, WE CAN. WE HAVE THAT PRIVILEGE. COME NEARER!
159

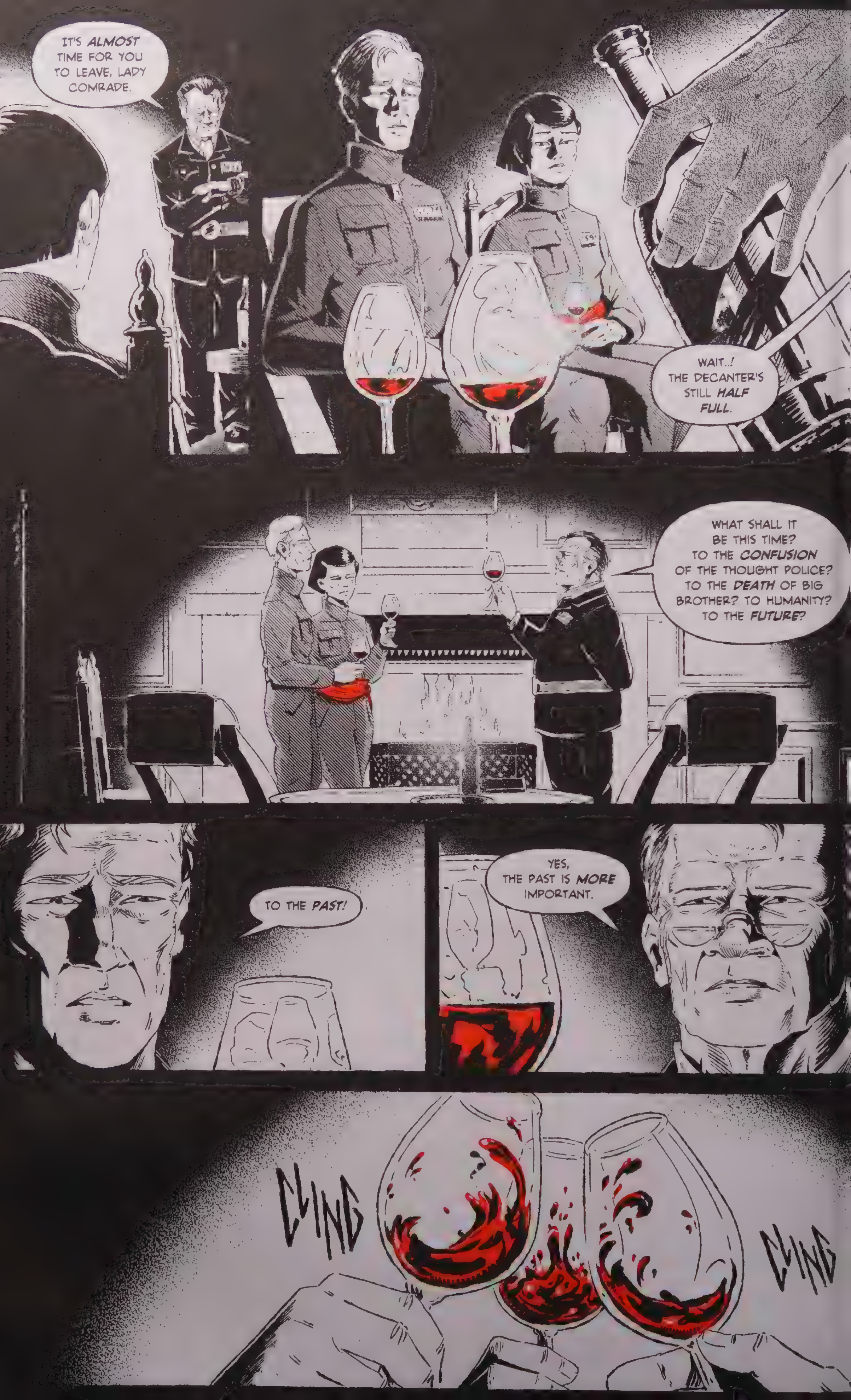

. . . .
SHALL *I* SAY IT, OR WILL YOU?
YES. WE'RE ALONE.
THAT THING'S *REALLY* TURNED OFF?
THEN.. WE'VE COME BECAUSE...
3012
WE BELIEVE THERE'S SOME KIND OF *CONSPIRACY*, A KIND OF *SECRET ORGANIZATION* WORKING AGAINST THE PARTY, AND THAT *YOU'RE* INVOLVED. WE WANT TO JOIN IT. WE'RE ENEMIES OF THE PARTY. WE DISBELIEVE IN THE PRINCIPLES OF INGSOC. WE'RE *THOUGHT-CRIMINALS*. WE'RE ALSO ADULTERERS. I TELL YOU THIS BECAUSE WE WANT TO PUT OURSELVES AT *YOUR* MERCY. IF YOU WANT US TO INCRIMINATE OURSELVES IN ANY OTHER WAY, WE ARE *READY*.
1597
CLICK
DON'T FEAR! MARTIN'S *ONE OF US*. BRING THE DRINKS OVER HERE, MARTIN! WE MAY AS WELL SIT AND TALK IN COMFORT. BRING A CHAIR FOR THE LADY, MARTIN. ALSO, YOU CAN STOP BEING A SERVANT FOR THE NEXT 10 MINUTES.
IT'S CALLED *WINE*.
YOU'LL HAVE READ ABOUT IT IN BOOKS. NOT MUCH OF IT GETS TO THE OUTER PARTY, I'M AFRAID.
1597

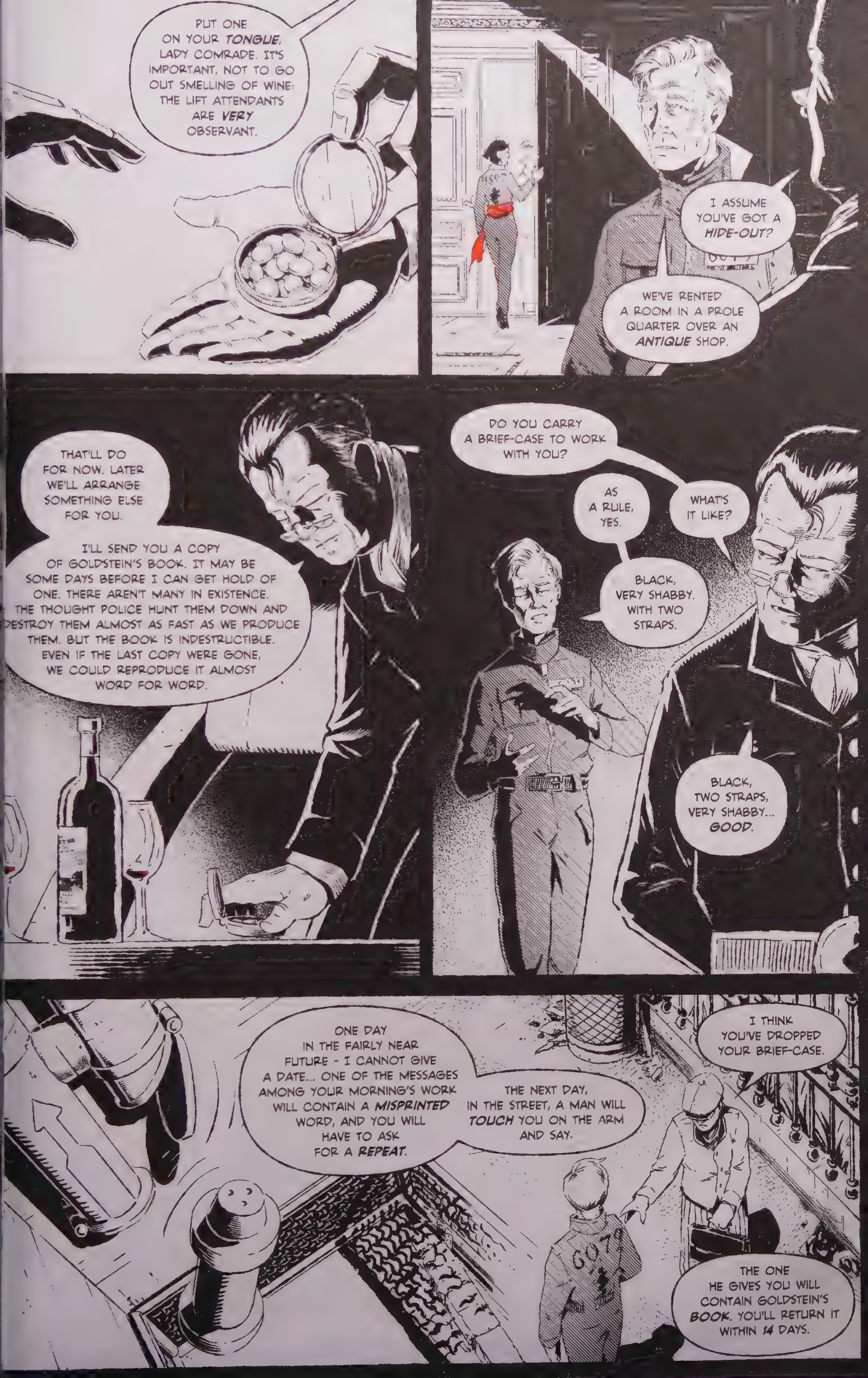

I THINK IT'S FITTING WE BEGIN BY DRINKING A *TOAST*. TO OUR LEADER: TO ***EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN***.
THEN, THERE *IS* SUCH A PERSON AS GOLDSTEIN?
AND THE CONSPIRACY... THE ORGANIZATION? ***IS IT REAL?*** NOT SIMPLY AN INVENTION OF THE THOUGHT POLICE?
YES, THERE IS, AND HE'S ***ALIVE***. WHERE, I DO NOT KNOW.
IT IS REAL. WE CALL IT ***THE BROTHERHOOD***. YOU'LL NEVER LEARN MORE ABOUT THE BROTHERHOOD THAN THAT IT EXISTS AND YOU BELONG TO IT. I WILL COME BACK TO THAT PRESENTLY.
IT'S UNWISE EVEN FOR MEMBERS OF THE INNER PARTY TO TURN OFF THEIR TELESCREENS FOR MORE THAN ***HALF AN HOUR***. YOU OUGHTN'T HAVE COME HERE TOGETHER, AND YOU'LL HAVE TO LEAVE HERE ***SEPARATELY***.
YOU, LADY COMRADE, WILL LEAVE ***FIRST***. WE'VE GOT ABOUT ***20 MINUTES*** FOR THIS. YOU'LL UNDERSTAND I MUST START BY ASKING YOU CERTAIN ***QUESTIONS***.
6079

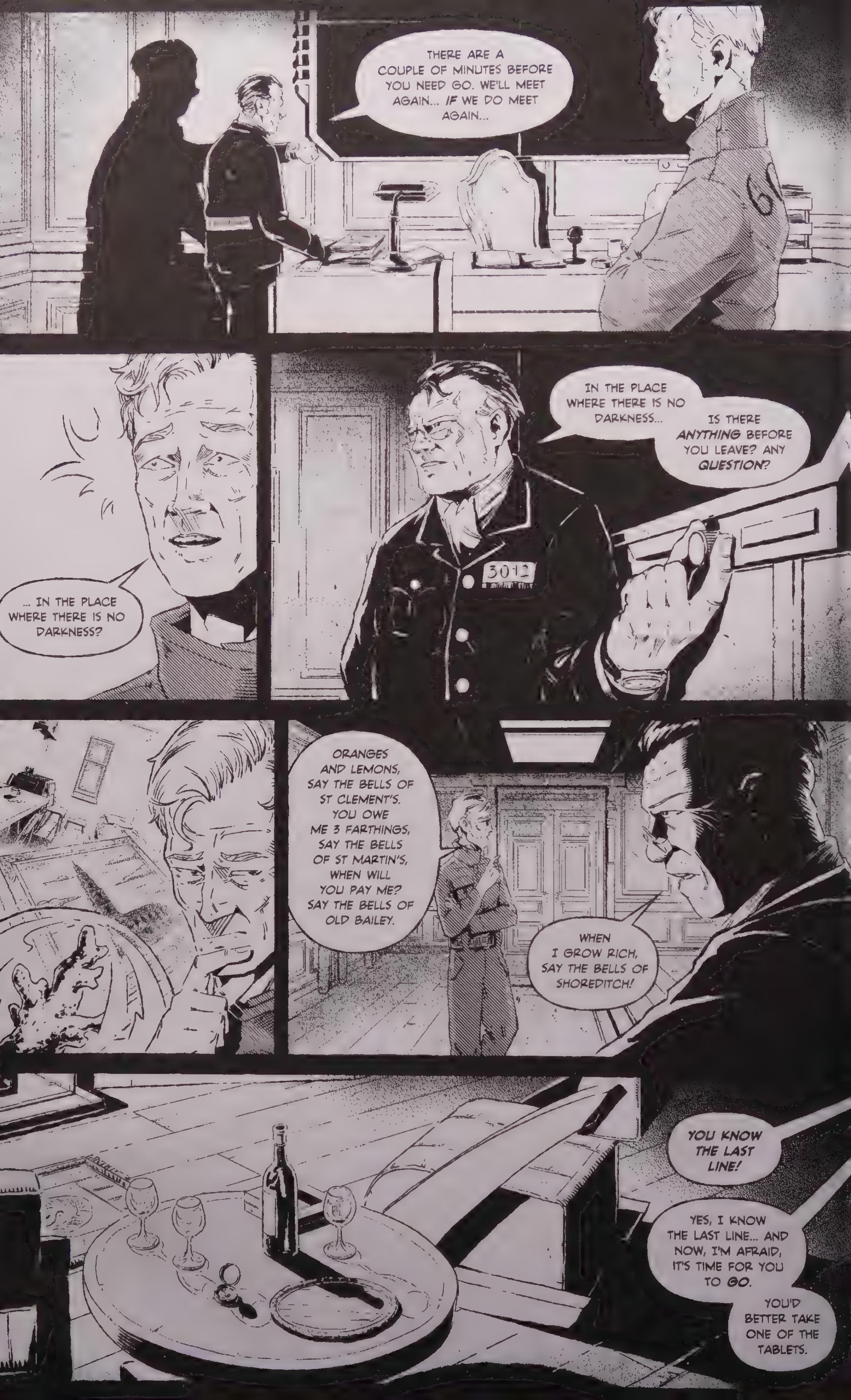

YOU'RE PREPARED TO GIVE YOUR *LIVES?*
YES.
YOU'RE PREPARED TO *MURDER?*
YES.
TO COMMIT SABOTAGE WHICH MAY CAUSE THE DEATH OF 100'S OF *INNOCENT* PEOPLE?
YES.
TO BETRAY YOUR COUNTRY TO FOREIGN POWERS?
YES
YOU'RE PREPARED TO CHEAT, TO FORGE, TO BLACKMAIL, TO CORRUPT THE MINDS OF *CHILDREN*, TO DISTRIBUTE HABIT-FORMING *DRUGS*, TO ENCOURAGE *PROSTITUTION*, TO SPREAD VENEREAL DISEASES. TO DO ANYTHING LIKELY TO CAUSE DEMORALIZATION AND WEAKEN THE POWER OF THE PARTY?
YES.
IF, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WOULD SERVE OUR INTERESTS TO THROW SULPHURIC *ACID* IN IN A CHILD'S FACE... ARE YOU PREPARED TO DO THAT?
YES.
YOU'RE PREPARED TO LOSE YOUR *IDENTITY*, TO LIVE THE REST OF YOUR LIFE AS A WAITER OR A DOCKWORKER?
YES.
YOU'RE PREPARED TO COMMIT *SUICIDE*, IF AND WHEN WE ORDER YOU TO DO SO?
YES.
YOU'RE PREPARED, THE TWO OF YOU, TO *SEPARATE* AND NEVER SEE ONE ANOTHER AGAIN..?
6079
NO!
1597
NO.


YOU DID *WELL* TO TELL ME. IT IS NECESSARY FOR US TO KNOW *EVERYTHING*.
D'YOU UNDERSTAND, EVEN IF HE SURVIVES, IT MAY BE AS A *DIFFERENT* PERSON? WE MAY BE OBLIGED TO GIVE HIM A NEW IDENTITY. HIS *FACE*, HIS MOVEMENTS, THE SHAPE OF HIS HANDS, THE COLOUR OF HIS HAIR.
EVEN HIS *VOICE* WOULD BE DIFFERENT. YOU YOURSELF MIGHT HAVE TO BECOME A DIFFERENT PERSON.
3012
OUR SURGEONS CAN ALTER PEOPLE *BEYOND* RECOGNITION. SOMETIMES IT IS NECESSARY. WE MAY EVEN AMPUTATE A *LIMB*.
I SEE THAT.
GOOD. THEN THAT IS SETTLED.
YOU'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE PANTRY, MARTIN. I'LL SWITCH ON IN A QUARTER OF AN HOUR.
TAKE A *GOOD LOOK* AT THESE COMRADES' FACES BEFORE YOU GO. YOU'LL BE SEEING THEM AGAIN. *I MAY NOT*.
3012
YOU UNDERSTAND, YOU'LL BE FIGHTING IN THE *DARK*. YOU'LL RECEIVE ORDERS AND YOU'LL OBEY THEM, WITHOUT KNOWING *WHY*.
I SHALL SEND YOU A *BOOK* FROM WHICH YOU'LL LEARN THE TRUE NATURE OF THE SOCIETY WE LIVE IN, AND THE STRATEGY BY WHICH WE SHALL DESTROY IT. ONCE YOU'VE READ THIS BOOK, YOU SHALL BE FULL MEMBERS OF *THE BROTHERHOOD*.


THE BROTHERHOOD EXISTS, BUT I CAN'T TELL YOU IF IT NUMBERS A 100 MEMBERS, OR 10,000,000. YOU WILL HAVE 3 OR 4 CONTACTS, RENEWED FROM TIME TO TIME. AS OURS WAS YOUR FIRST CONTACT, IT WILL BE *PRESERVED*. WHEN YOU RECEIVE ORDERS, THEY'LL COME FROM ME, THROUGH *MARTIN*.
ONCE YOU'RE CAUGHT, YOU *WILL* CONFESS. IT IS *UNAVOIDABLE*. BUT YOU'LL HAVE VERY LITTLE TO CONFESS, OTHER THAN YOUR OWN ACTIONS. YOU'LL *NOT BE ABLE* TO BETRAY MORE THAN A HANDFUL OF UNIMPORTANT PEOPLE. PROBABLY YOU WON'T EVEN BETRAY ME. BY THAT TIME I MAY BE *DEAD*, OR I'LL HAVE BECOME A DIFFERENT PERSON, WITH A DIFFERENT FACE.
MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD HAVE NO WAY OF *RECOGNIZING* ONE ANOTHER. NO ONE MEMBER IS AWARE OF THE IDENTITY OF MORE THAN A FEW OTHERS. GOLDSTEIN HIMSELF, IF HE FELL INTO THE HANDS OF THE THOUGHT POLICE, COULDN'T GIVE THEM A COMPLETE LIST OF MEMBERS. *NO SUCH LIST EXISTS.*
THE BROTHERHOOD CAN'T BE WIPED OUT BECAUSE IT IS NOT AN ORGANIZATION IN THE *ORDINARY* SENSE. NOTHING HOLDS IT TOGETHER EXCEPT AN *IDEA* WHICH IS *INDESTRUCTIBLE*.
ONCE YOU'RE CAUGHT, YOU'LL GET *NO HELP*. AT MOST, WHEN IT'S NECESSARY SOMEONE BE SILENCED, WE SMUGGLE A *RAZOR BLADE* INTO A PRISONER'S CELL.
YOU'LL LEARN TO LIVE WITHOUT RESULTS, WITHOUT *HOPE*. YOU'LL WORK FOR A WHILE, THEN BE CAUGHT, YOU'LL *CONFESS*, AND THEN YOU'LL DIE. THESE ARE THE *ONLY RESULTS* YOU'LL EVER SEE.
THERE IS NO POSSIBILITY ANY PERCEPTIBLE *CHANGE* WILL HAPPEN WITHIN OUR LIFETIMES. WE ARE *THE DEAD*. OUR ONLY TRUE LIFE IS IN THE *FUTURE*. WE SHALL TAKE PART IN IT AS HANDFULS OF DUST AND SPLINTERS OF BONE. BUT HOW FAR AWAY THAT FUTURE MAY BE, THERE'S NO KNOWING. IT MIGHT BE A 1,000 YEARS. AT PRESENT NOTHING IS POSSIBLE EXCEPT TO EXTEND THE AREA OF *SANITY* LITTLE BY LITTLE.
3012

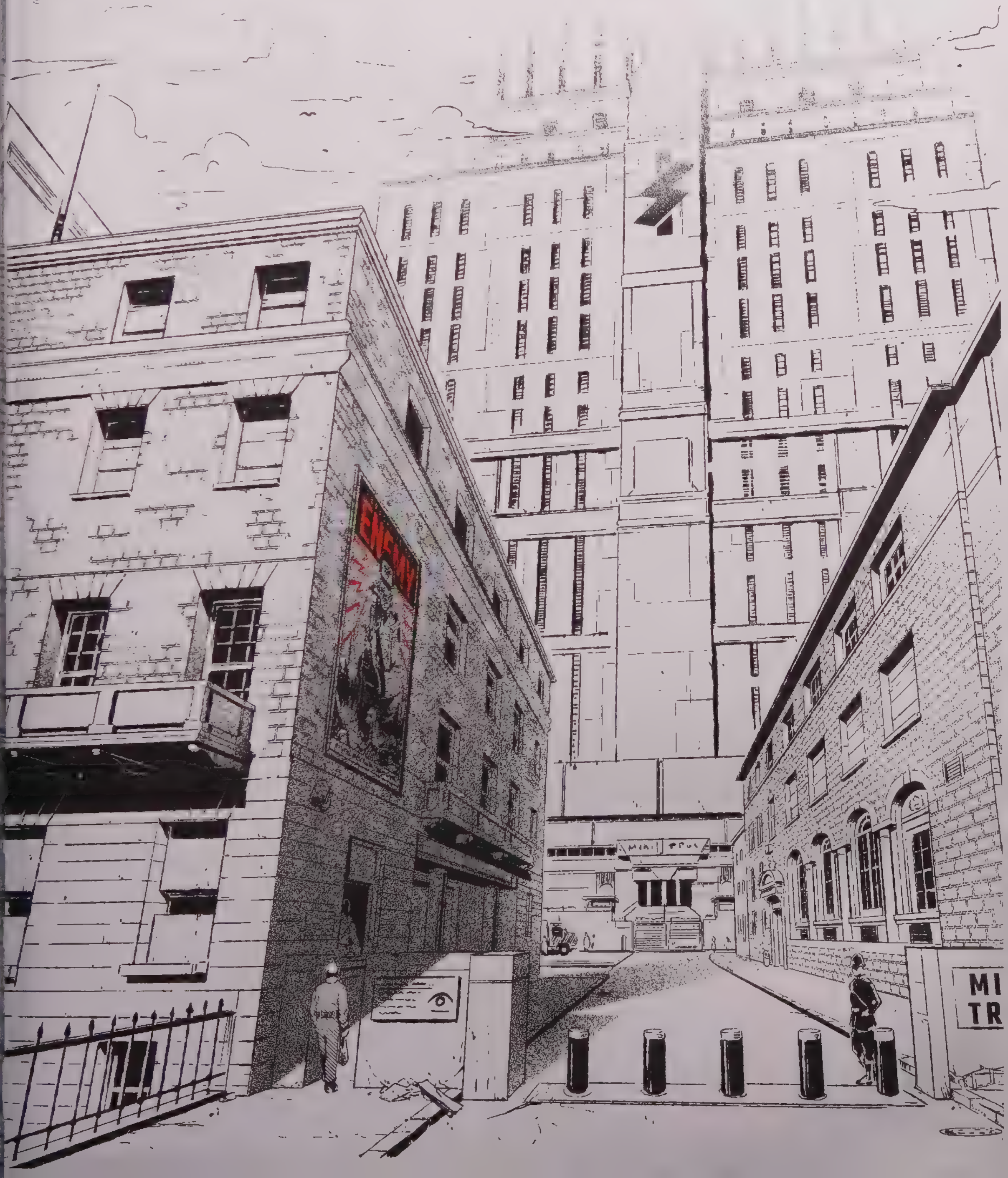

IT'S ALMOST TIME FOR YOU TO LEAVE, LADY COMRADE.
WAIT..! THE DECANTER'S STILL HALF FULL.
WHAT SHALL IT BE THIS TIME? TO THE CONFUSION OF THE THOUGHT POLICE? TO THE DEATH OF BIG BROTHER? TO HUMANITY? TO THE FUTURE?
TO THE PAST!
YES, THE PAST IS MORE IMPORTANT.
CLING
CLING

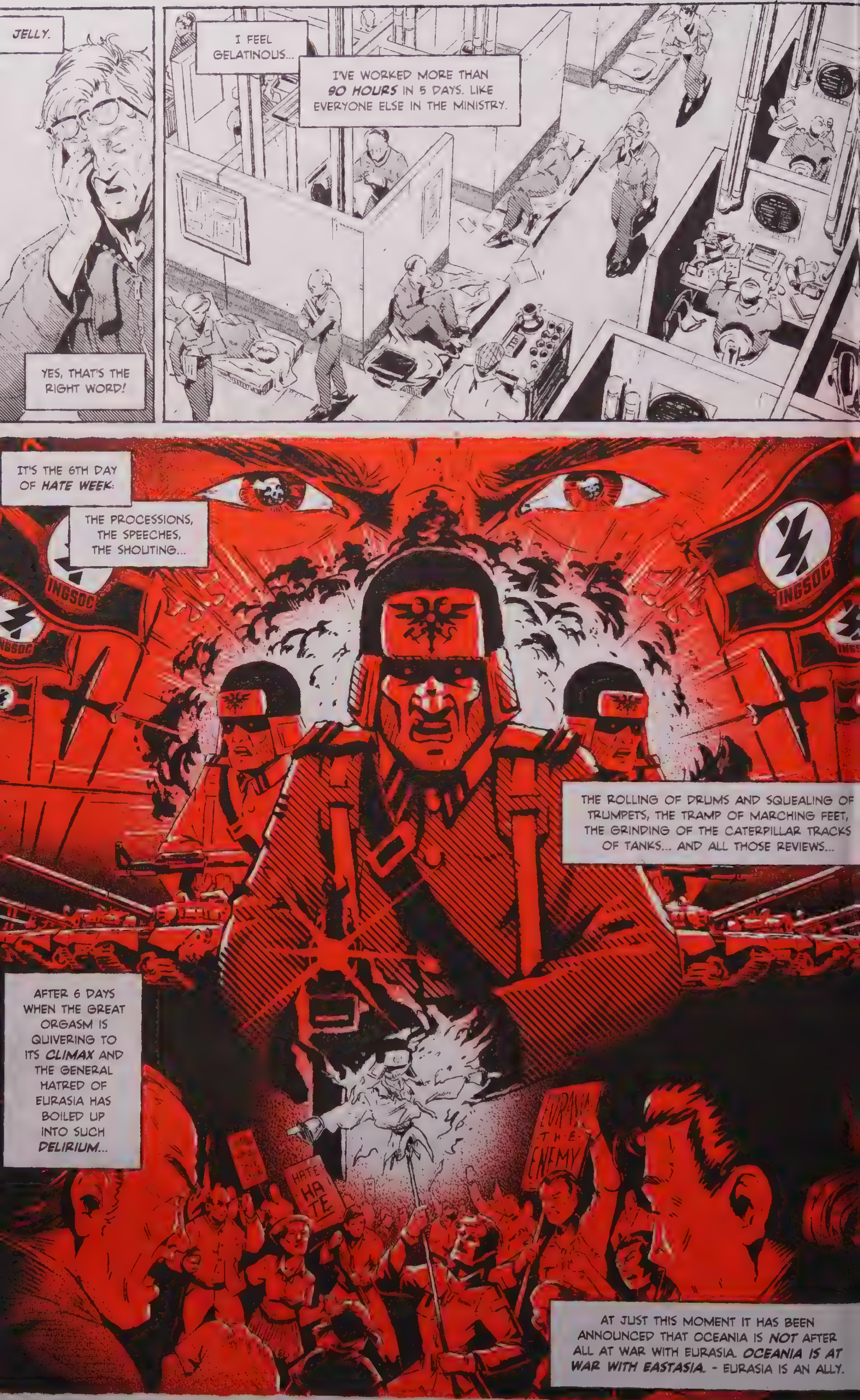

PUT ONE ON YOUR *TONGUE*, LADY COMRADE. IT'S IMPORTANT, NOT TO GO OUT SMELLING OF WINE: THE LIFT ATTENDANTS ARE *VERY* OBSERVANT.
I ASSUME YOU'VE GOT A *HIDE-OUT?*
WE'VE RENTED A ROOM IN A PROLE QUARTER OVER AN *ANTIQUE* SHOP.
THAT'LL DO FOR NOW. LATER WE'LL ARRANGE SOMETHING ELSE FOR YOU.
I'LL SEND YOU A COPY OF GOLDSTEIN'S BOOK. IT MAY BE SOME DAYS BEFORE I CAN GET HOLD OF ONE. THERE AREN'T MANY IN EXISTENCE. THE THOUGHT POLICE HUNT THEM DOWN AND DESTROY THEM ALMOST AS FAST AS WE PRODUCE THEM. BUT THE BOOK IS INDESTRUCTIBLE. EVEN IF THE LAST COPY WERE GONE, WE COULD REPRODUCE IT ALMOST WORD FOR WORD.
DO YOU CARRY A BRIEF-CASE TO WORK WITH YOU?
AS A RULE, YES.
WHAT'S IT LIKE?
BLACK, VERY SHABBY. WITH TWO STRAPS.
BLACK, TWO STRAPS, VERY SHABBY... *GOOD*.
ONE DAY IN THE FAIRLY NEAR FUTURE - I CANNOT GIVE A DATE... ONE OF THE MESSAGES AMONG YOUR MORNING'S WORK WILL CONTAIN A *MISPRINTED* WORD, AND YOU WILL HAVE TO ASK FOR A *REPEAT*.
THE NEXT DAY, IN THE STREET, A MAN WILL *TOUCH* YOU ON THE ARM AND SAY.
I THINK YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR BRIEF-CASE.
THE ONE HE GIVES YOU WILL CONTAIN GOLDSTEIN'S *BOOK*. YOU'LL RETURN IT WITHIN 14 DAYS.
6079

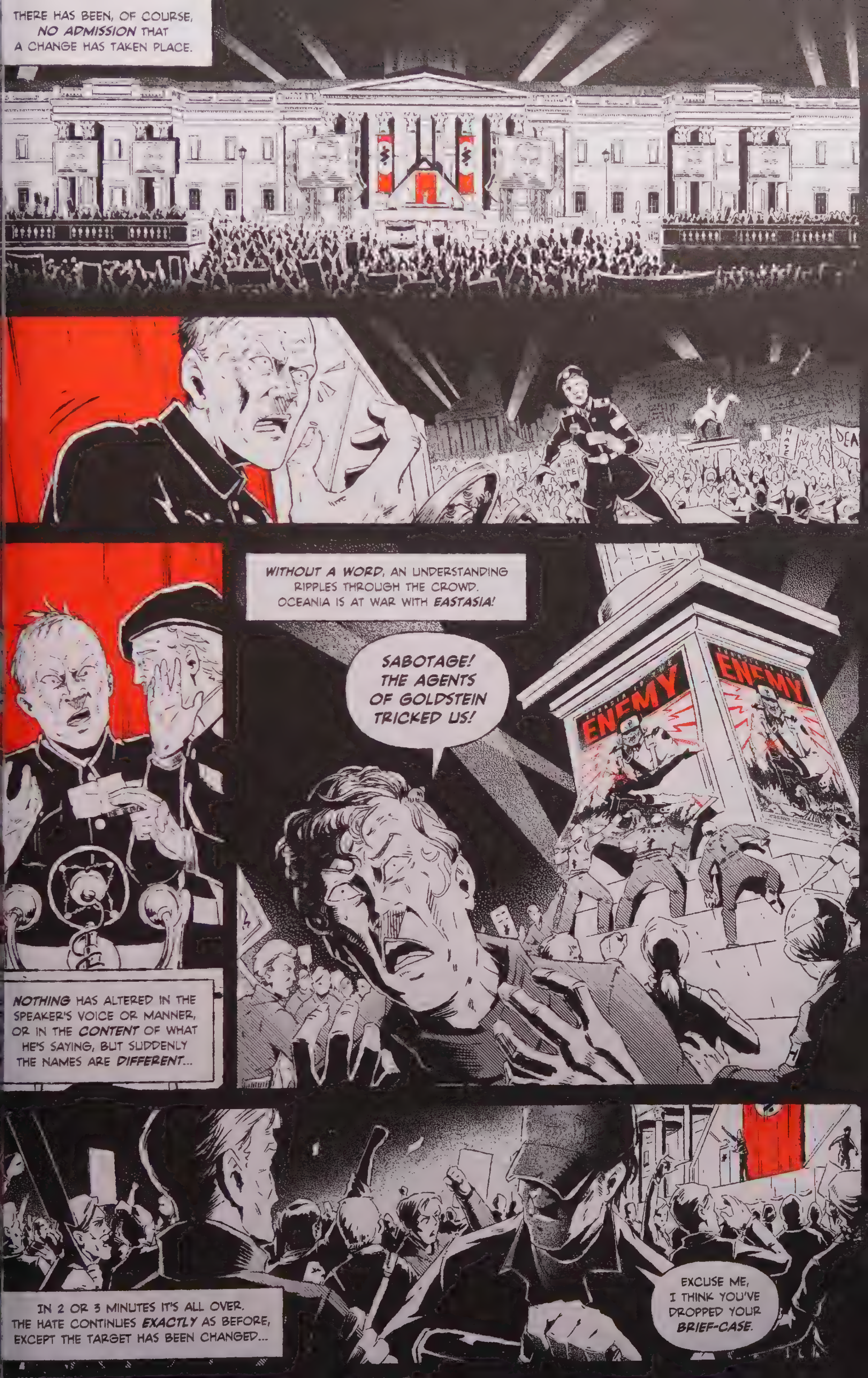

THERE ARE A COUPLE OF MINUTES BEFORE YOU NEED GO. WE'LL MEET AGAIN... *IF* WE DO MEET AGAIN...
... IN THE PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO DARKNESS?
IN THE PLACE WHERE THERE IS NO DARKNESS...
IS THERE *ANYTHING* BEFORE YOU LEAVE? ANY *QUESTION?*
3012
ORANGES AND LEMONS, SAY THE BELLS OF ST CLEMENT'S. YOU OWE ME 3 FARTHINGS, SAY THE BELLS OF ST MARTIN'S, WHEN WILL YOU PAY ME? SAY THE BELLS OF OLD BAILEY.
WHEN I GROW RICH, SAY THE BELLS OF SHOREDITCH!
YOU KNOW THE LAST LINE!
YES, I KNOW THE LAST LINE... AND NOW, I'M AFRAID, IT'S TIME FOR YOU TO *GO*.
YOU'D BETTER TAKE ONE OF THE TABLETS.

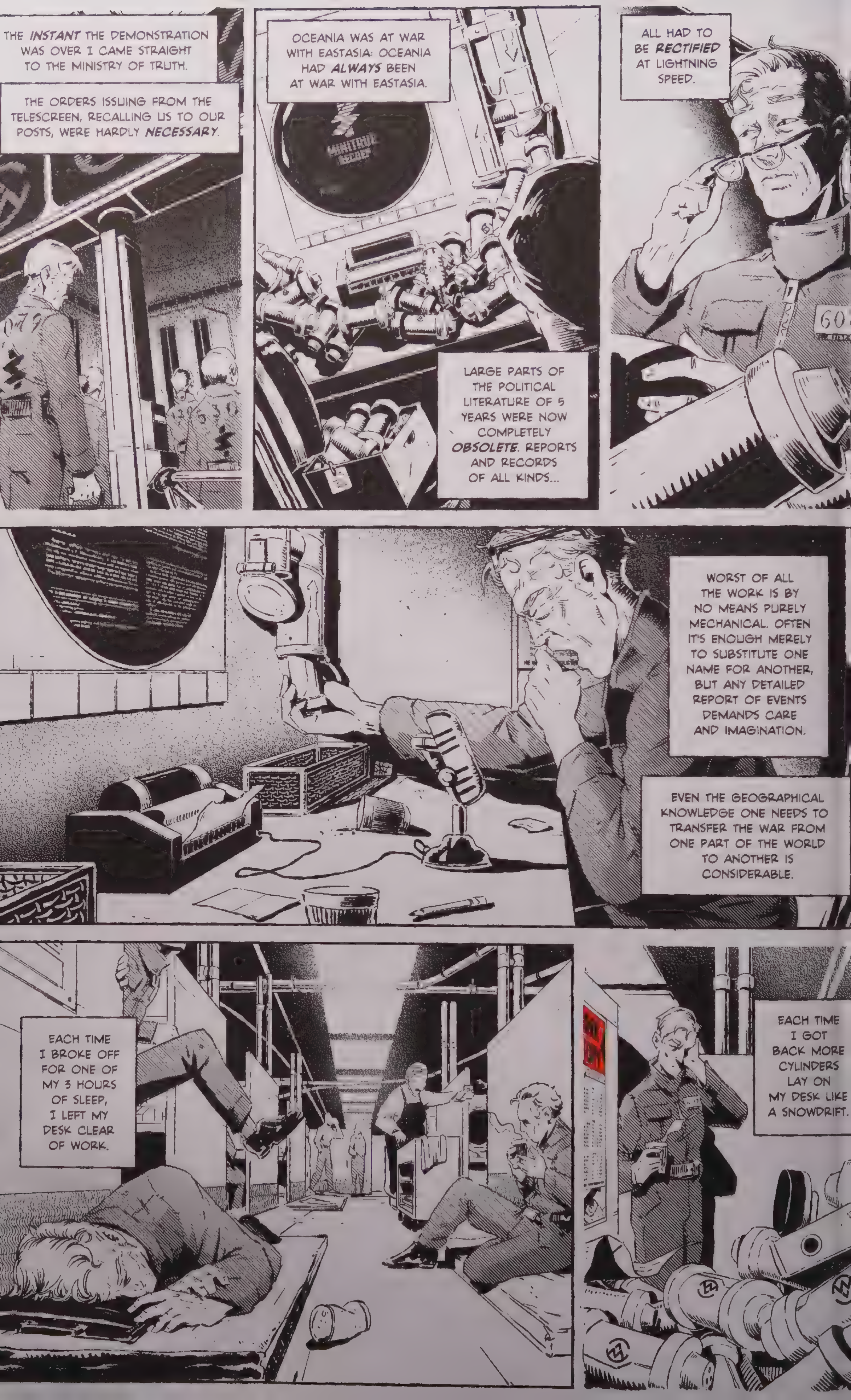
CHAPTER 9

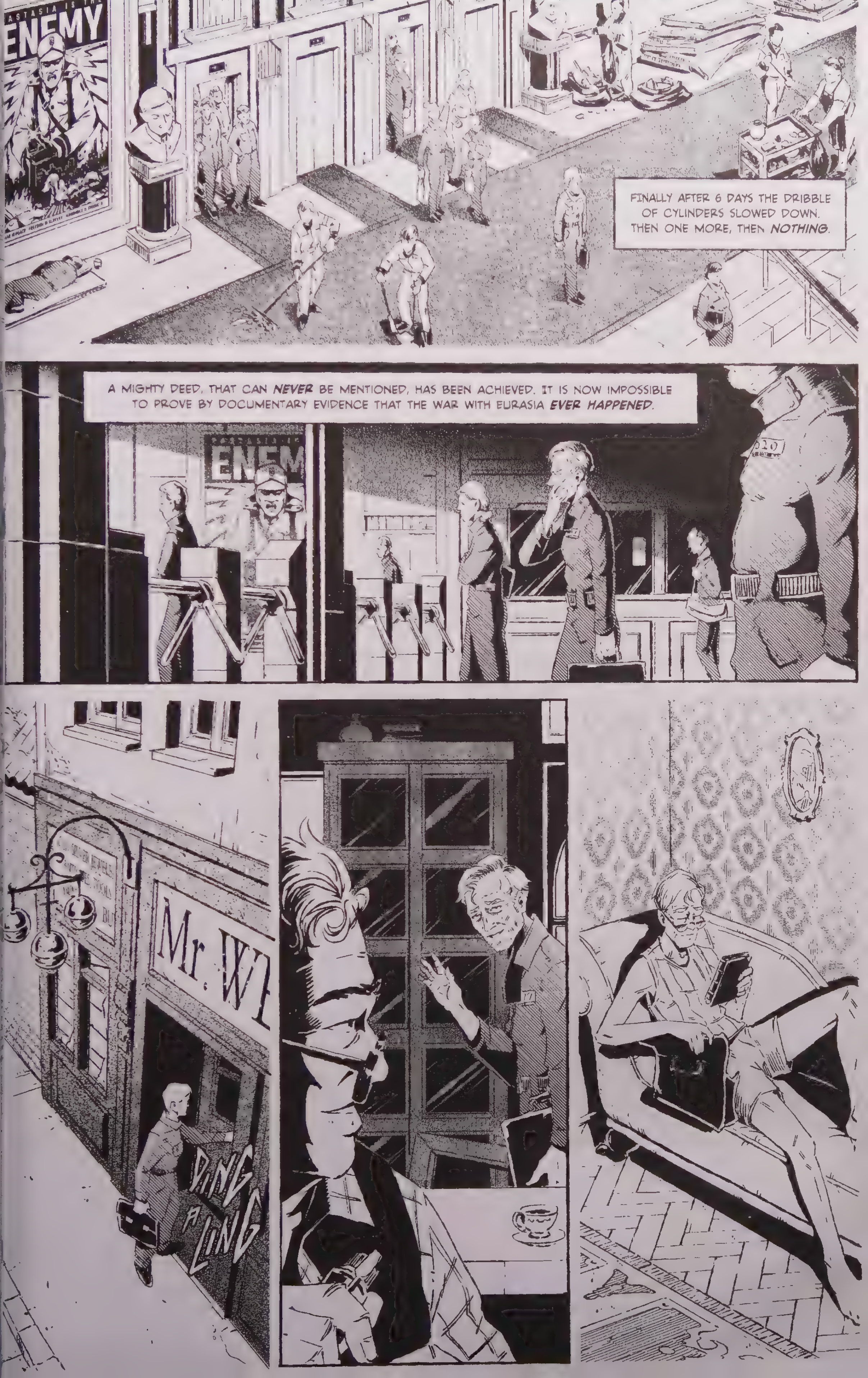
THE BEST BOOKS, HE PERCEIVED,
ARE THOSE THAT TELL YOU
WHAT YOU KNOW ALREADY.

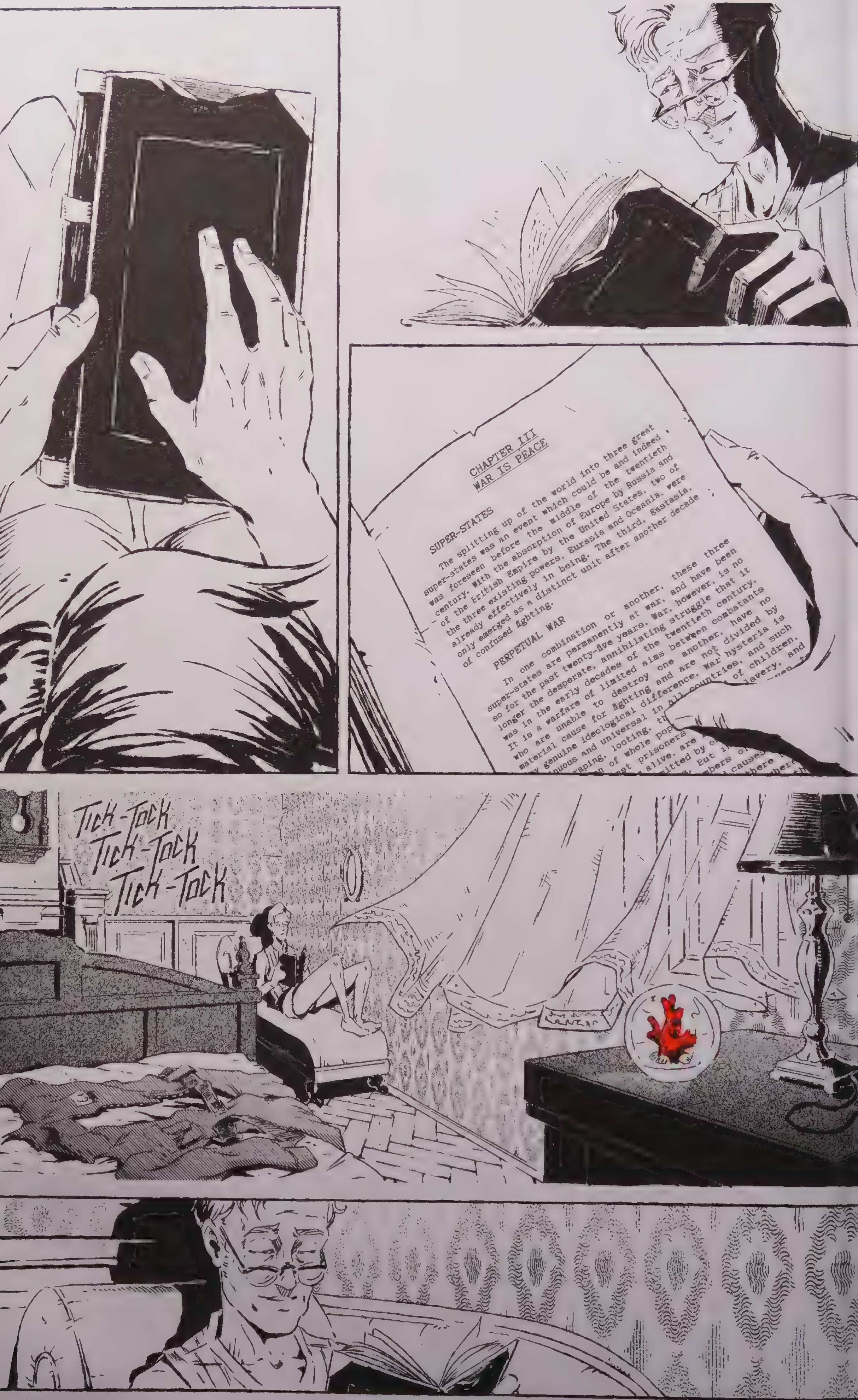

ENEMY
MINI
MI
TR


JELLY.
YES, THAT'S THE RIGHT WORD!
I FEEL GELATINOUS...
I'VE WORKED MORE THAN **90 HOURS** IN 5 DAYS. LIKE EVERYONE ELSE IN THE MINISTRY.
IT'S THE 6TH DAY OF ***HATE WEEK***:
THE PROCESSIONS, THE SPEECHES, THE SHOUTING...
INGSOC
INGSOC
INGSOC
THE ROLLING OF DRUMS AND SQUEALING OF TRUMPETS, THE TRAMP OF MARCHING FEET, THE GRINDING OF THE CATERPILLAR TRACKS OF TANKS... AND ALL THOSE REVIEWS...
AFTER 6 DAYS WHEN THE GREAT ORGASM IS QUIVERING TO ITS ***CLIMAX*** AND THE GENERAL HATRED OF EURASIA HAS BOILED UP INTO SUCH ***DELIRIUM***...
HATE HATE
EURASIA THE ENEMY
AT JUST THIS MOMENT IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT OCEANIA IS ***NOT*** AFTER ALL AT WAR WITH EURASIA. ***OCEANIA IS AT WAR WITH EASTASIA.*** - EURASIA IS AN ALLY.


THERE HAS BEEN, OF COURSE, *NO ADMISSION* THAT A CHANGE HAS TAKEN PLACE.
HATE
WITHOUT A WORD, AN UNDERSTANDING RIPPLES THROUGH THE CROWD. OCEANIA IS AT WAR WITH *EASTASIA!*
SABOTAGE! THE AGENTS OF GOLDSTEIN TRICKED US!
ENEMY
ENEMY
NOTHING HAS ALTERED IN THE SPEAKER'S VOICE OR MANNER, OR IN THE *CONTENT* OF WHAT HE'S SAYING, BUT SUDDENLY THE NAMES ARE *DIFFERENT*...
IN 2 OR 3 MINUTES IT'S ALL OVER. THE HATE CONTINUES *EXACTLY* AS BEFORE, EXCEPT THE TARGET HAS BEEN CHANGED...
EXCUSE ME, I THINK YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR *BRIEF-CASE*.


THE *INSTANT* THE DEMONSTRATION WAS OVER I CAME STRAIGHT TO THE MINISTRY OF TRUTH.
THE ORDERS ISSUING FROM THE TELESCREEN, RECALLING US TO OUR POSTS, WERE HARDLY *NECESSARY*.
OCEANIA WAS AT WAR WITH EASTASIA: OCEANIA HAD *ALWAYS* BEEN AT WAR WITH EASTASIA.
LARGE PARTS OF THE POLITICAL LITERATURE OF 5 YEARS WERE NOW COMPLETELY *OBSOLETE*. REPORTS AND RECORDS OF ALL KINDS...
ALL HAD TO BE ***RECTIFIED*** AT LIGHTNING SPEED.
WORST OF ALL THE WORK IS BY NO MEANS PURELY MECHANICAL. OFTEN IT'S ENOUGH MERELY TO SUBSTITUTE ONE NAME FOR ANOTHER, BUT ANY DETAILED REPORT OF EVENTS DEMANDS CARE AND IMAGINATION.
EVEN THE GEOGRAPHICAL KNOWLEDGE ONE NEEDS TO TRANSFER THE WAR FROM ONE PART OF THE WORLD TO ANOTHER IS CONSIDERABLE.
EACH TIME I BROKE OFF FOR ONE OF MY 3 HOURS OF SLEEP, I LEFT MY DESK CLEAR OF WORK.
EACH TIME I GOT BACK MORE CYLINDERS LAY ON MY DESK LIKE A SNOWDRIFT.


ENEMY
FINALLY AFTER 6 DAYS THE DRIBBLE OF CYLINDERS SLOWED DOWN. THEN ONE MORE, THEN *NOTHING*.
A MIGHTY DEED, THAT CAN *NEVER* BE MENTIONED, HAS BEEN ACHIEVED. IT IS NOW IMPOSSIBLE TO PROVE BY DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE THAT THE WAR WITH EURASIA *EVER HAPPENED*.
ENEM
Mr. W
DING A LING



CHAPTER III
WAR IS PEACE

SUPER-STATES

The splitting up of the world into three great super-states was an event which could be and indeed was foreseen before the middle of the twentieth century. With the absorption of Europe by Russia and of the British Empire by the United States, two of the three existing powers, Eurasia and Oceania, were already effectively in being. The third, Eastasia, only emerged as a distinct unit after another decade of confused fighting.

PERPETUAL WAR

In one combination or another, these three super-states are permanently at war, and have been so for the past twenty-five years. War, however, is no longer the desperate, annihilating struggle that it was in the early decades of the twentieth century. It is a warfare of limited aims between combatants who are unable to destroy one another, have no material cause for fighting and are not divided by genuine ideological difference. War hysteria is

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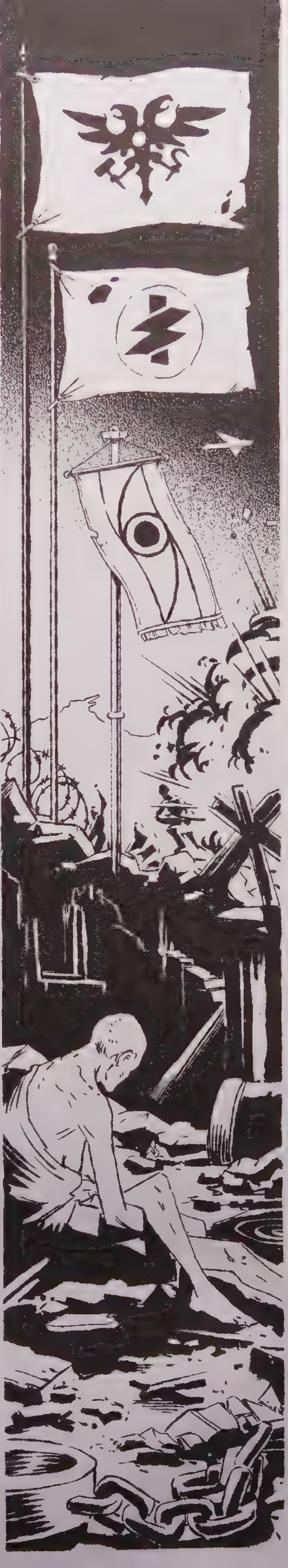
To understand the nature of the present war - for in spite of the regrouping which occurs every few years, it is always the same war - one must



realize in the first place that it is impossible for it to be decisive. None of the three super-states could be definitively conquered even by the other two in combination. They are too evenly matched, and their natural defences are too formidable. Secondly, there is no longer, in a material sense, anything to fight about. With the establishment of self-contained economies, in which production and consumption are geared to one another, the scramble for markets which was a main cause of previous wars has come to an end, while the competition for raw materials is no longer a matter of life and death.

WORK FORCES

Between the frontiers of the superstates, and not permanently in the possession of any of them, there lies a rough quadrilateral with its corners at Tangier, Brazzaville, Darwin, and Hong Kong, containing within it about a fifth of the population of the earth. It is for the possession of these thickly-populated regions, and of the northern ice-cap, that the three powers are constantly struggling. In practice no one power ever controls the whole of the disputed area. Portions of it are constantly changing hands, and it is the chance of seizing this or that fragment by a sudden stroke of treachery that dictates the endless changes of alignment. Above all it contains a bottomless reserve of cheap labour.

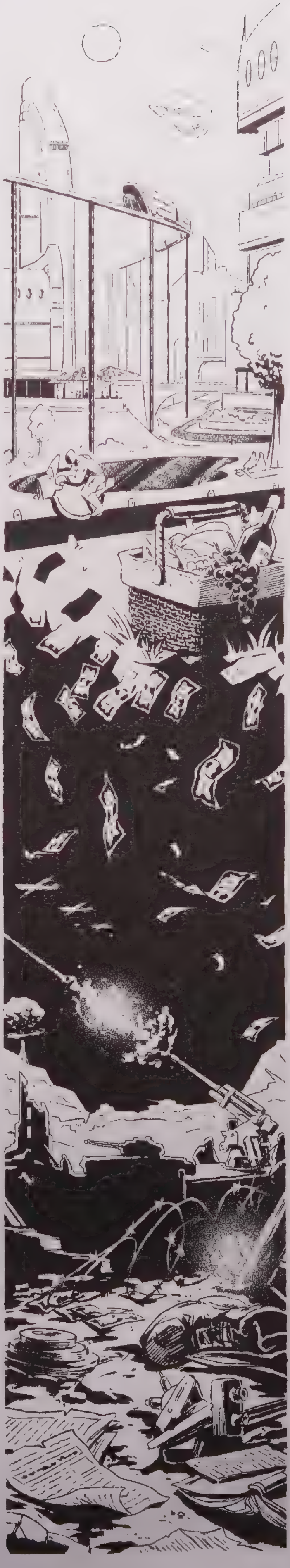
Whichever power controls equatorial Africa, or the countries of the Middle East, or Southern India, or the Indonesian Archipelago, disposes also of the bodies of scores or hundreds of millions of ill-paid and hardworking coolies. It should be noted that the fighting never really moves beyond the edges of the disputed areas. The frontiers of Eurasia flow back and forth between the basin of the Congo and the northern shore of the Mediterranean; the islands of the Indian Ocean and the Pacific are constantly being captured and recaptured by Oceania or by Eastasia; in Mongolia the dividing line between Eurasia and Eastasia is never stable; round the Pole all three powers lay claim to enormous territories which in fact are largely uninhabited and unexplored: but the balance of power always remains roughly even, and the territory which forms the heartland of each super-state always remains inviolate.

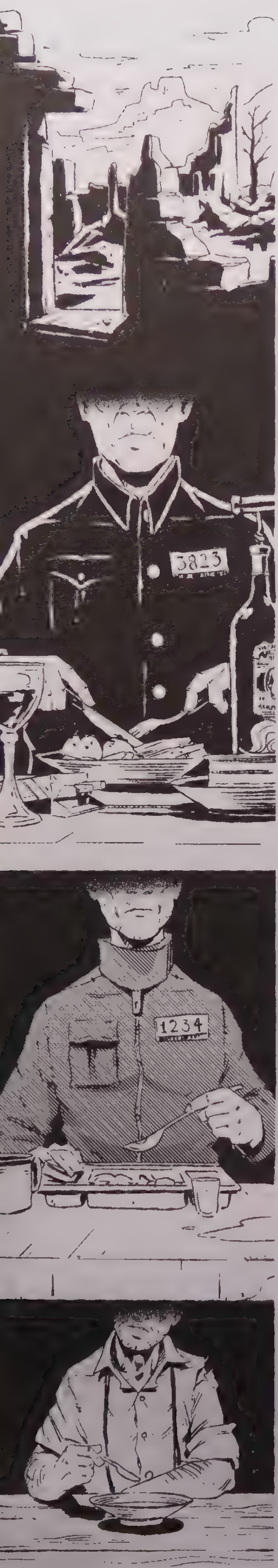
SOCIAL DEVELOPMENT UNTIL NOW

The primary aim of modern warfare (in accordance with the principles of doublethink, this aim is simultaneously recognized and not recognized by the directing brains of the Inner Party) is to use up the products of the machine without raising the general standard of living. At present, when few human beings even have enough to eat, this problem is obviously not urgent, and it might not have become so, even if no artificial processes of destruction had been at work. In the early twentieth century, the vision of a future society unbelievably rich, leisured, orderly, and efficient - a glittering antiseptic world of glass and steel and snow-white concrete - was part of the consciousness of nearly every literate person.

This failed to happen, partly because of the impoverishment caused by a long series of wars and revolutions, partly because scientific and technical progress depended on the empirical habit of thought, which could not survive in a strictly regimented society. As a whole the world is more primitive today than it was fifty years ago. Nevertheless the dangers inherent in the machine are still there. From the moment when the machine first made its appearance it was clear to all thinking people that the need for human drudgery, and therefore to a great extent for human inequality, had disappeared.

But it was also clear that an all-round increase in wealth threatened the destruction - indeed, in some sense was the destruction - of a hierarchical society. In a world in which everyone worked short hours, had enough to eat, lived in a house with a bathroom and a refrigerator, and possessed a motor-car or even an aeroplane, the most obvious and perhaps the most important form of inequality would already have disappeared. If it once became general, wealth would confer no distinction. But in practice such a society could not long remain stable. For if leisure and security were enjoyed by all alike, the great mass of human beings who are normally stupefied by poverty would become literate and would learn





to think for themselves; and when once they had done this, they would sooner or later realize that the privileged minority had no function, and they would sweep it away. In the long run, a hierarchical society was only possible on a basis of poverty and ignorance.

THE PURPOSE OF WAR

The essential act of war is destruction, not necessarily of human lives, but of the products of human labour. War is a way of shattering to pieces, or pouring into the stratosphere, or sinking in the depths of the sea, materials which might otherwise be used to make the masses too comfortable, and hence, in the long run, too intelligent. In principle the war effort is always so planned as to eat up any surplus that might exist after meeting the bare needs of the population. In practice the needs of the population are always underestimated, with the result that there is a chronic shortage of half the necessities of life; but this is looked on as an advantage. It is deliberate policy to keep even the favoured groups somewhere near the brink of hardship, because a general state of scarcity increases the importance of small privileges and thus magnifies the distinction between one group and another. By the standards of the early twentieth century, even a member of the Inner Party lives an austere, laborious kind of life. Nevertheless, the few luxuries that he does enjoy: his large, well-appointed flat, the better texture of his clothes, the better quality of his food and drink and tobacco, his two or three servants, his private motor-car or helicopter, set him in a different world from a member of the Outer Party, and the members of the Outer Party have a similar advantage in comparison with the submerged masses whom we call ‘the proles’. The social atmosphere is that of a besieged city, where the possession of a lump of horseflesh makes the difference between wealth and poverty.

And at the same time the consciousness of being at war, and therefore in danger, makes the handing-over of all power to a small caste seem the natural, unavoidable condition of survival.

War, it will be seen, accomplishes the necessary destruction, but accomplishes it in a psychologically acceptable way. What is concerned here is not the morale of masses, whose attitude is unimportant so long as they are kept steadily at work, but the morale of the Party itself. Even the humblest Party member is expected to be competent, industrious, and even intelligent within narrow limits, but it is also necessary that he should be a credulous and ignorant fanatic whose prevailing moods are fear, hatred, adulation, and orgiastic triumph. In other words it is necessary that he should have the mentality appropriate to a state of war. It does not matter whether the war is actually happening, and, since no decisive victory is possible, it does not matter whether the war is going well or badly. All that is needed is that a state of war should exist. Meanwhile no Inner Party member wavers for an instant in his mystical belief that the war is real, and that it is bound to end victoriously, with Oceania the undisputed master of the entire world.

All members of the Inner Party believe in this coming conquest as an article of faith. The two aims of the Party are to conquer the whole surface of the earth and to extinguish once and for all the possibility of independent thought. There are therefore two great problems which the Party is concerned to solve. One is how to discover, against his will, what another human being is thinking, and the other is how to kill several hundred million people in a few seconds without giving warning beforehand. In so far as scientific research still continues, this is its subject matter. The scientist of today is either a mixture of psychologist and inquisitor, studying with real ordinary minuteness the meaning of facial expressions, gestures, and tones of voice, and testing the truth-producing effects of drugs, shock therapy, hypnosis, and physical torture; or he is chemist, physicist, or biologist concerned only with such branches of his special subject as are relevant to the taking of life. What is more remarkable is that all three powers already possess, in the atomic bomb, a weapon far more powerful than any that their present researches are likely to discover. Although the Party, according to its habit, claims the invention for itself, atomic bombs

first appeared as early as the nineteen-forties. The effect was to convince the ruling groups of all countries that a few more atomic bombs would mean the end of organized society, and hence of their own power.

Thereafter, no more bombs were dropped. All three powers merely continue to produce atomic bombs and store them up against the decisive opportunity which they all believe will come sooner or later. And meanwhile the art of war has remained almost stationary for thirty or forty years. The tank, the submarine, the torpedo, the machine gun, even the rifle and the hand grenade are still in use. And in spite of the endless slaughters reported in the Press and on the telescreens, the desperate battles of earlier wars, in which hundreds of thousands or even millions of men were often killed in a few weeks, have never been repeated. Moreover, no fighting ever occurs except in the disputed areas round the Equator and the Pole: no invasion of enemy territory is ever undertaken.

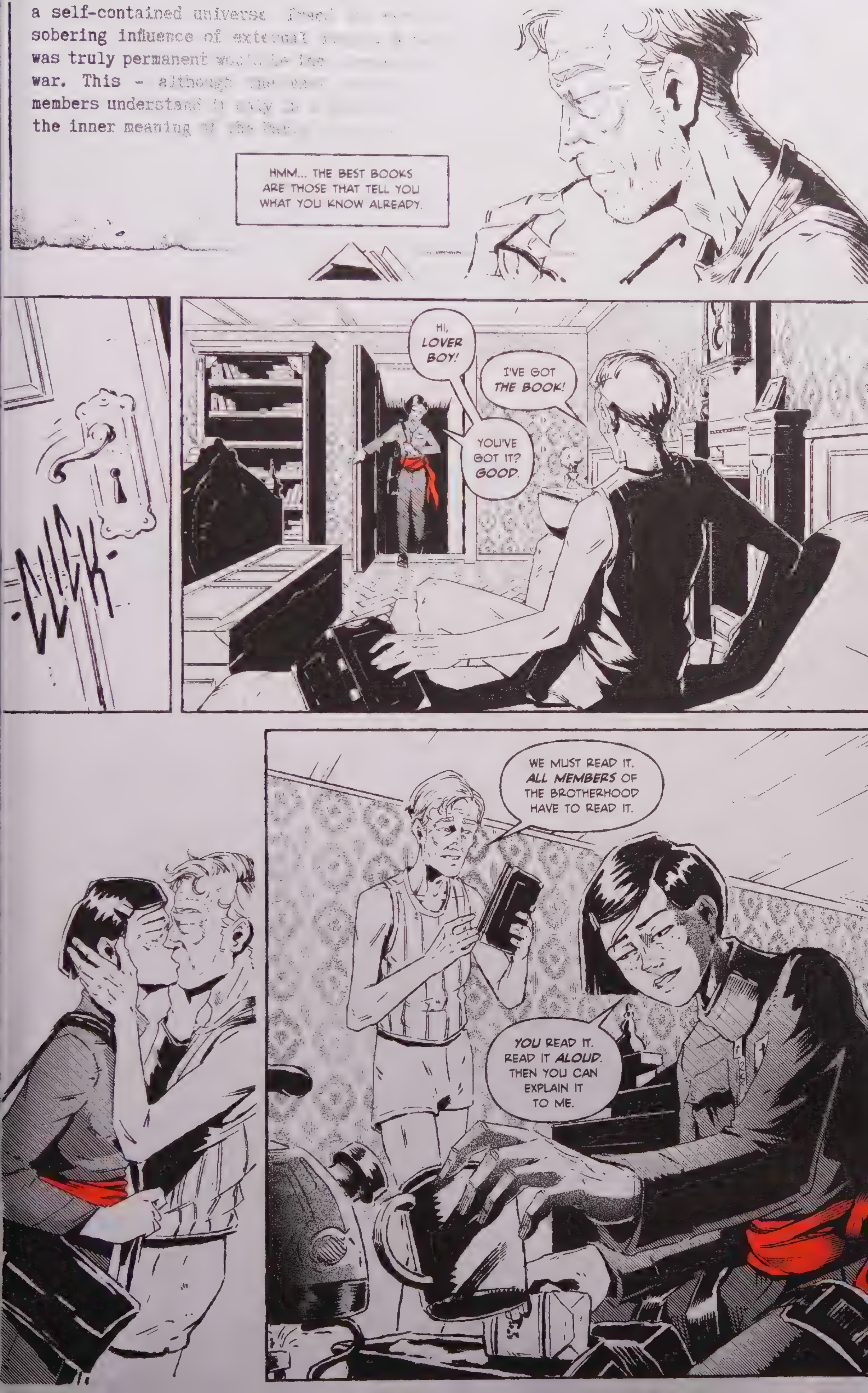
This explains the fact that in some places the frontiers between the superstates are arbitrary. Eurasia, for example, could easily conquer the British Isles, which are geographically part of Europe, or on the other hand it would be possible for Oceania to push its frontiers to the Rhine or even to the Vistula. But this would violate the principle, followed on all sides though never formulated, of cultural integrity. If Oceania were to conquer the areas that used once to be known as France and Germany, it would be necessary either to exterminate the inhabitants, a task of great physical difficulty, or to assimilate a population of about a hundred million people, who, so far as technical development goes, are roughly on the Oceanic level. The problem is the same for all three super-states. It is absolutely necessary to their structure that there should be no contact with foreigners, except, to a limited extent, with war prisoners and coloured slaves. Even the official ally of the moment is always regarded with the darkest suspicion. War prisoners apart, the average citizen of Oceania never sets eyes on a citizen of either Eurasia or Eastasia, and he is forbidden the knowledge of foreign languages. If he were allowed contact with foreigners he would discover that they are creatures similar to himself and that most of what he has been told about them is lies. The sealed world in which he lives would be broken, and the fear, hatred, and self-righteousness on which his morale depends might evaporate. It is therefore realized on all sides that however often Persia, or Egypt, or Java, or Ceylon may change hands, the main frontiers must never be crossed by anything except bombs.

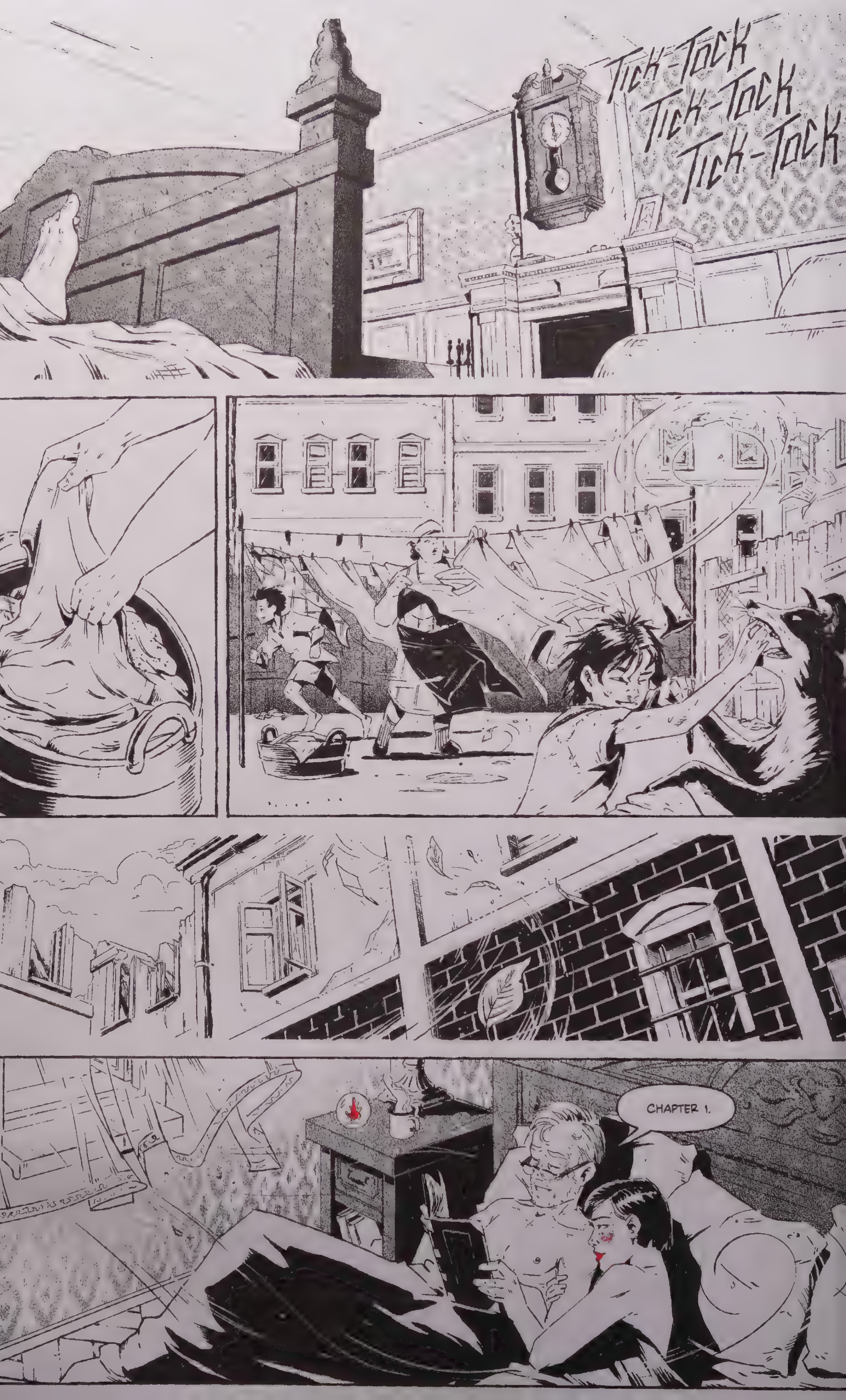
Under this lies a fact never mentioned aloud, but tacitly understood and acted upon: namely, that the conditions of life in all three super-states are very much the same. In Oceania the prevailing philosophy is called Ingsoc, in Eurasia it is called Neo-Bolshevism, and in Eastasia it is called by a Chinese name usually translated as Death-Worship, but perhaps better rendered as Obliteration of the Self. The citizen of Oceania is not allowed to know anything of the tenets of the other two philosophies, but he is taught to execrate them as barbarous outrages upon morality and common sense. Actually the three philosophies are barely distinguishable, and the social systems which they support are not distinguishable at all. Everywhere there is the same pyramidal structure, the same worship of semi-divine leader, the same economy existing by and for continuous warfare. It follows that the three super-states not only cannot conquer one another, but would gain no advantage by doing so. On the contrary, so long as they remain in conflict they prop one another up, like three sheaves of corn. And, as usual, the ruling groups of all three powers are simultaneously aware and unaware of what they are doing. Their lives are dedicated to world conquest, but they also know that it is necessary that the war should continue everlastingly and without victory. Meanwhile the fact that there is no danger of conquest makes possible the denial of reality which is the special feature of Ingsoc and its rival systems of thought.

Here it is necessary to repeat what has been said earlier, that by becoming continuous war has

fundamentally changed its character. In past ages, a war, almost by definition, was something that sooner or later came to an end, usually in unmistakable victory or defeat. But when war becomes literally continuous, it also ceases to be dangerous. When war is continuous there is no such thing as military necessity. Technical progress can cease and the most palpable facts can be denied or disregarded. The war, therefore, if we judge it by the standards of previous wars, is merely an imposture. It is like the battles between certain ruminant animals whose horns are set at such an angle that they are incapable of hurting one another. But though it is unreal it is not meaningless. It eats up the surplus of consumable goods, and it helps to preserve the special mental atmosphere that a hierarchical society needs. War, it will be seen, is now a purely internal affair. In the past, the ruling groups of all countries, although they might recognize their common interest and therefore limit the destructiveness of war, did fight against one another, and the victor always plundered the vanquished. In our own day they are not fighting against one another at all. The war is waged by each ruling group against its own subjects, and the object of the war is not to make or prevent conquests of territory, but to keep the structure of society intact.

The very word 'war', therefore, has become misleading. It would probably be accurate to say that by becoming continuous war has ceased to exist. The peculiar pressure that it exerted on human beings between the Neolithic Age and the early twentieth century has disappeared and been replaced by something quite different. The effect would be much the same if the three superstates, instead of fighting one another, should agree to live in perpetual peace, each inviolate within its own boundaries. For in that case each would still be a self-contained universe, freed for ever from the sobering influence of external danger. A peace that was truly permanent would be the same as a permanent war. This - although the vast majority of Party members understand it only in a shallower sense - is the inner meaning of the Party slogan: War is Peace.


a self-contained universe
sobering influence of external
was truly permanent
war. This - although
members understand
the inner meaning
HMM... THE BEST BOOKS ARE THOSE THAT TELL YOU WHAT YOU KNOW ALREADY.
CLICK
HI, LOVER BOY!
I'VE GOT THE BOOK!
YOU'VE GOT IT? GOOD.
WE MUST READ IT. ALL MEMBERS OF THE BROTHERHOOD HAVE TO READ IT.
YOU READ IT. READ IT ALOUD. THEN YOU CAN EXPLAIN IT TO ME.


Tick-Tock
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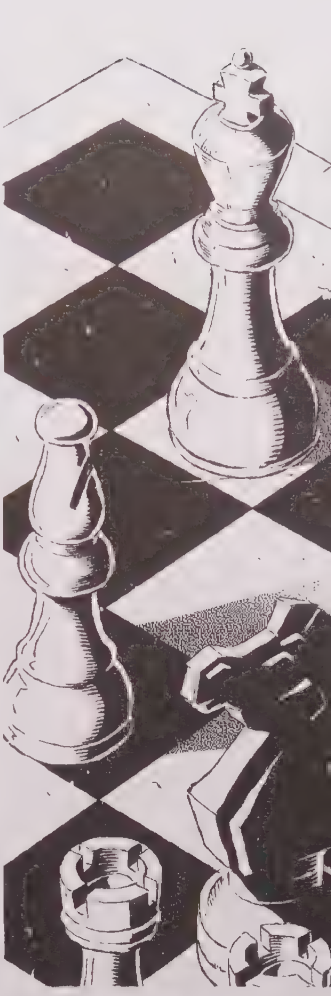
CHAPTER 1.

THE THEORY AND PRACTICE OF OLIGARCHICAL COLLECTIVISM

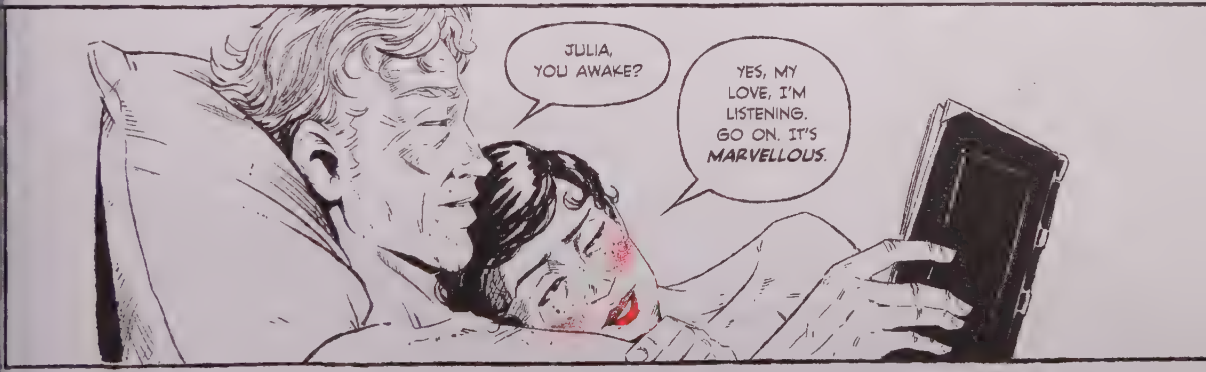
BY EMMANUEL GOLDSTEIN

CHAPTER I

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH



Throughout recorded time, and probably since the end of the Neolithic Age, there have been three kinds of people in the world, the High, the Middle, and the Low. They have been subdivided in many ways, they have borne countless different names, and their relative numbers, as well as their attitude towards one another, have varied from age to age: but the essential structure of society has never altered. Even after enormous upheavals and seemingly irrevocable changes, the same pattern has always reasserted itself, just as a gyroscope will always return to equilibrium, however far it is pushed one way or the other. The aims of these groups are entirely irreconcilable.


JULIA, YOU AWAKE?
YES, MY LOVE, I'M LISTENING. GO ON. IT'S *MARVELLOUS*.

The aim of the High is to remain where they are. The aim of the Middle is to change places with the High. The aim of the Low, when they have an aim is to abolish all distinctions and create a society in which all men shall be equal. Thus throughout history a struggle which is the same in its main outlines recurs over and over again. For long periods the High seem to be securely in power, but sooner or later there always comes a moment

when they lose either their belief in themselves or their capacity to govern efficiently, or both. They are then overthrown by the Middle, who enlist the Low on their side by pretending to them that they are fighting for liberty and justice. No advance in wealth, no softening of manners, no reform or revolution has ever brought human equality a millimetre nearer. From the point of view of the Low, no historic change has ever meant much more than a change in the name of their masters.

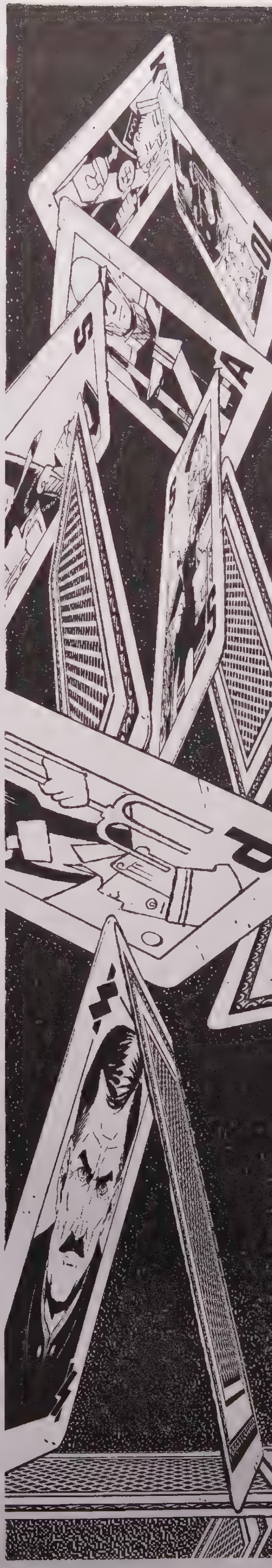
By the late nineteenth century the recurrence of this pattern had become obvious to many observers. There then rose schools of thinkers who interpreted history as a cyclical process and claimed to show that inequality was the unalterable law of human life. Socialism, a theory which appeared in the early nineteenth century and was the last link in a chain of thought stretching back to the slave rebellions of antiquity, was still deeply infected by the Utopianism of past ages. But in each variant of Socialism that appeared from about 1900 onwards the aim of establishing liberty and equality was more and more openly abandoned.

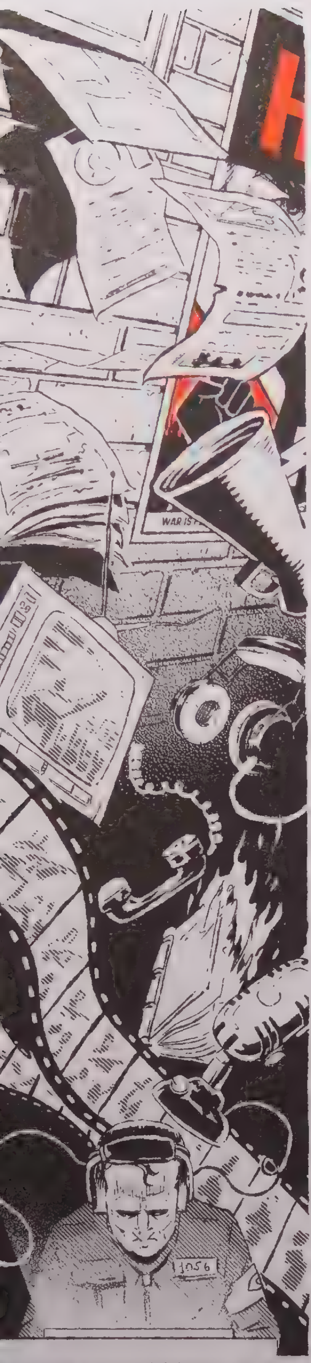
The new movements which appeared in the middle years of the century, Ingsoc in Oceania, Neo-Bolshevism in Eurasia, Death-Worship, as it is commonly called, in Eastasia, had the conscious aim of perpetuating unfreedom and inequality. These new movements, of course, grew out of the old ones and tended to keep their names and pay lip-service to their ideology. But the purpose of all of them was to arrest progress and freeze history at a chosen moment. The familiar pendulum swing was to happen once more, and then stop. As usual, the High were to be turned out by the Middle, who would then become the High; but this time, by conscious strategy, the High would be able to maintain their position permanently.

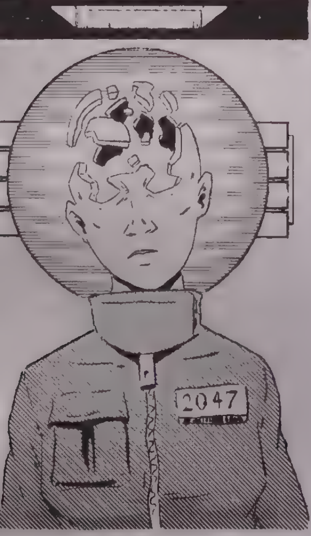
The principal, underlying cause was that, as early as the beginning of the twentieth century, human equality had become technically possible. It was still true that men were not equal in their native talents and that functions had to be specialized in ways that favoured some individuals against others; but there was no longer any real need for class distinctions or for large differences of wealth. In earlier ages, class distinctions had been not only inevitable but desirable. Inequality was the price of civilization. With the development of machine production, however, the case was altered. Even if it was still necessary for human beings to do different kinds of work, it was no longer necessary for them to live at different social or economic levels. Therefore, from the point of view of the new groups who were on the point of seizing power, human equality was no longer an ideal to be striven after, but a danger to be averted. In more primitive ages, when a just and peaceful society was in fact not possible, it had been fairly easy to believe it. The idea of an earthly paradise in which men should live together in a state of brotherhood, without laws and without brute labour, had haunted the human imagination for thousands of years. And this vision had had a certain hold even on the groups who actually profited by each historical change.

The heirs of the French, English, and American revolutions had partly believed in their own phrases about the rights of man, freedom of speech, equality before the law, and the like, and have even allowed their conduct to be influenced by them to some extent. But by the fourth decade of the twentieth century all the main currents of political thought were authoritarian. The earthly paradise had been discredited at exactly the moment when it became realizable.

It was only after a decade of national wars, civil wars, revolutions, and counter-revolutions in all parts of the world that Ingsoc and its rivals emerged as fully worked-out political theories. But they had been foreshadowed by the various systems, generally called totalitarian, which had appeared earlier in the century, and the main outlines of







the world which would emerge from the prevailing chaos had long been obvious. What kind of people would control this world had been equally obvious. By comparison with that existing today, all the tyrannies of the past were half-hearted and inefficient. The ruling groups were always infected to some extent by liberal ideas, and were content to leave loose ends everywhere, to regard only the overt act and to be uninterested in what their subjects were thinking. Even the Catholic Church of the Middle Ages was tolerant by modern standards.

SURVEILLANCE AND OPINION UNIFORMITY

Part of the reason for this was that in the past no government had the power to keep its citizens under constant surveillance. The invention of print, however, made it easier to manipulate public opinion, and the film and the radio carried the process further. With the development of television, and the technical advance which made it possible to receive and transmit simultaneously on the same instrument, private life came to an end. Every citizen, or at least every citizen important enough to be worth watching, could be kept for twenty-four hours a day under the eyes of the police and in the sound of official propaganda, with all other channels of communication closed. The possibility of enforcing not only complete obedience to the will of the State, but complete uniformity of opinion on all subjects, now existed for the first time.

COLLECTIVISM

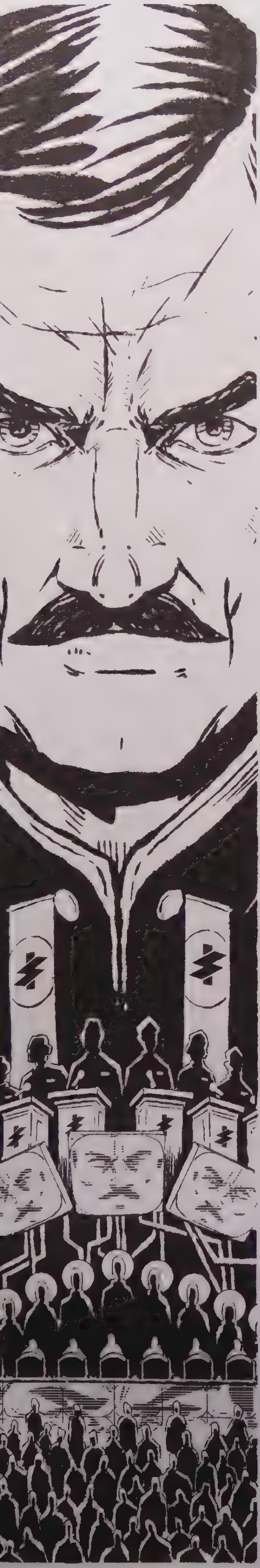
After the revolutionary period of the fifties and sixties, society regrouped itself, as always, into High, Middle, and Low. But the new High group, unlike all its forerunners, did not act upon instinct but knew what was needed to safeguard its position. It had long been realized that the only secure basis for oligarchy is collectivism. Wealth and privilege are most easily defended when they are possessed jointly. The so-called 'abolition of private property' which took place in the middle years of the century meant, in effect, the concentration of property in far fewer hands than before: but with this difference, that the new owners were a group instead of a mass of individuals. Individually, no member of the Party owns anything, except petty personal belongings. Collectively, the Party owns everything in Oceania, because it controls everything, and disposes of the products as it thinks fit. It had always been assumed that if the capitalist class were expropriated, Socialism must follow: and unquestionably the capitalists had been expropriated. Factories, mines, land, houses, transport—everything had been taken away from them: and since these things were no longer private property, it followed that they must be public property. Ingsoc, which grew out of the earlier Socialist movement and inherited its phraseology, has in fact carried out the main item in the Socialist programme; with the result, foreseen and intended beforehand, that economic inequality has been made permanent.

But the problems of perpetuating a hierarchical society go deeper than this.

There are only four ways in which a ruling group can fall from power. Either it is conquered from without, or it governs so inefficiently that the masses are stirred to revolt, or it allows a strong and discontented Middle group to come into being, or it loses its own self-confidence and willingness to govern. These causes do not operate singly, and as a rule all four of them are present in some degree. A ruling class which could guard against all of them would remain in power permanently.

Ultimately the determining factor is the mental attitude of the ruling class itself. After the middle of the present century, the first danger had in reality disappeared. The second danger, also, is only a theoretical one. The masses never revolt of their own accord, and they never revolt merely because they are oppressed. Indeed, so long as they are not permitted to have standards of comparison, they never even become aware that they

VICTORY CIGARETTES
20 FULL FLAVOR CIGARETTES RATION APPROVED BY MINIPLENTY
VICTORY GIN
SUGAR 1kg
ISSUED BY MINIPLENTY
ration No. 480
MILK CHOCOLATE
ISSUED BY MINIPLENTY
COFF 1kg
OCEANIA



are oppressed. From the point of view of our present rulers, therefore, the only genuine dangers are the splitting-off of a new group of able, underemployed, power-hungry people, and the growth of liberalism and scepticism in their own ranks. The problem, that is to say, is educational. It is a problem of continuously moulding the consciousness both of the directing group and of the larger executive group that lies immediately below it.

Given this background, one could infer, if one did not know it already, the general structure of Oceanic society. At the apex of the pyramid comes Big Brother.

BB ABOVE, THE REST BELOW

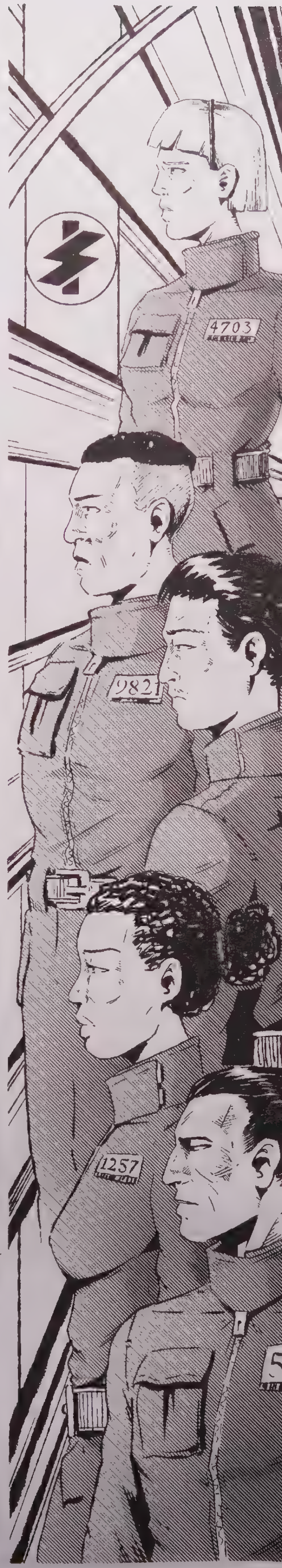
Big brother is infallible and all-powerful. Every success, every achievement, every victory, every scientific discovery, all knowledge, all wisdom, all happiness, all virtue, are held to issue directly from his leadership and inspiration. Nobody has ever seen Big Brother. He is a face on the hoardings, a voice on the telescreen. We may be reasonably sure that he will never die, and there is already considerable uncertainty as to when he was born. Big Brother is the guise in which the Party chooses to exhibit itself to the world. His function is to act as a focusing point for love, fear, and reverence, emotions which are more easily felt towards an individual than towards an organization.

Below Big Brother comes the Inner Party, its numbers limited to six millions, or something less than 2 per cent of the population of Oceania. Below the Inner Party comes the Outer Party, which, if the Inner Party is described as the brain of the State, may be justly likened to the hands. Below that come the dumb masses whom we habitually refer to as ‘the proles’, numbering perhaps 85 per cent of the population. Admission to either branch of the Party is by examination, taken at the age of sixteen. Nor is there any racial discrimination, or any marked domination of one province by another.

Jews, Negroes, South Americans of pure Indian blood are to be found in the highest ranks of the Party, and the administrators of any area are always drawn from the inhabitants of that area. Proletarians, in practice, are not allowed to graduate into the Party. The most gifted among them, who might possibly become nuclei of discontent, are simply marked down by the Thought Police and eliminated.

But this state of affairs is not necessarily permanent, nor is it a matter of principle. The Party is not a class in the old sense of the word. It does not aim at transmitting power to its own children, as such; and if there were no other way of keeping the ablest people at the top, it would be perfectly prepared to recruit an entire new generation from the ranks of the proletariat. In the crucial years, the fact that the Party was not a hereditary body did a great deal to neutralize opposition. The older kind of Socialist, who had been trained to fight against something called 'class privilege' assumed that what is not hereditary cannot be permanent. He did not see that the continuity of an oligarchy need not be physical, nor did he pause to reflect that hereditary aristocracies have always been shortlived, whereas adoptive organizations such as the Catholic Church have sometimes lasted for hundreds or thousands of years. The essence of oligarchical rule is not father-to-son inheritance, but the persistence of a certain world-view and a certain way of life, imposed by the dead upon the living. A ruling group is a ruling group so long as it can nominate its successors. The Party is not concerned with perpetuating its blood but with perpetuating itself. Who wields power is not important, provided that the hierarchical structure remains always the same.

From the proletarians nothing is to be feared. Left to themselves, they will continue from generation to generation and from century to century, working, breeding, and dying, not only without any impulse to rebel, but without the power of grasping that the world could be other than



it is. They could only become dangerous if the advance of industrial technique made it necessary to educate them more highly; but, since military and commercial rivalry are no longer important, the level of popular education is actually declining. What opinions the masses hold, or do not hold, is looked on as a matter of indifference. They can be granted intellectual liberty because they have no intellect. In a Party member, on the other hand, not even the smallest deviation of opinion on the most unimportant subject can be tolerated.

THOUGHT AND REALITY CONTROL

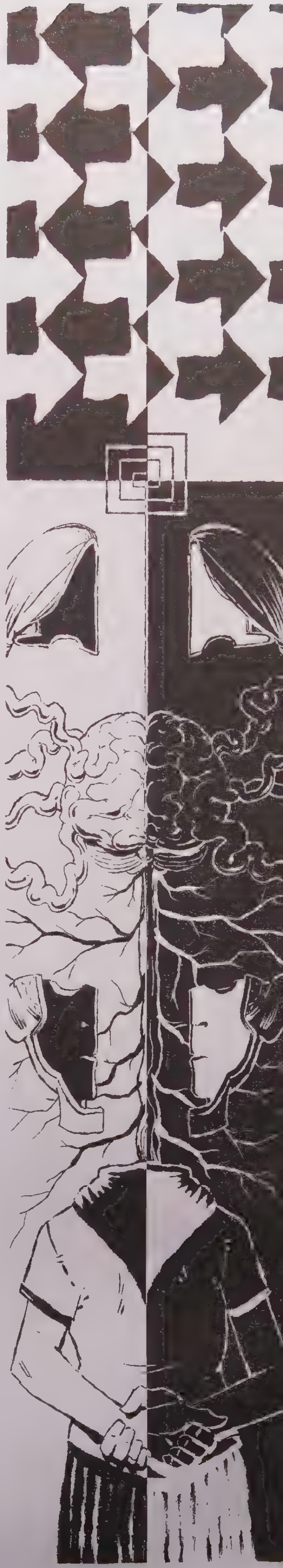
A Party member lives from birth to death under the eye of the Thought Police. Even when he is alone he can never be sure that he is alone. Wherever he may be, asleep or awake, working or resting, in his bath or in bed, he can be inspected without warning and without knowing that he is being inspected. Nothing that he does is indifferent. His friendships, his relaxations, his behaviour towards his wife and children, the expression of his face when he is alone, the words he mutters in sleep, even the characteristic movements of his body, are all jealously scrutinized.

Not only any actual misdemeanour, but any eccentricity, however small, any change of habits, any nervous mannerism that could possibly be the symptom of an inner struggle, is certain to be detected. He has no freedom of choice in any direction whatever. On the other hand his actions are not regulated by law or by any clearly formulated code of behaviour. In Oceania there is no law. Thoughts and actions which, when detected, mean certain death are not formally forbidden, and the endless purges, arrests, tortures, imprisonments, and vaporizations are not inflicted as punishment for crimes which have actually been committed, but are merely the wiping-out of persons who might perhaps commit a crime at some time in the future.

A Party member is expected to have no private emotions and no respites from enthusiasm. The first and simplest stage in this discipline, which can be taught even to young children, is called, in Newspeak, crimestop. Crimestop means the faculty of stopping short, as though by instinct, at the threshold of any dangerous thought. It includes the power of not grasping analogies, of failing to perceive logical errors, of misunderstanding the simplest arguments if they are inimical to Ingsoc, and of being bored or repelled by any train of thought which is capable of leading in a heretical direction. Crimestop, in short, means protective stupidity. But stupidity is not enough. On the contrary, orthodoxy in the full sense demands a control over one's own mental processes as complete as that of a contortionist over his body.

Oceanic society rests ultimately on the belief that Big Brother is omnipotent and that the Party is infallible. But since in reality Big Brother is not omnipotent and the party is not infallible, there is need for an unwearying, moment-to-moment flexibility in the treatment of facts. The keyword here is blackwhite. Like so many Newspeak words, this word has two mutually contradictory meanings. Applied to an opponent, it means the habit of impudently claiming that black is white, in contradiction of the plain facts. Applied to a Party member, it means a loyal willingness to say that black is white when Party discipline demands this. But it means also the ability to believe that black is white, and more, to know that black is white, and to forget that one has ever believed the contrary. This demands a continuous alteration of the past, made possible by the system of thought which really embraces all the rest, and which is known in Newspeak as doublethink.

It is not merely that speeches, statistics, and records of every kind must be constantly brought up to date in order to show that the predictions of the Party were in all cases right. It is also that no change in doctrine or in political alignment can ever be admitted. For to change one's mind, or even



one's policy, is a confession of weakness. If, for example, Eurasia or Eastasia (whichever it may be) is the enemy today, then that country must always have been the enemy. And if the facts say otherwise then the facts must be altered. Thus history is continuously rewritten. And since the Party is in full control of all records and in equally full control of the minds of its members, it follows that the past is whatever the Party chooses to make it. It also follows that though the past is alterable, it never has been altered in any specific instance. For when it has been recreated in whatever shape is needed at the moment, then this new version is the past, and no different past can ever have existed. And if it is necessary to rearrange one's memories or to tamper with written records, then it is necessary to forget that one has done so. The trick of doing this can be learned like any other mental technique. It is learned by the majority of Party members, and certainly by all who are intelligent as well as orthodox. In Oldspeak it is called, quite frankly, 'reality control'.

In Newspeak this is called doublethink, though doublethink comprises much else as well. Doublethink means the power of holding two contradictory beliefs in one's mind simultaneously, and accepting both of them. The Party intellectual knows in which direction his memories must be altered; he therefore knows that he is playing tricks with reality; but by the exercise of doublethink he also satisfies himself that reality is not violated. To tell deliberate lies while genuinely believing in them, to forget any fact that has become inconvenient, and then, when it becomes necessary again, to draw it back from oblivion for just so long as it is needed, to deny the existence of objective reality and all the while to take account of the reality which one denies - all this is indispensably necessary. Even in using the word doublethink it is necessary to exercise doublethink.

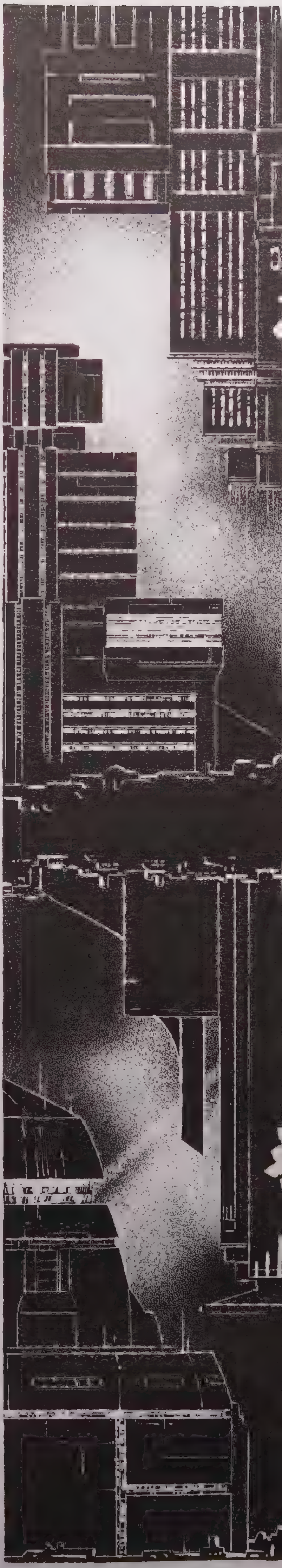
One clear illustration of this is the fact that war hysteria increases in intensity as one rises in the social scale. It is in the ranks of the Party, and above all of the Inner Party, that the true war enthusiasm is found. World-conquest is believed in most firmly by those who know it to be impossible. This peculiar linking-together of opposites - knowledge with ignorance, cynicism with fanaticism - is one of the chief distinguishing marks of Oceanic society. It systematically undermines the solidarity of the family, and it calls its leader by a name which is a direct appeal to the sentiment of family loyalty. Even the names of the four Ministries by which we are governed exhibit a sort of impudence in their deliberate reversal of the facts. The Ministry of Peace concerns itself with war, the Ministry of Truth with lies, the Ministry of Love with torture and the Ministry of Plenty with starvation.

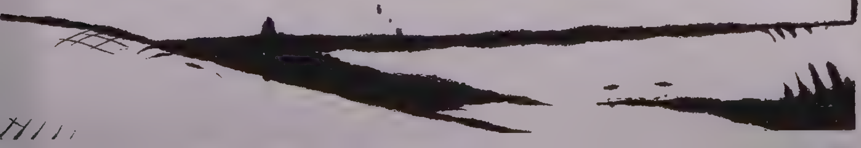
These contradictions are not accidental, nor do they result from ordinary hypocrisy; they are deliberate exercises in doublethink. For it is only by reconciling contradictions that power can be retained indefinitely. In no other way could the ancient cycle be broken. If human equality is to be for ever averted - if the High, as we have called them, are to keep their places permanently - then the prevailing mental condition must be controlled insanity. But there is one question which until this moment we have almost ignored. It is; why should human equality be averted? Supposing that the mechanics of the process have been rightly described, what is the motive for this huge, accurately planned effort to freeze history at a particular moment of time?

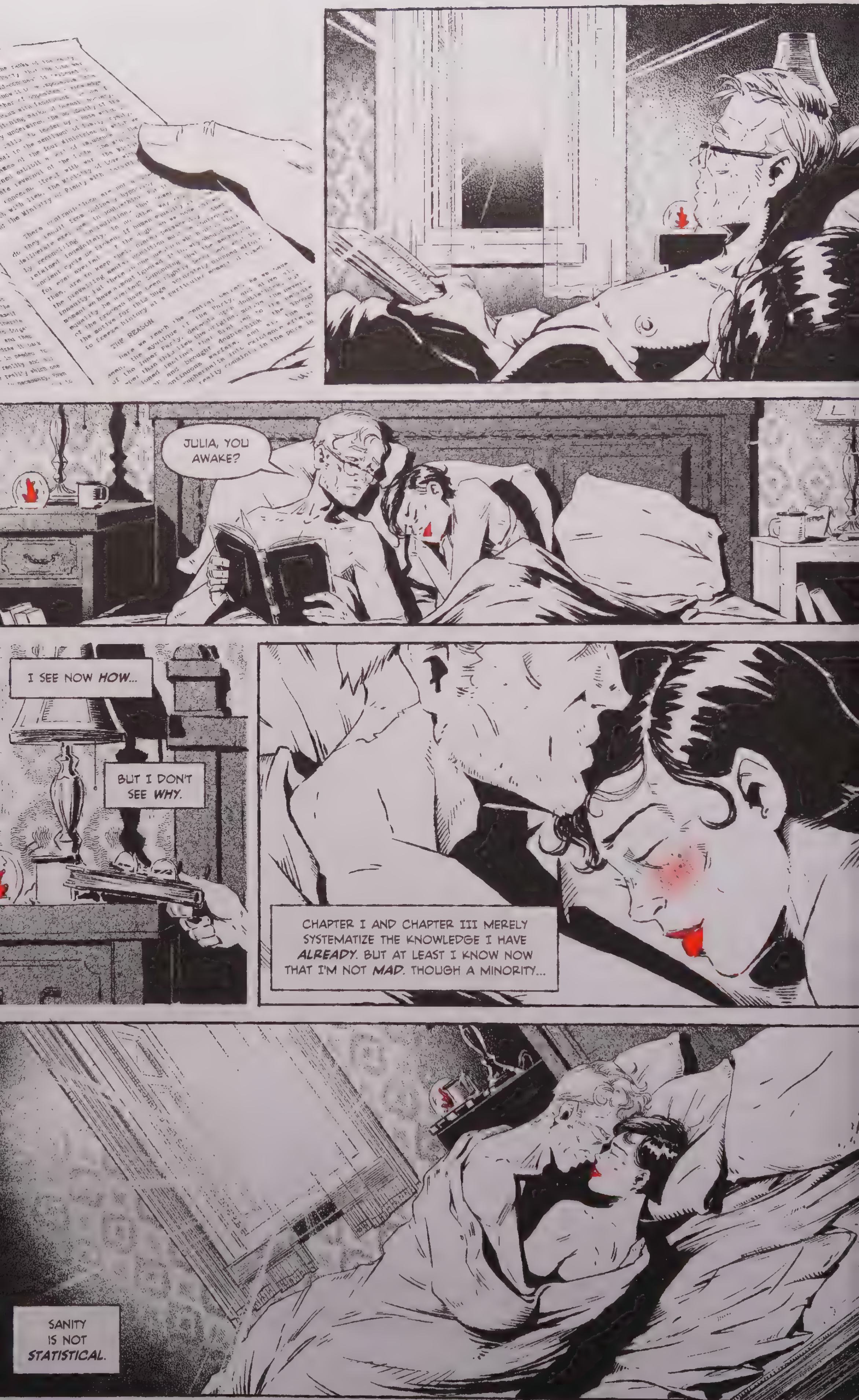
THE REASON

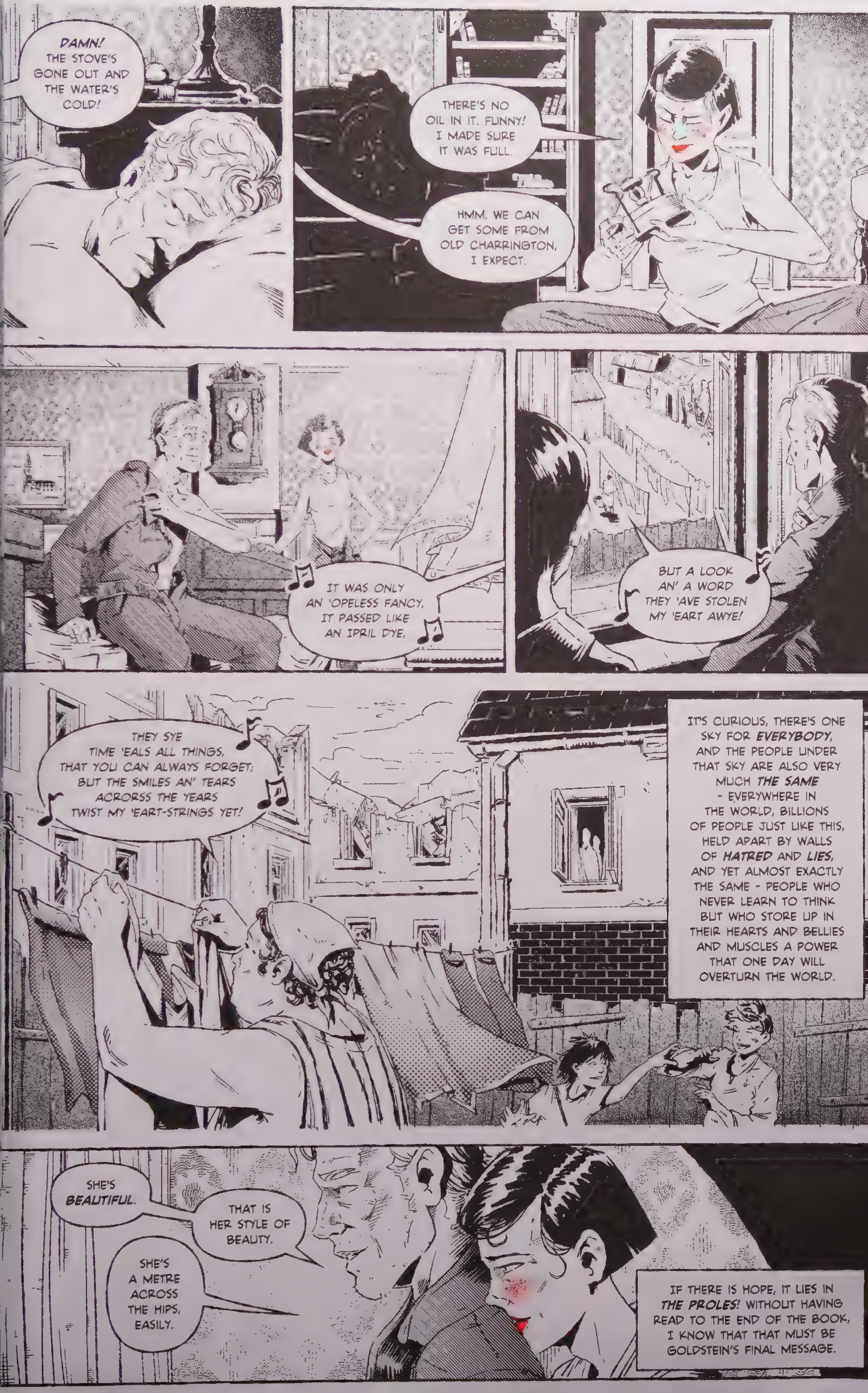
Here we reach the central secret. As we have seen, the mystique of the Party, and above all of the Inner Party, depends upon doublethink. But deeper than this lies the original motive, the never-questioned instinct that first led to the seizure of power and brought doublethink, the Thought Police, continuous warfare, and all the other necessary paraphernalia into existence afterwards.

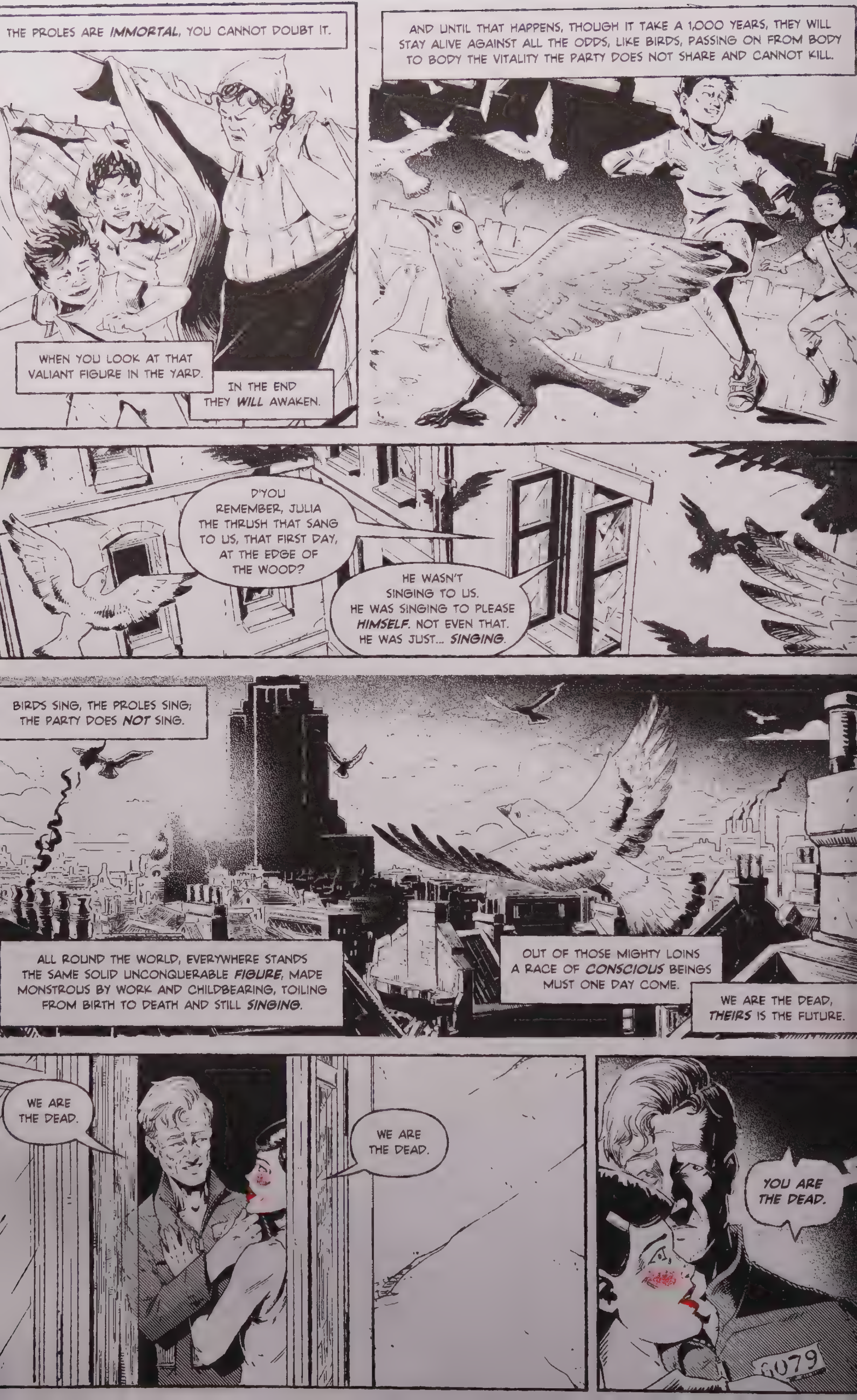
This motive really consists in the pure lust for

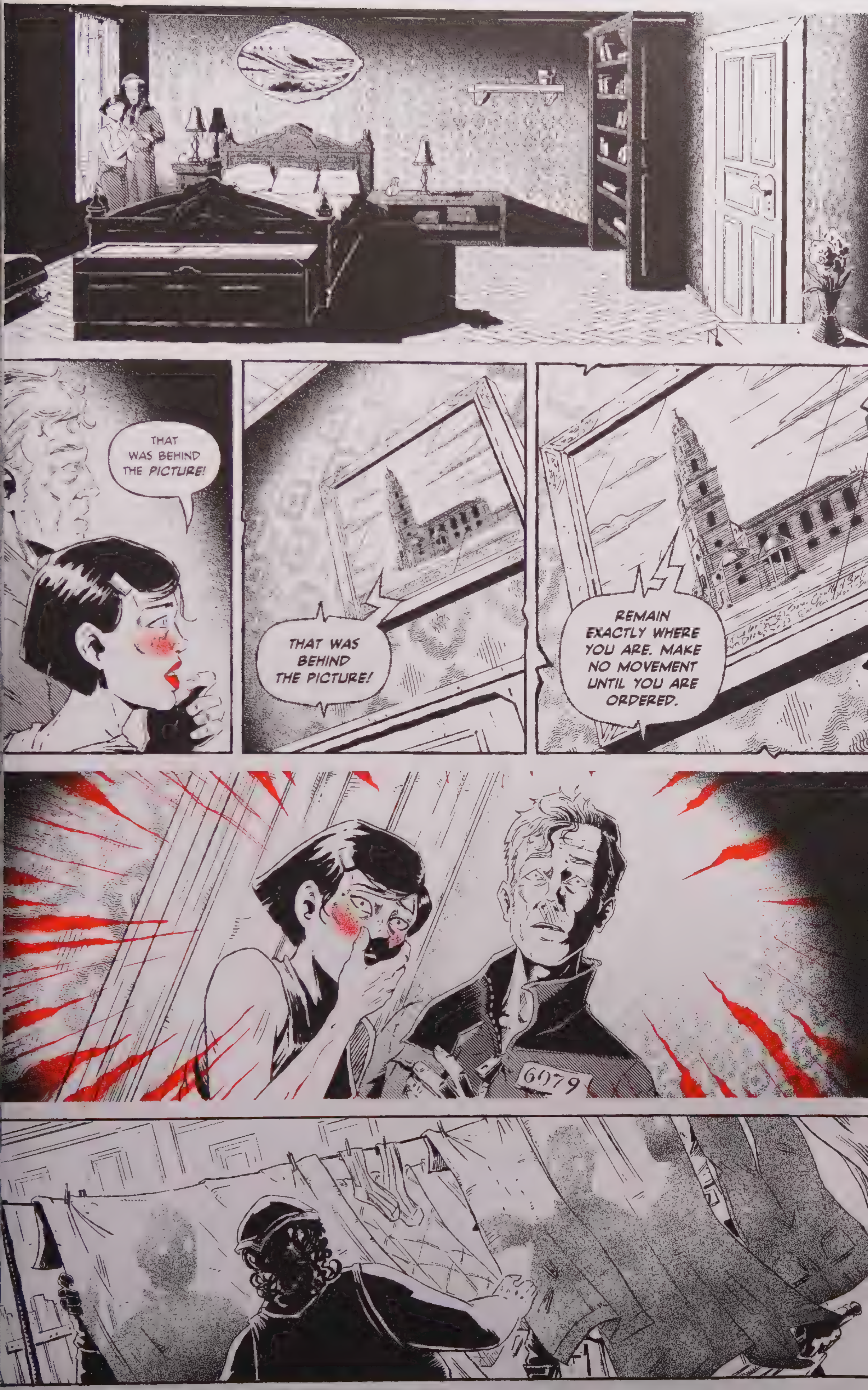


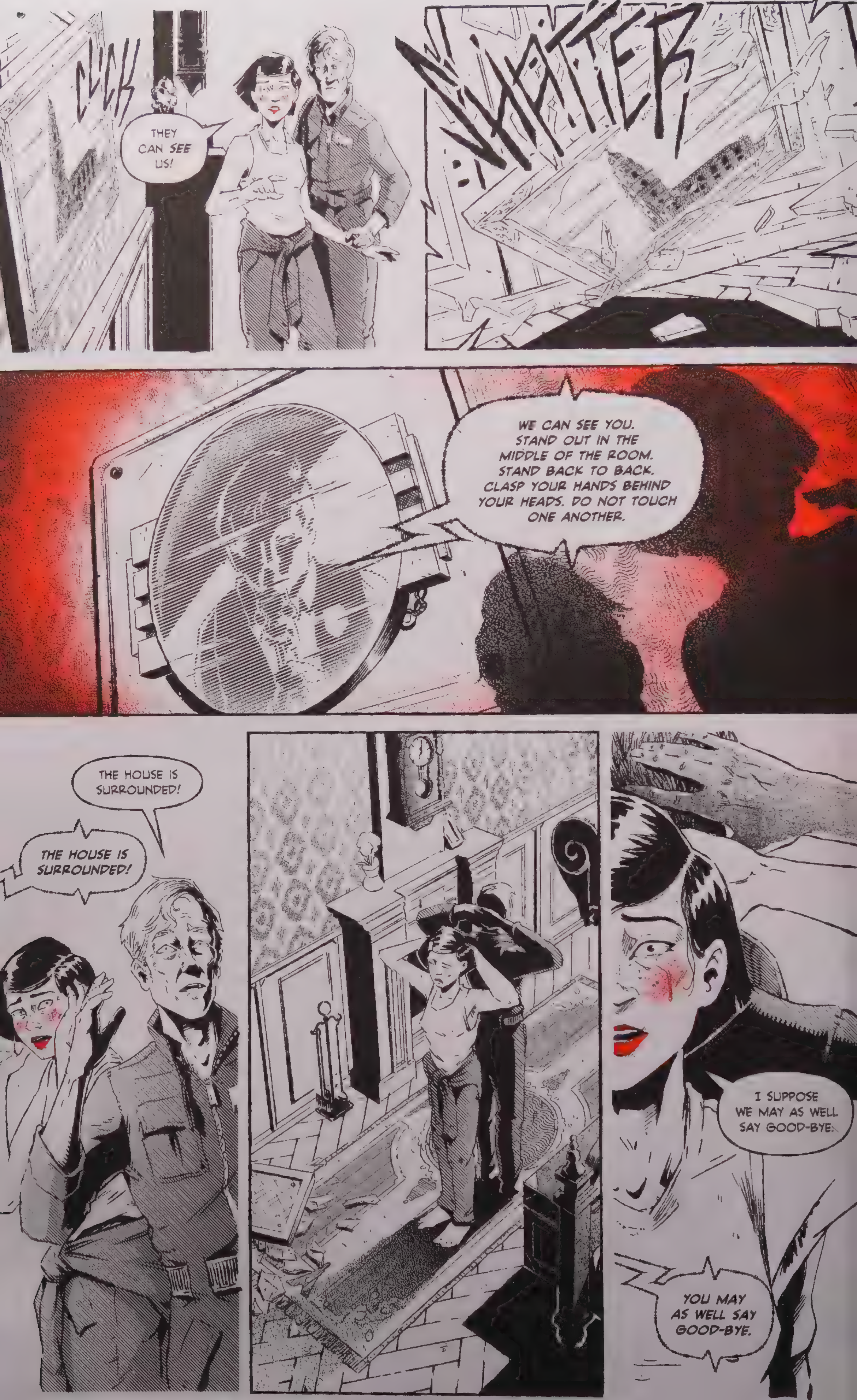


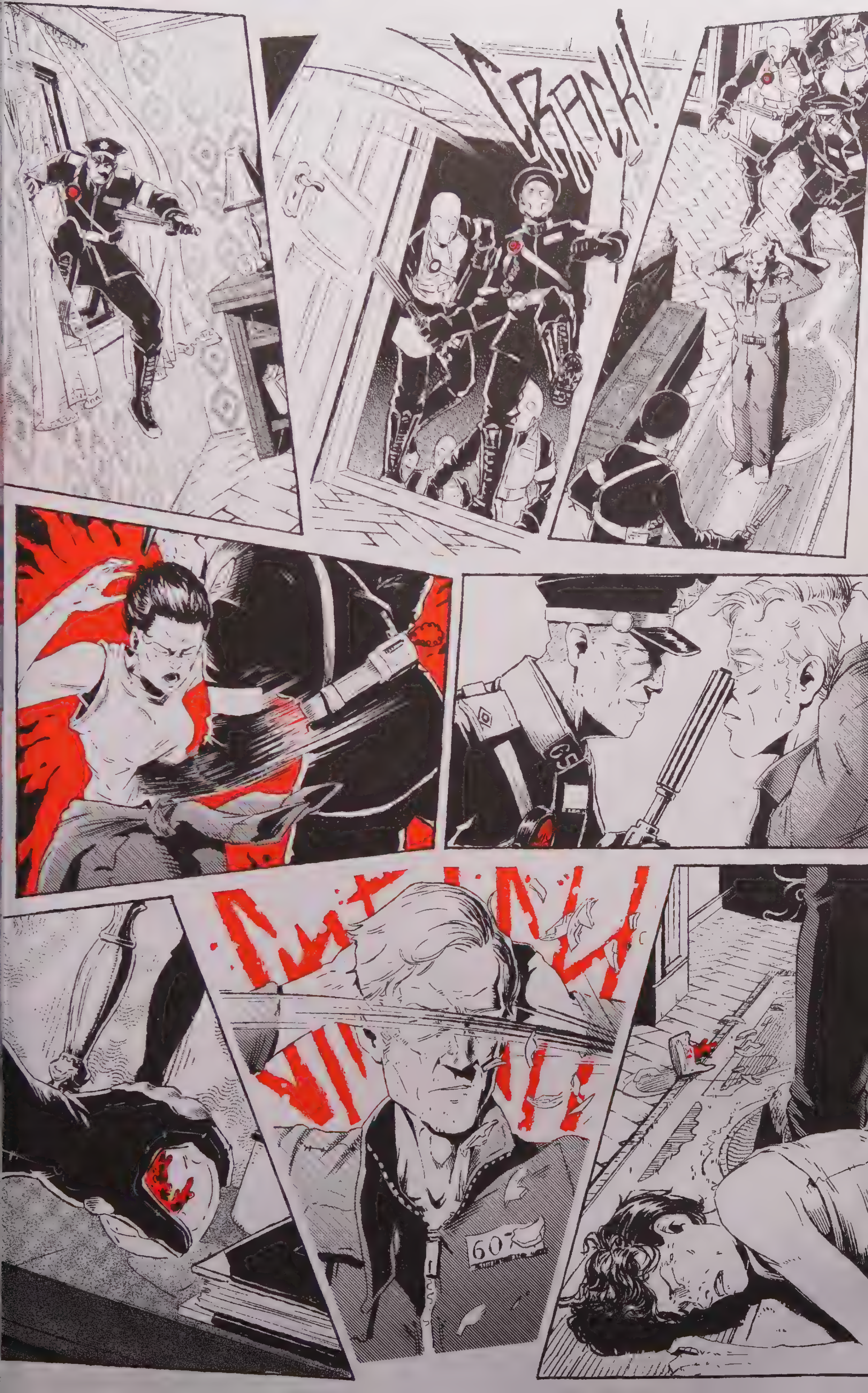

JULIA, YOU AWAKE?
I SEE NOW *HOW*...
BUT I DON'T SEE *WHY*.
CHAPTER I AND CHAPTER III MERELY SYSTEMATIZE THE KNOWLEDGE I HAVE *ALREADY*. BUT AT LEAST I KNOW NOW THAT I'M NOT *MAD*. THOUGH A MINORITY...
SANITY IS NOT *STATISTICAL*.

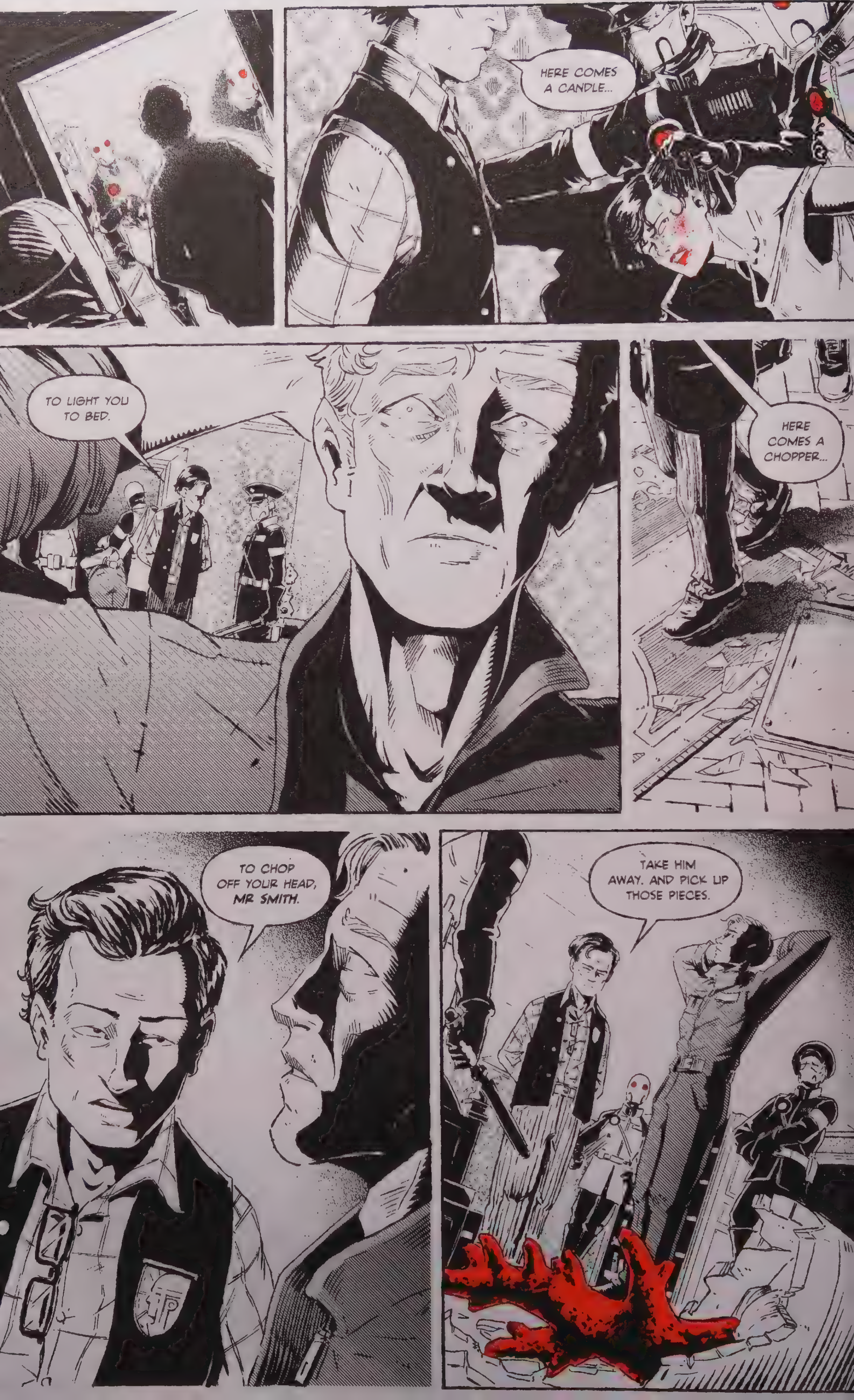

DAMN! THE STOVE'S GONE OUT AND THE WATER'S COLD!
THERE'S NO OIL IN IT. FUNNY! I MADE SURE IT WAS FULL.
HMM. WE CAN GET SOME FROM OLD CHARRINGTON, I EXPECT.
IT WAS ONLY AN 'OPELESS FANCY, IT PASSED LIKE AN IPRIL DYE,
BUT A LOOK AN' A WORD THEY 'AVE STOLEN MY 'EART AWYE!
THEY SYE TIME 'EALS ALL THINGS, THAT YOU CAN ALWAYS FORGET; BUT THE SMILES AN' TEARS ACRORSS THE YEARS TWIST MY 'EART-STRINGS YET!
IT'S CURIOUS, THERE'S ONE SKY FOR EVERYBODY, AND THE PEOPLE UNDER THAT SKY ARE ALSO VERY MUCH THE SAME - EVERYWHERE IN THE WORLD, BILLIONS OF PEOPLE JUST LIKE THIS, HELD APART BY WALLS OF HATRED AND LIES, AND YET ALMOST EXACTLY THE SAME - PEOPLE WHO NEVER LEARN TO THINK BUT WHO STORE UP IN THEIR HEARTS AND BELLIES AND MUSCLES A POWER THAT ONE DAY WILL OVERTURN THE WORLD.
SHE'S BEAUTIFUL.
THAT IS HER STYLE OF BEAUTY.
SHE'S A METRE ACROSS THE HIPS, EASILY.
IF THERE IS HOPE, IT LIES IN THE PROLES! WITHOUT HAVING READ TO THE END OF THE BOOK, I KNOW THAT THAT MUST BE GOLDSTEIN'S FINAL MESSAGE.


THE PROLES ARE *IMMORTAL*, YOU CANNOT DOUBT IT.
WHEN YOU LOOK AT THAT VALIANT FIGURE IN THE YARD.
IN THE END THEY *WILL* AWAKEN.
AND UNTIL THAT HAPPENS, THOUGH IT TAKE A 1,000 YEARS, THEY WILL STAY ALIVE AGAINST ALL THE ODDS, LIKE BIRDS, PASSING ON FROM BODY TO BODY THE VITALITY THE PARTY DOES NOT SHARE AND CANNOT KILL.
D'YOU REMEMBER, JULIA THE THRUSH THAT SANG TO US, THAT FIRST DAY, AT THE EDGE OF THE WOOD?
HE WASN'T SINGING TO US. HE WAS SINGING TO PLEASE *HIMSELF*. NOT EVEN THAT. HE WAS JUST... *SINGING*.
BIRDS SING, THE PROLES SING; THE PARTY DOES *NOT* SING.
ALL ROUND THE WORLD, EVERYWHERE STANDS THE SAME SOLID UNCONQUERABLE *FIGURE*, MADE MONSTROUS BY WORK AND CHILDBEARING, TOILING FROM BIRTH TO DEATH AND STILL *SINGING*.
OUT OF THOSE MIGHTY LOINS A RACE OF *CONSCIOUS* BEINGS MUST ONE DAY COME.
WE ARE THE DEAD, *THEIRS* IS THE FUTURE.
WE ARE THE DEAD.
WE ARE THE DEAD.
YOU ARE THE DEAD.
6079


THAT WAS BEHIND THE *PICTURE!*
THAT WAS BEHIND THE PICTURE!
REMAIN EXACTLY WHERE YOU ARE. MAKE NO MOVEMENT UNTIL YOU ARE ORDERED.
6079


CLICK
THEY CAN *SEE* US!
SHATTER
WE CAN SEE YOU. STAND OUT IN THE MIDDLE OF THE ROOM. STAND BACK TO BACK. CLASP YOUR HANDS BEHIND YOUR HEADS. DO NOT TOUCH ONE ANOTHER.
THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED!
THE HOUSE IS SURROUNDED!
I SUPPOSE WE MAY AS WELL SAY GOOD-BYE.
YOU MAY AS WELL SAY GOOD-BYE.

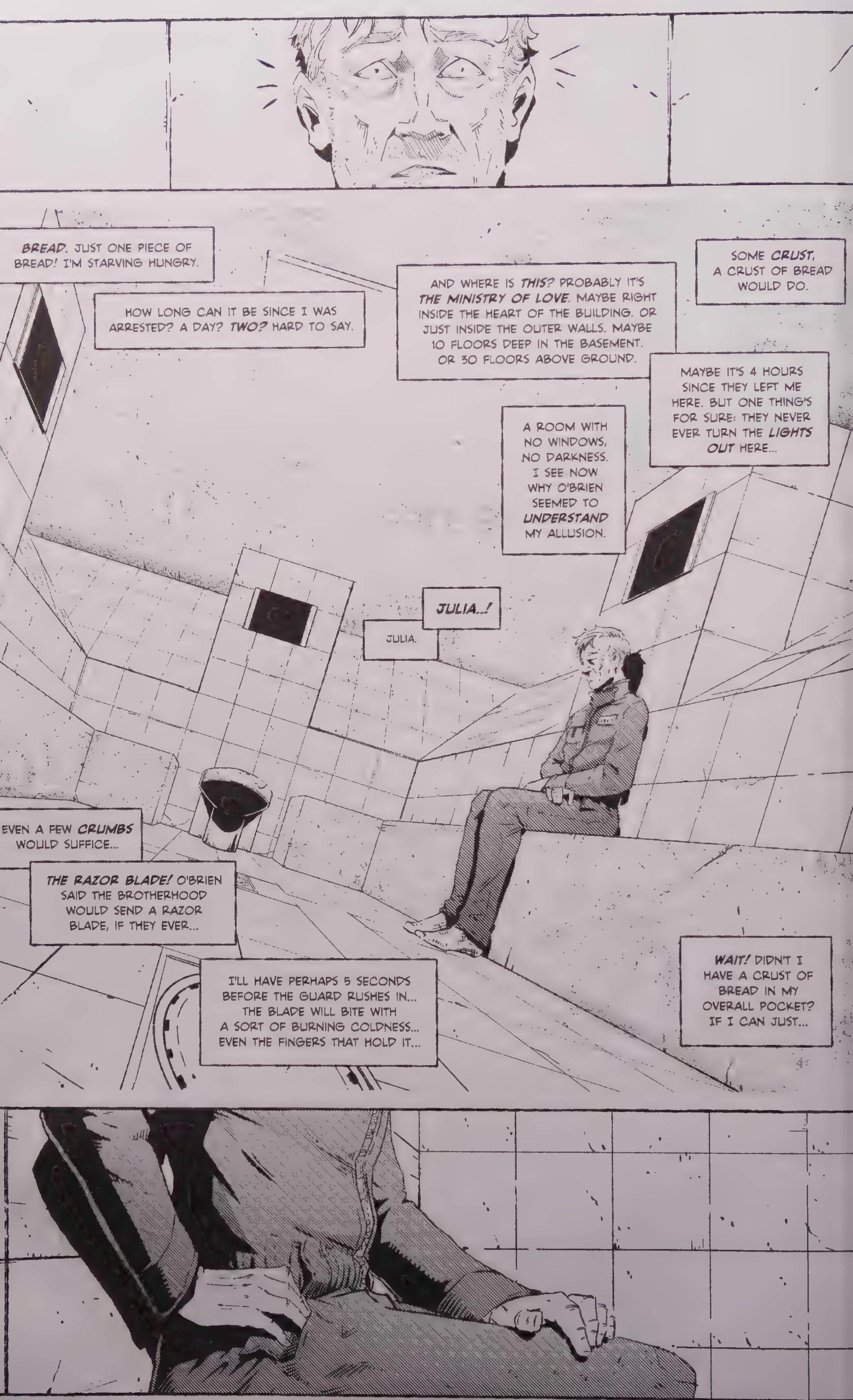

CRACK!

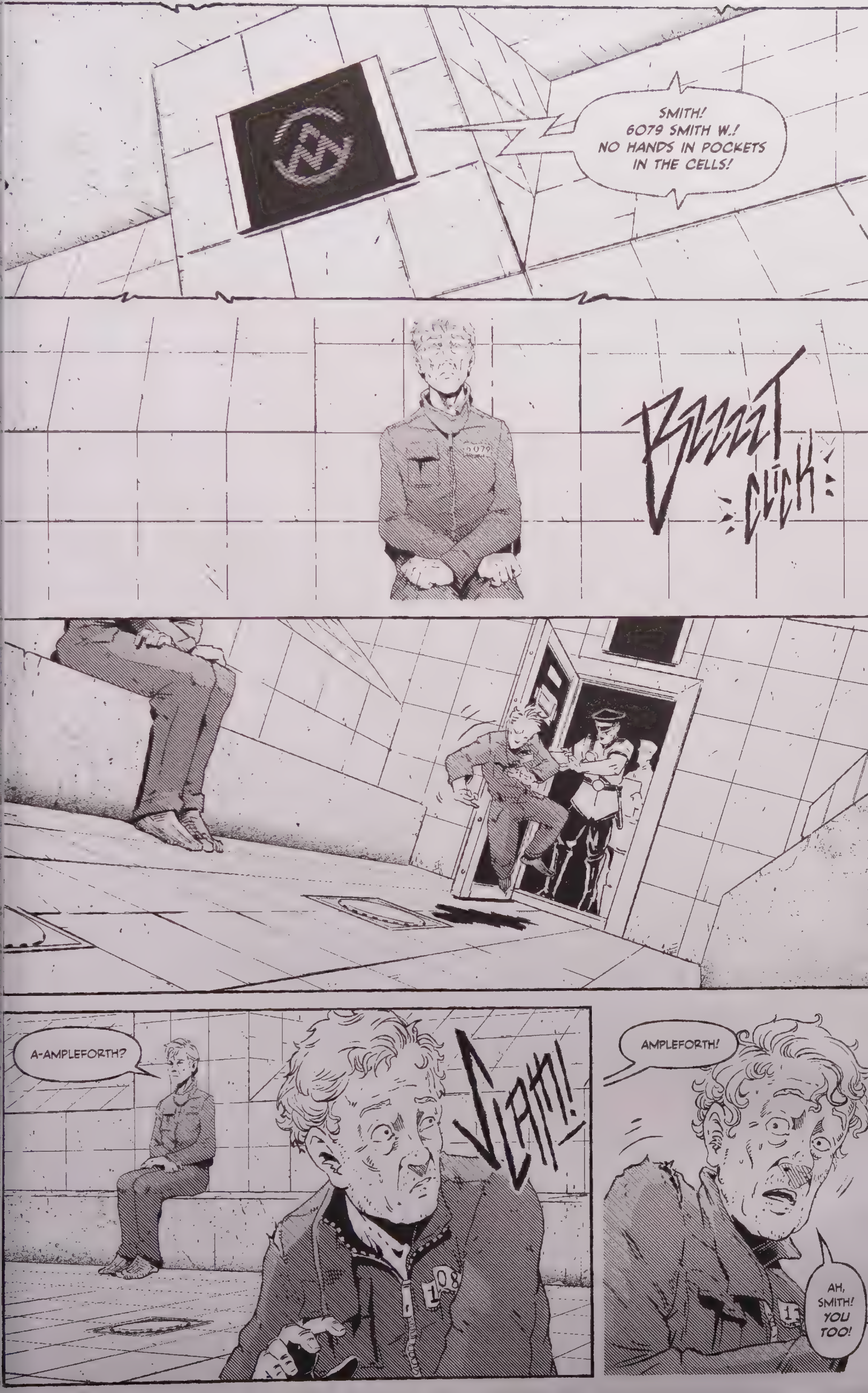

HERE COMES A CANDLE...
TO LIGHT YOU TO BED.
HERE COMES A CHOPPER...
TO CHOP OFF YOUR HEAD, **MR SMITH.**
TAKE HIM AWAY. AND PICK UP THOSE PIECES.

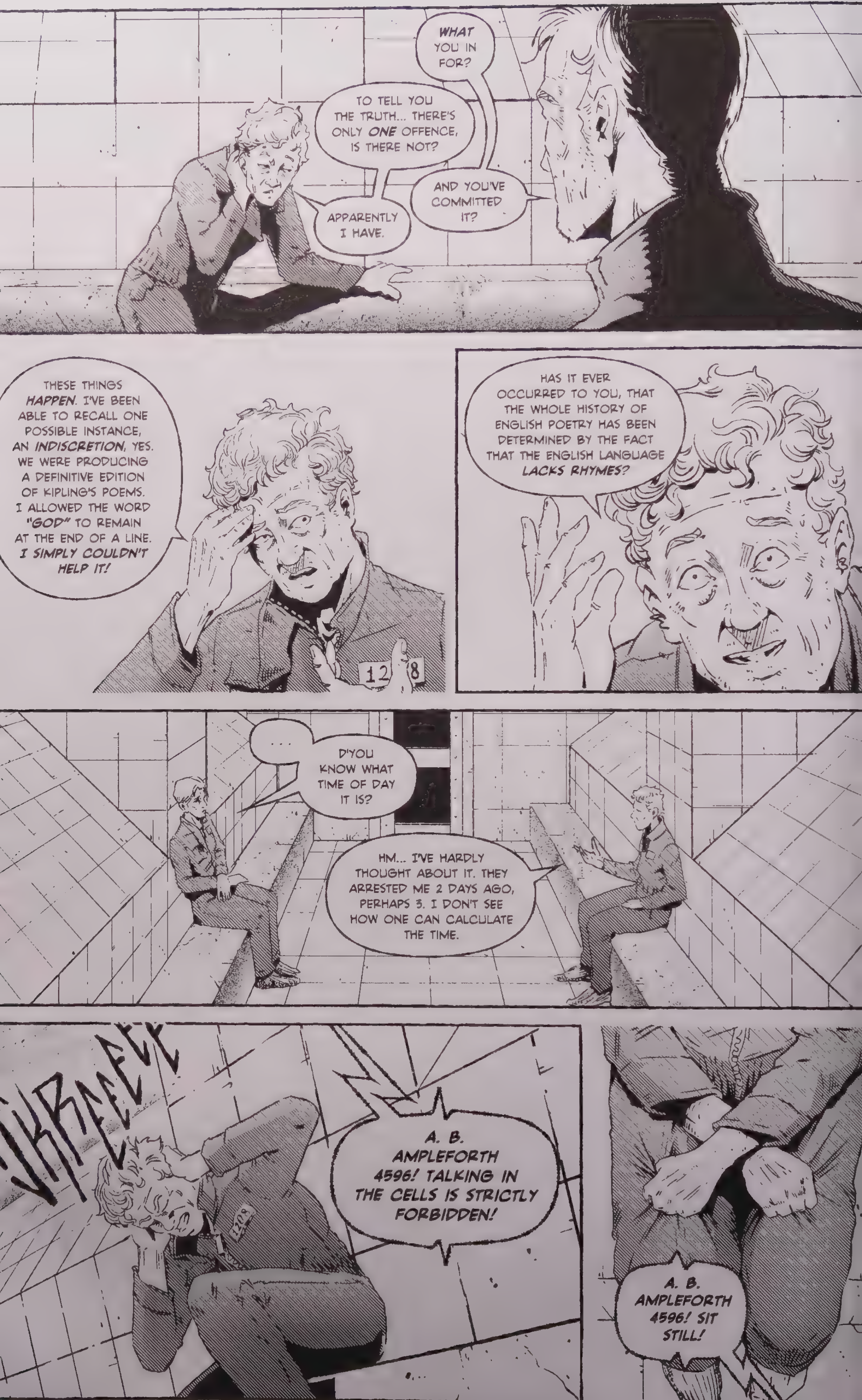
PART THREE

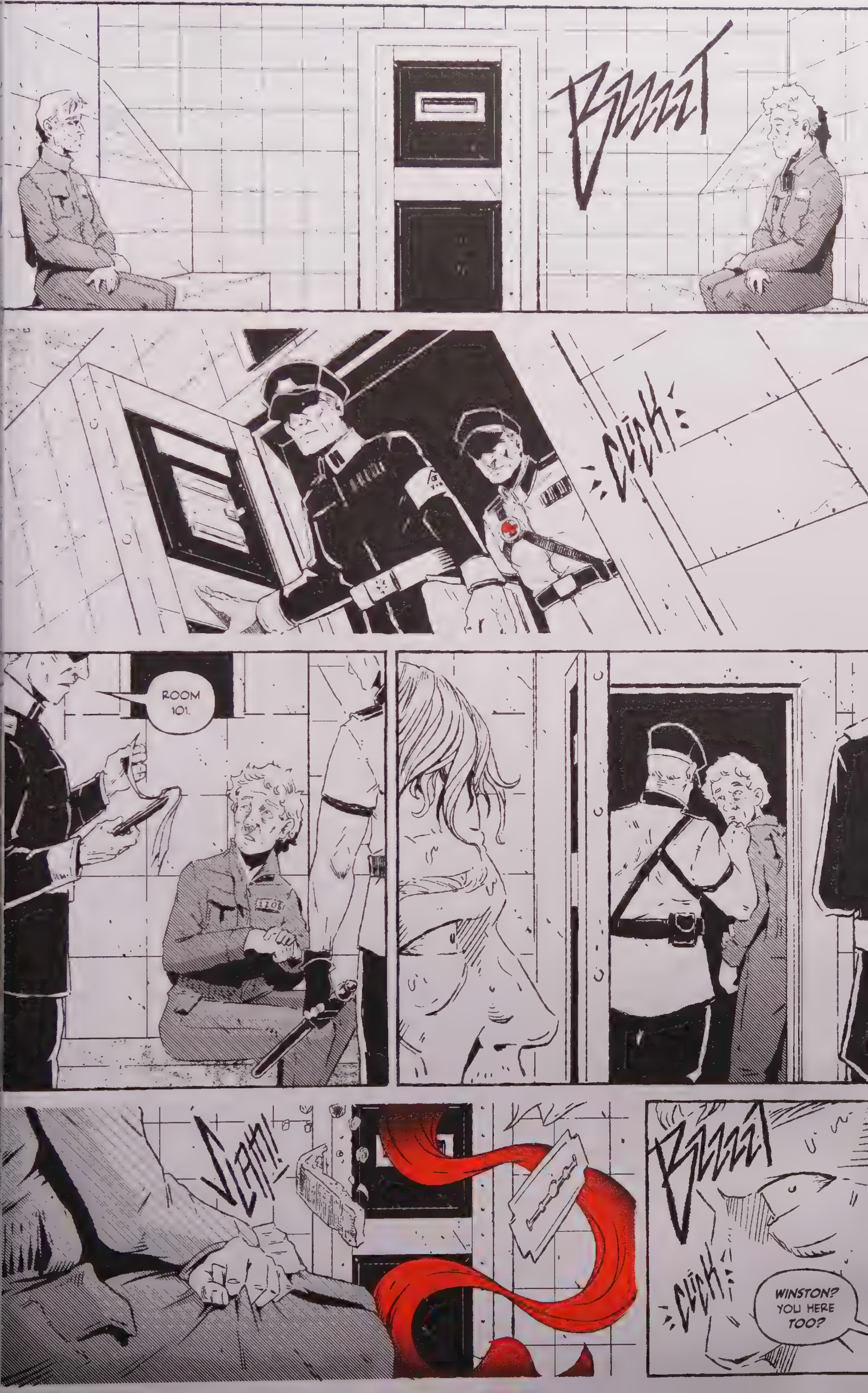
CHAPTER 1

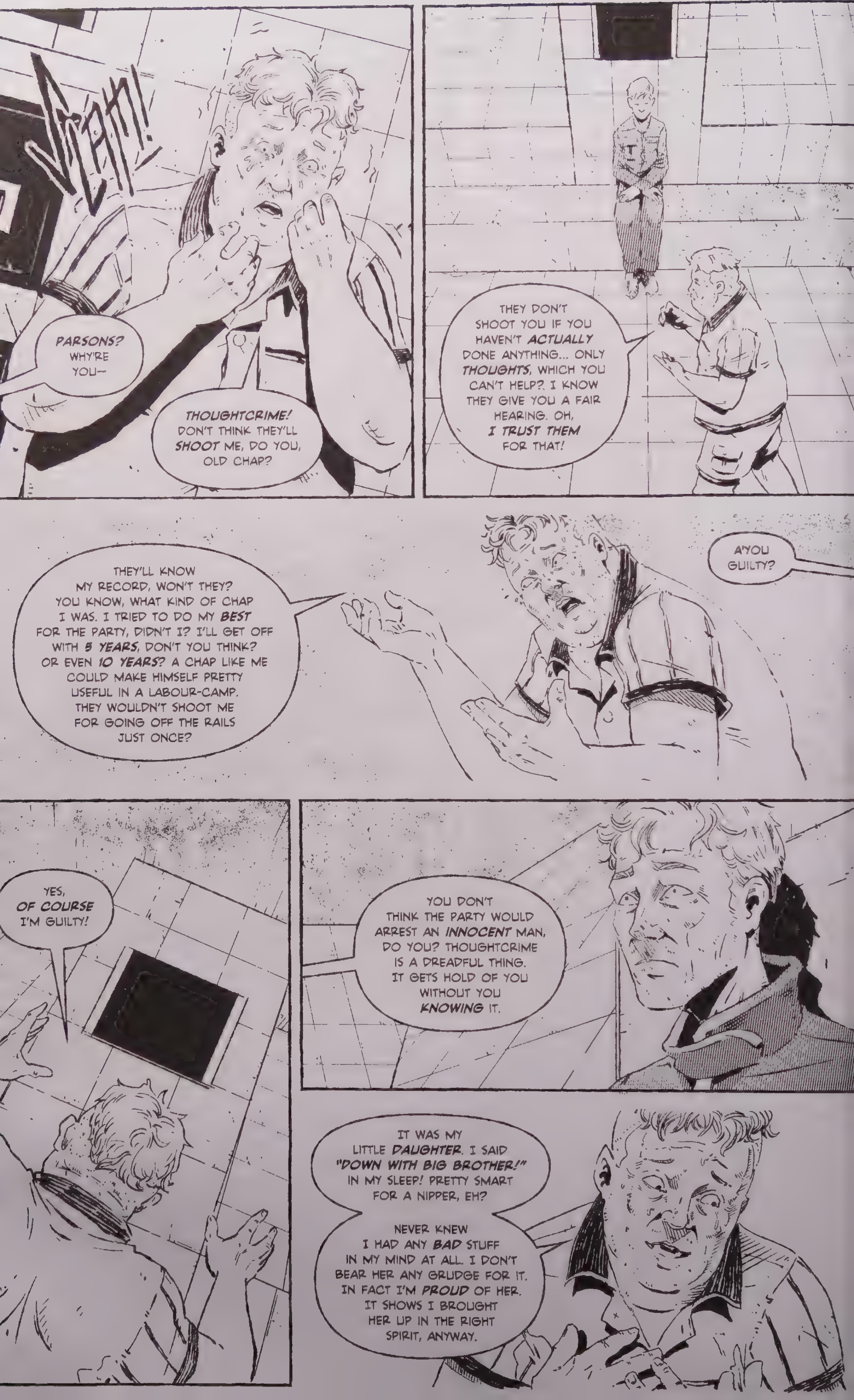
In the face of pain
there are no heroes.

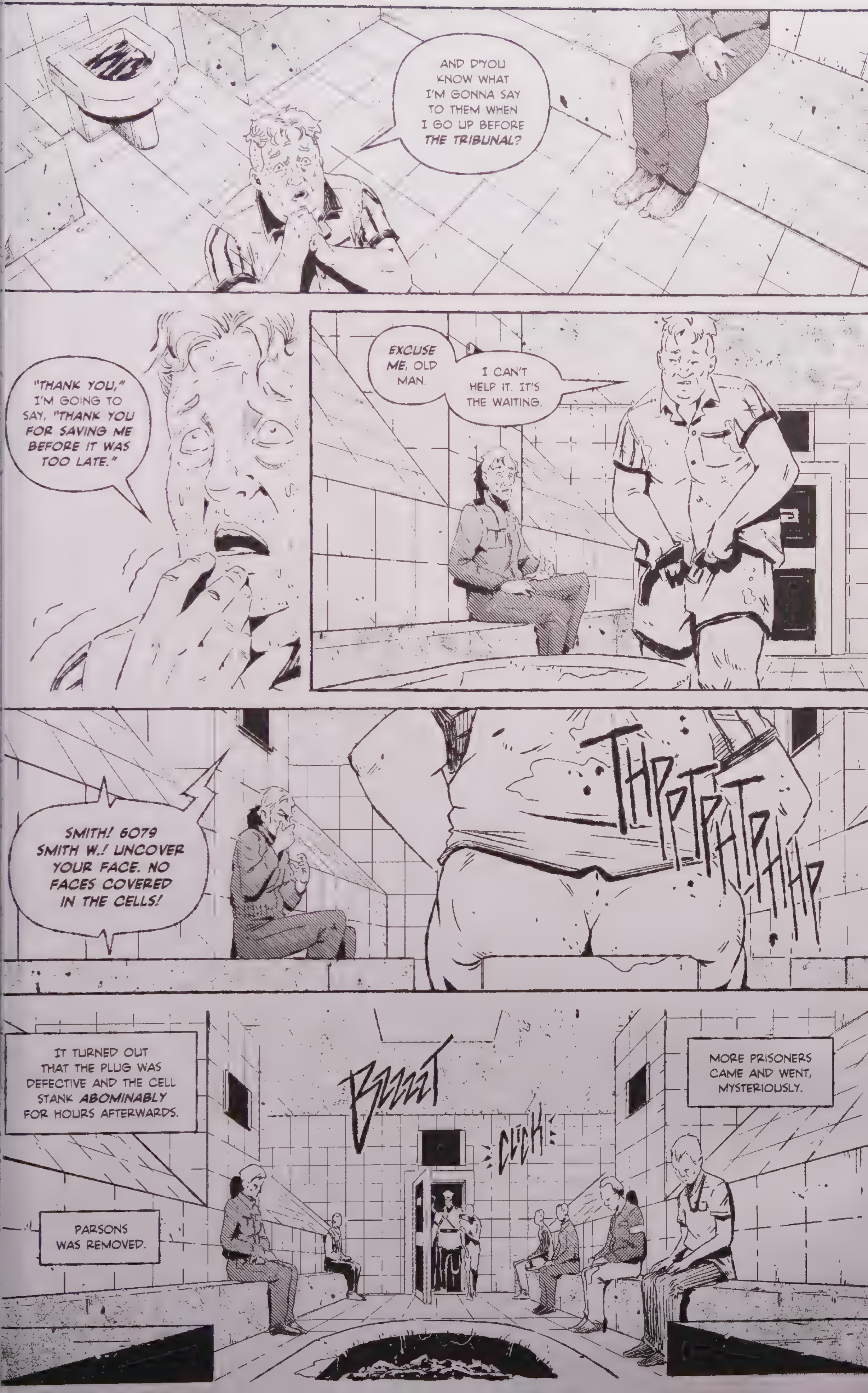

HOW LONG CAN IT BE SINCE I WAS ARRESTED? A DAY? *TWO?* HARD TO SAY.
AND WHERE IS *THIS?* PROBABLY IT'S ***THE MINISTRY OF LOVE.*** MAYBE RIGHT INSIDE THE HEART OF THE BUILDING. OR JUST INSIDE THE OUTER WALLS. MAYBE 10 FLOORS DEEP IN THE BASEMENT. OR 30 FLOORS ABOVE GROUND.
MAYBE IT'S 4 HOURS SINCE THEY LEFT ME HERE. BUT ONE THING'S FOR SURE: THEY NEVER EVER TURN THE ***LIGHTS OUT*** HERE...
A ROOM WITH NO WINDOWS, NO DARKNESS. I SEE NOW WHY O'BRIEN SEEMED TO ***UNDERSTAND*** MY ALLUSION.
JULIA.
JULIA..!
BREAD. JUST ONE PIECE OF BREAD! I'M STARVING HUNGRY.
SOME ***CRUST,*** A CRUST OF BREAD WOULD DO.
EVEN A FEW ***CRUMBS*** WOULD SUFFICE...
THE RAZOR BLADE! O'BRIEN SAID THE BROTHERHOOD WOULD SEND A RAZOR BLADE, IF THEY EVER...
I'LL HAVE PERHAPS 5 SECONDS BEFORE THE GUARD RUSHES IN... THE BLADE WILL BITE WITH A SORT OF BURNING COLDNESS... EVEN THE FINGERS THAT HOLD IT...
WAIT! DIDN'T I HAVE A CRUST OF BREAD IN MY OVERALL POCKET? IF I CAN JUST...

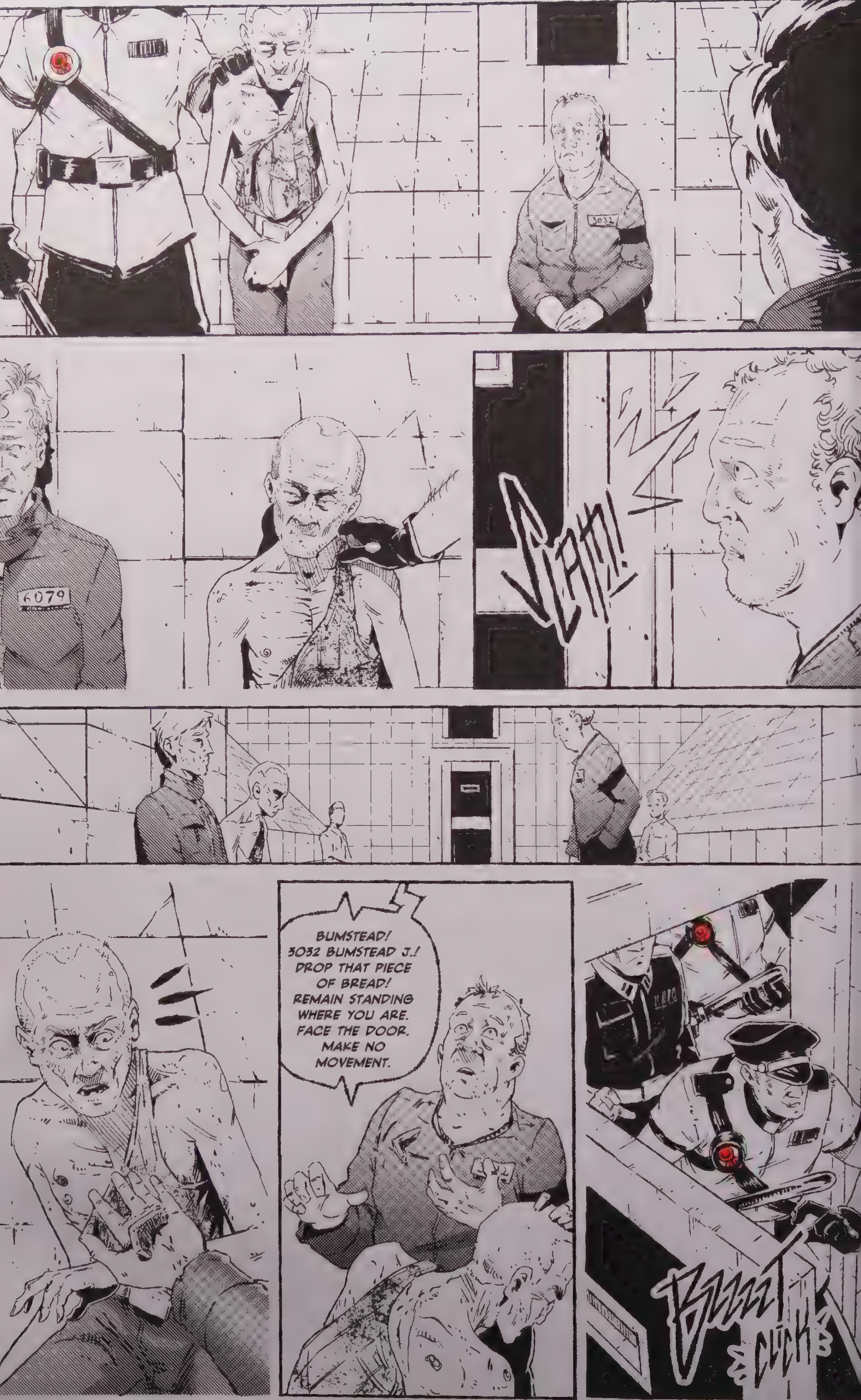

SMITH! 6079 SMITH W.! NO HANDS IN POCKETS IN THE CELLS!
6079
BZZZT
CLICK
A-AMPLEFORTH?
SLAM!
108
AMPLEFORTH!
AH, SMITH! YOU TOO!

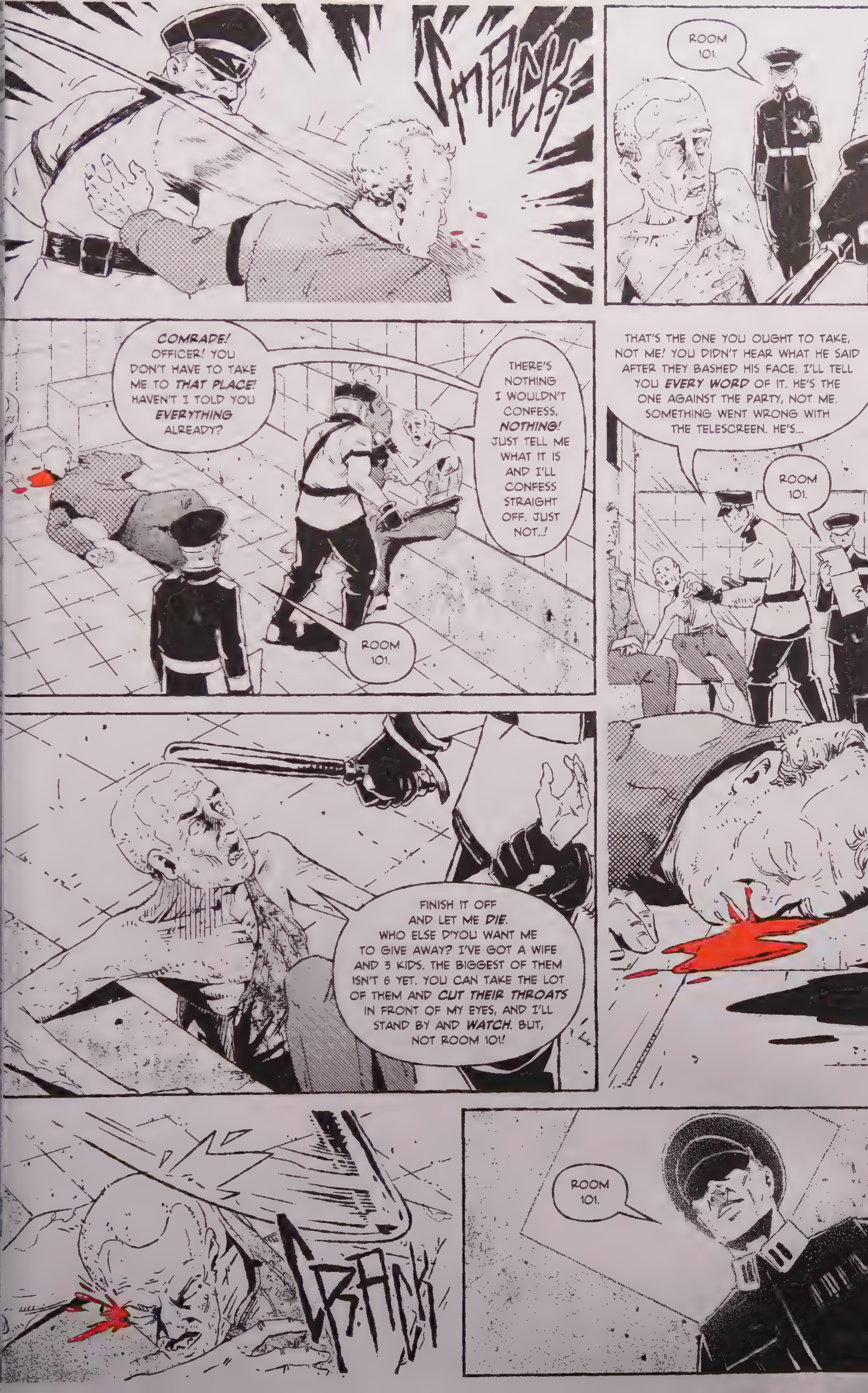

WHAT YOU IN FOR?
TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH... THERE'S ONLY *ONE* OFFENCE, IS THERE NOT?
AND YOU'VE COMMITTED IT?
APPARENTLY I HAVE.
THESE THINGS *HAPPEN*. I'VE BEEN ABLE TO RECALL ONE POSSIBLE INSTANCE, AN *INDISCRETION*, YES. WE WERE PRODUCING A DEFINITIVE EDITION OF KIPLING'S POEMS. I ALLOWED THE WORD *"GOD"* TO REMAIN AT THE END OF A LINE. *I SIMPLY COULDN'T HELP IT!*
12 8
HAS IT EVER OCCURRED TO YOU, THAT THE WHOLE HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY HAS BEEN DETERMINED BY THE FACT THAT THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE *LACKS RHYMES?*
. . .
D'YOU KNOW WHAT TIME OF DAY IT IS?
HM... I'VE HARDLY THOUGHT ABOUT IT. THEY ARRESTED ME 2 DAYS AGO, PERHAPS 3. I DON'T SEE HOW ONE CAN CALCULATE THE TIME.
KREEEE
A. B. AMPLEFORTH 4596! TALKING IN THE CELLS IS STRICTLY FORBIDDEN!
1208
A. B. AMPLEFORTH 4596! SIT STILL!

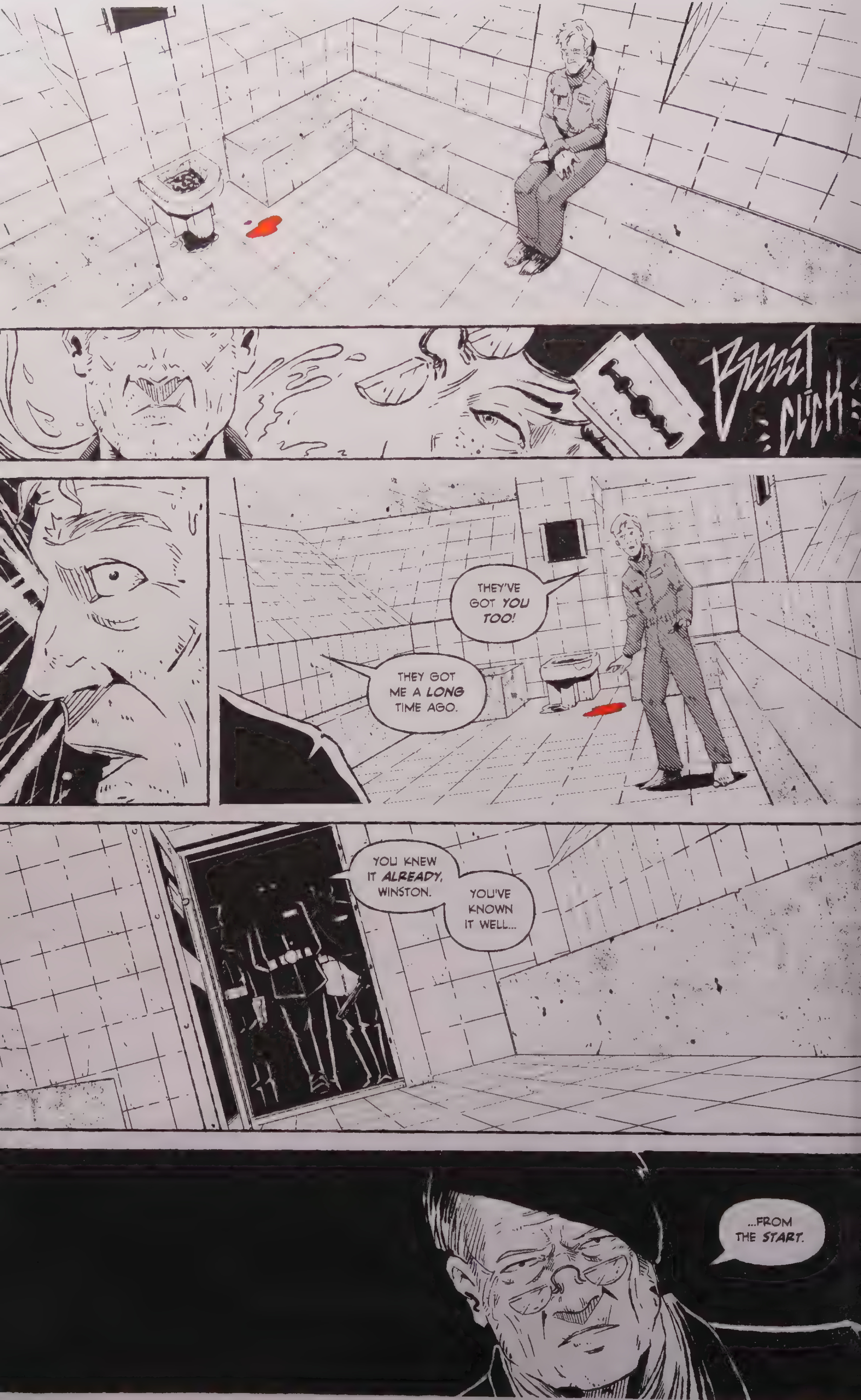

BZZZT
CLICK
ROOM 101.
1208
BZZZT
CLICK
WINSTON? YOU HERE TOO?


PARSONS? WHY'RE YOU--
THOUGHTCRIME! DON'T THINK THEY'LL SHOOT ME, DO YOU, OLD CHAP?
THEY DON'T SHOOT YOU IF YOU HAVEN'T ACTUALLY DONE ANYTHING... ONLY THOUGHTS, WHICH YOU CAN'T HELP? I KNOW THEY GIVE YOU A FAIR HEARING. OH, I TRUST THEM FOR THAT!
THEY'LL KNOW MY RECORD, WON'T THEY? YOU KNOW, WHAT KIND OF CHAP I WAS. I TRIED TO DO MY BEST FOR THE PARTY, DIDN'T I? I'LL GET OFF WITH 5 YEARS, DON'T YOU THINK? OR EVEN 10 YEARS? A CHAP LIKE ME COULD MAKE HIMSELF PRETTY USEFUL IN A LABOUR-CAMP. THEY WOULDN'T SHOOT ME FOR GOING OFF THE RAILS JUST ONCE?
A'YOU GUILTY?
YES, OF COURSE I'M GUILTY!
YOU DON'T THINK THE PARTY WOULD ARREST AN INNOCENT MAN, DO YOU? THOUGHTCRIME IS A DREADFUL THING. IT GETS HOLD OF YOU WITHOUT YOU KNOWING IT.
IT WAS MY LITTLE DAUGHTER. I SAID "DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER!" IN MY SLEEP! PRETTY SMART FOR A NIPPER, EH?
NEVER KNEW I HAD ANY BAD STUFF IN MY MIND AT ALL. I DON'T BEAR HER ANY GRUDGE FOR IT. IN FACT I'M PROUD OF HER. IT SHOWS I BROUGHT HER UP IN THE RIGHT SPIRIT, ANYWAY.


AND D'YOU KNOW WHAT I'M GONNA SAY TO THEM WHEN I GO UP BEFORE *THE TRIBUNAL?*
"THANK YOU," I'M GOING TO SAY, *"THANK YOU FOR SAVING ME BEFORE IT WAS TOO LATE."*
EXCUSE ME, OLD MAN.
I CAN'T HELP IT. IT'S THE WAITING.
SMITH! 6079 SMITH W.! UNCOVER YOUR FACE. NO FACES COVERED IN THE CELLS!
THPPTPHTPHHP
IT TURNED OUT THAT THE PLUG WAS DEFECTIVE AND THE CELL STANK *ABOMINABLY* FOR HOURS AFTERWARDS.
BZZZT
CLICK
MORE PRISONERS CAME AND WENT, MYSTERIOUSLY.
PARSONS WAS REMOVED.

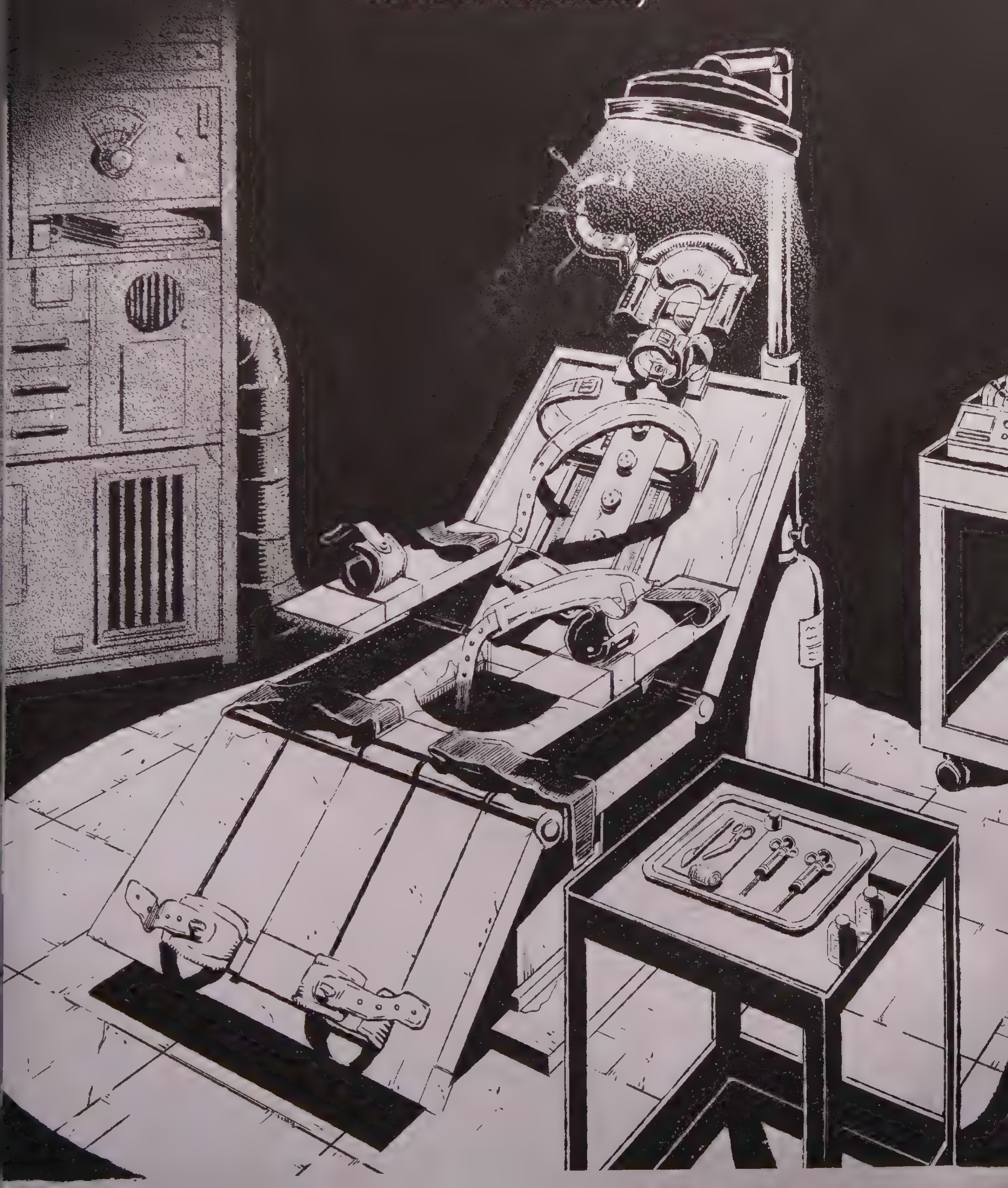

3032
6079
SLAM!
BUMSTEAD! 3032 BUMSTEAD J.! DROP THAT PIECE OF BREAD! REMAIN STANDING WHERE YOU ARE. FACE THE DOOR. MAKE NO MOVEMENT.
BZZZT
CLICK

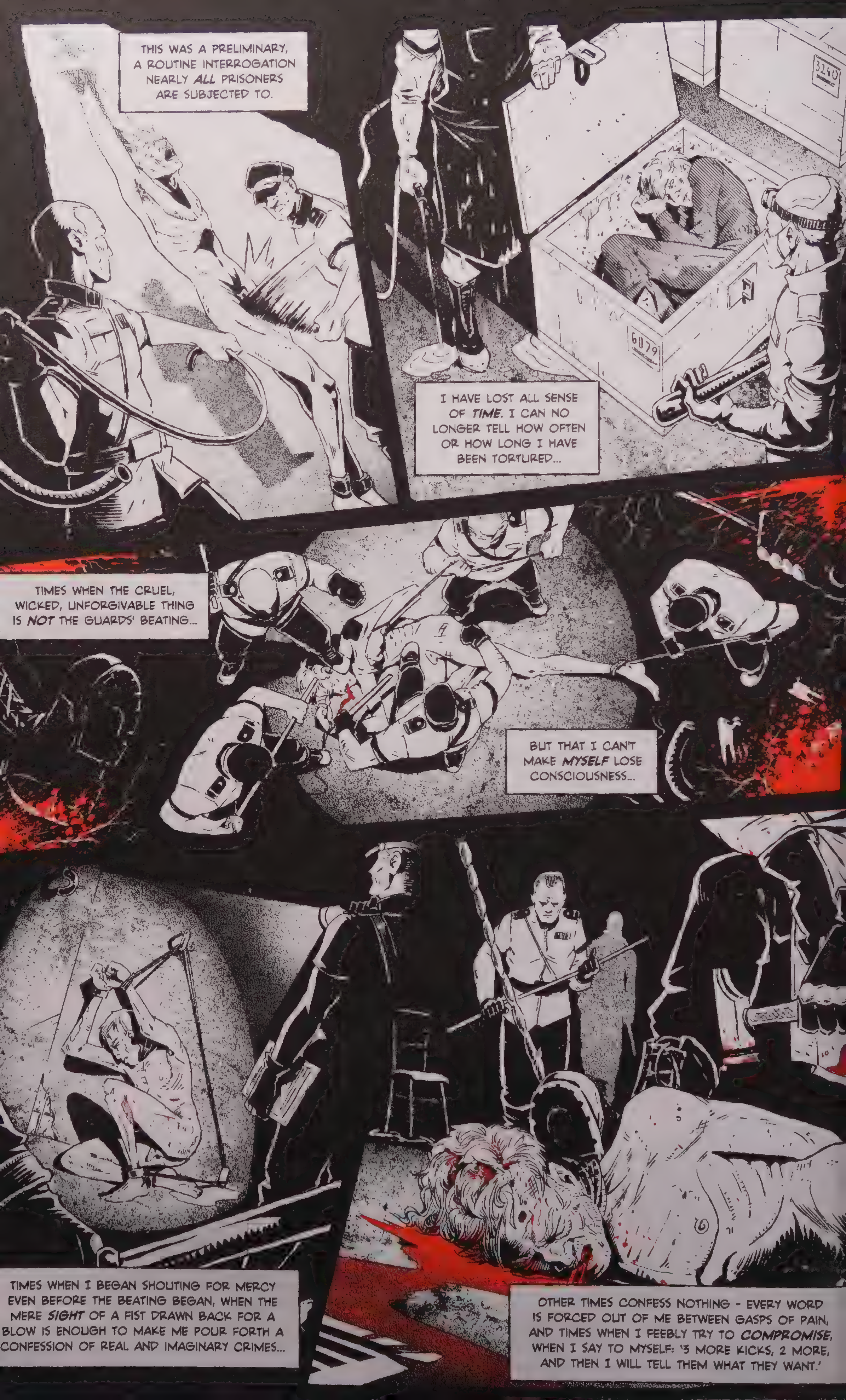

SMACK
ROOM 101.
COMRADE! OFFICER! YOU DON'T HAVE TO TAKE ME TO THAT PLACE! HAVEN'T I TOLD YOU EVERYTHING ALREADY?
THERE'S NOTHING I WOULDN'T CONFESS, NOTHING! JUST TELL ME WHAT IT IS AND I'LL CONFESS STRAIGHT OFF. JUST NOT..!
ROOM 101.
THAT'S THE ONE YOU OUGHT TO TAKE, NOT ME! YOU DIDN'T HEAR WHAT HE SAID AFTER THEY BASHED HIS FACE. I'LL TELL YOU EVERY WORD OF IT. HE'S THE ONE AGAINST THE PARTY, NOT ME. SOMETHING WENT WRONG WITH THE TELESCREEN. HE'S...
ROOM 101.
FINISH IT OFF AND LET ME DIE. WHO ELSE D'YOU WANT ME TO GIVE AWAY? I'VE GOT A WIFE AND 3 KIDS. THE BIGGEST OF THEM ISN'T 6 YET. YOU CAN TAKE THE LOT OF THEM AND CUT THEIR THROATS IN FRONT OF MY EYES, AND I'LL STAND BY AND WATCH. BUT, NOT ROOM 101!
CRACK
ROOM 101.

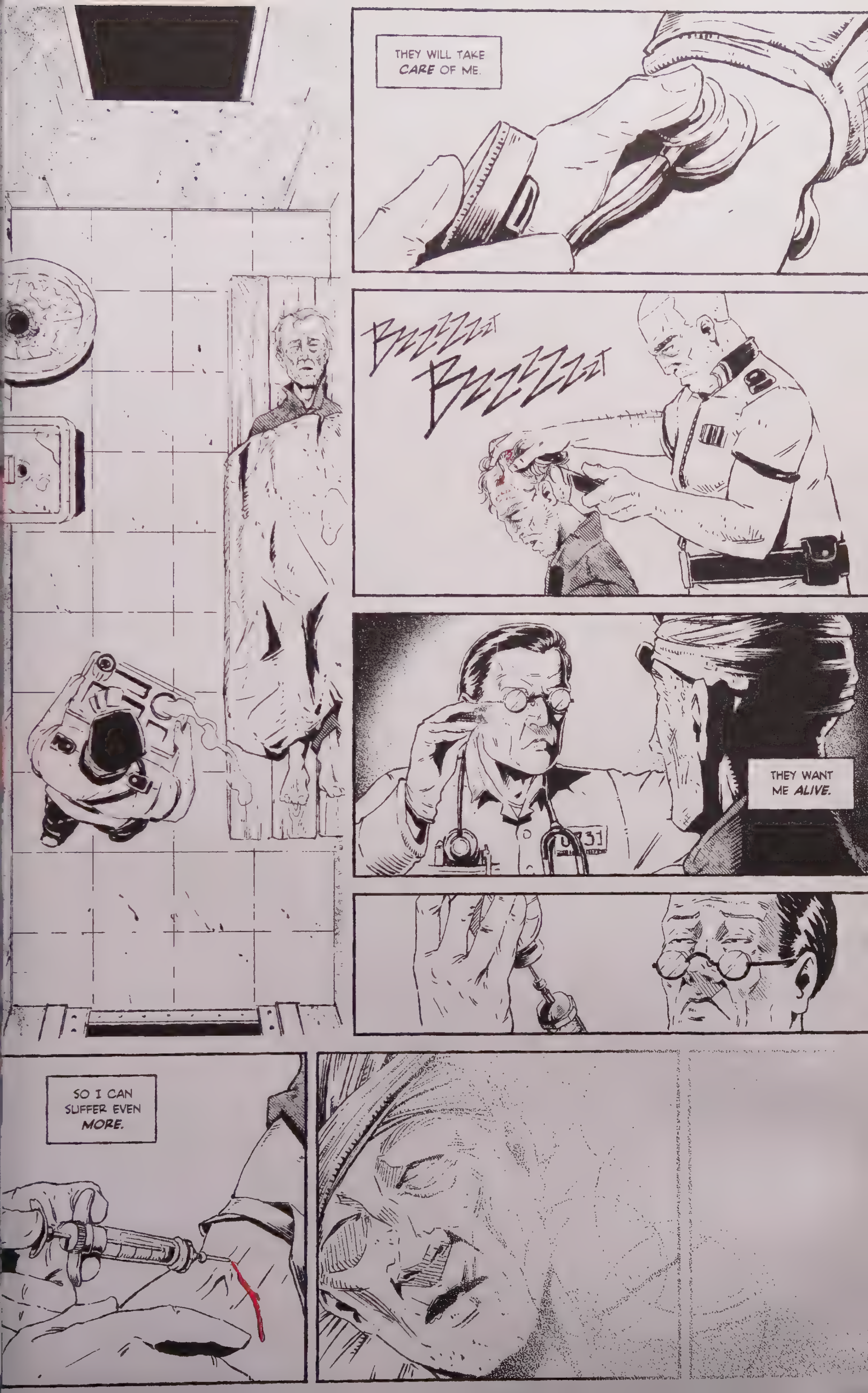

BZZZT
CLICK
THEY'VE GOT YOU TOO!
THEY GOT ME A LONG TIME AGO.
YOU KNEW IT ALREADY, WINSTON.
YOU'VE KNOWN IT WELL...
...FROM THE START.

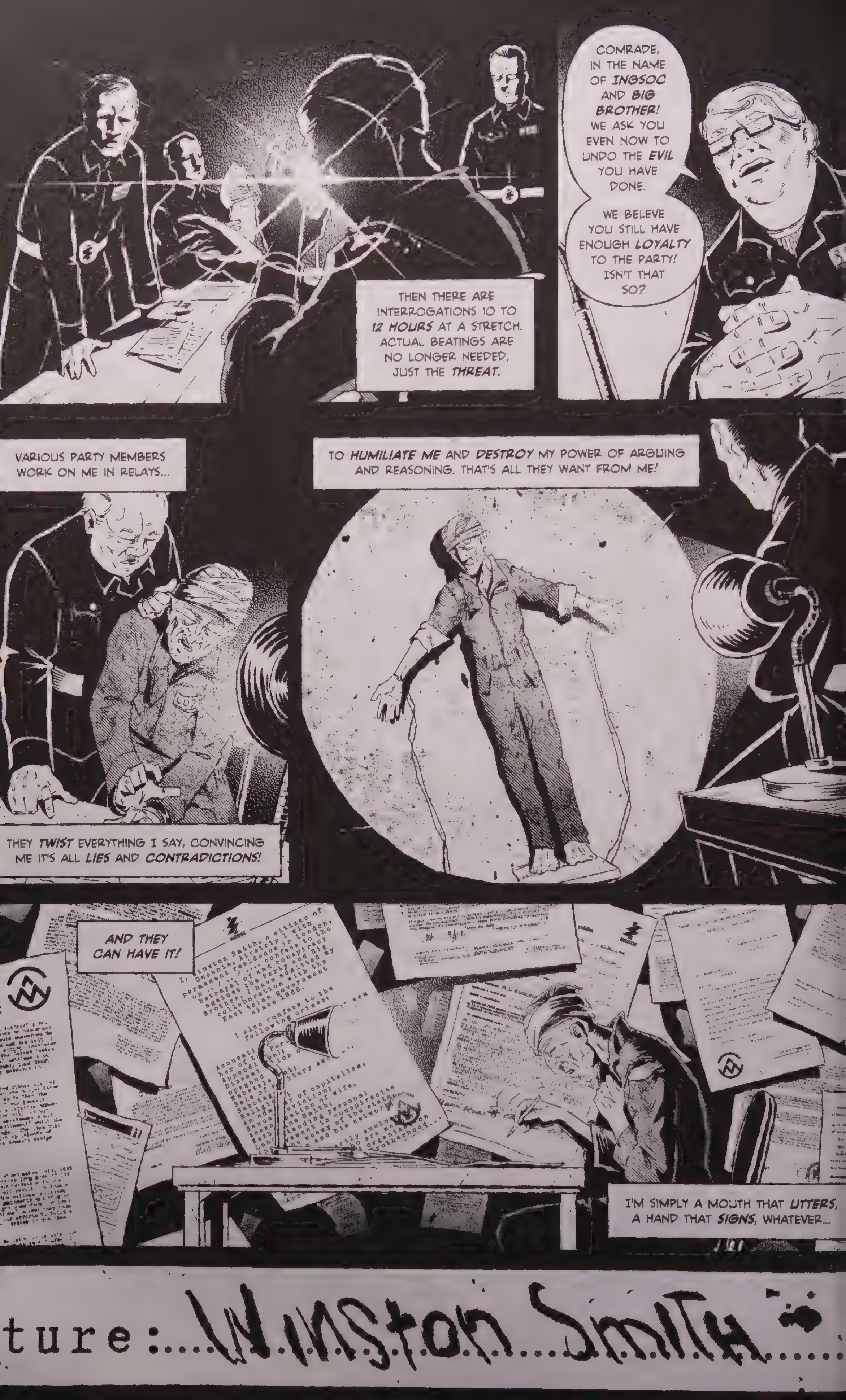
CHAPTER 2

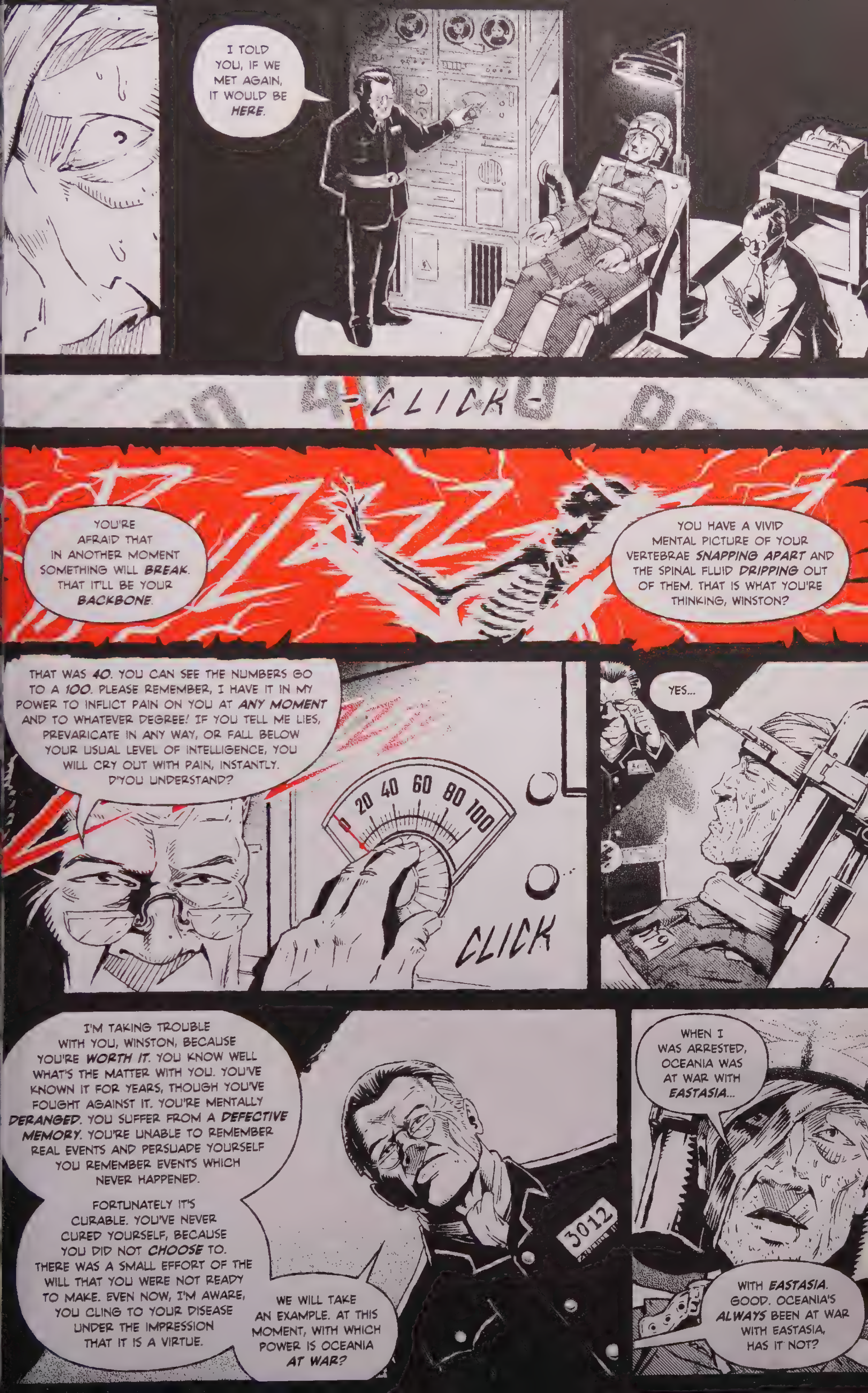
'THERE ARE THREE STAGES IN YOUR REINTEGRATION,'
SAID O'BRIEN.
'THERE IS LEARNING, ...'

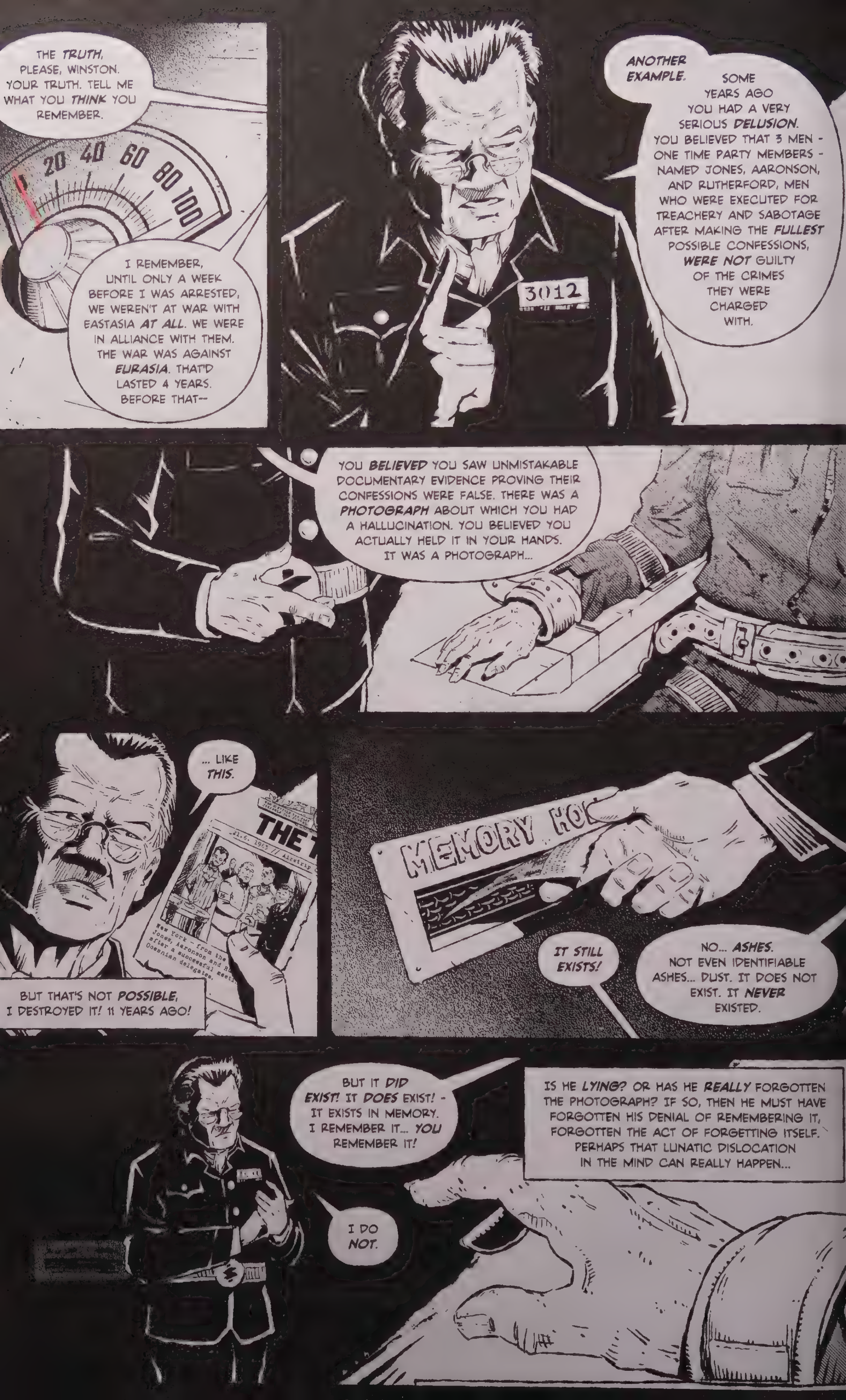


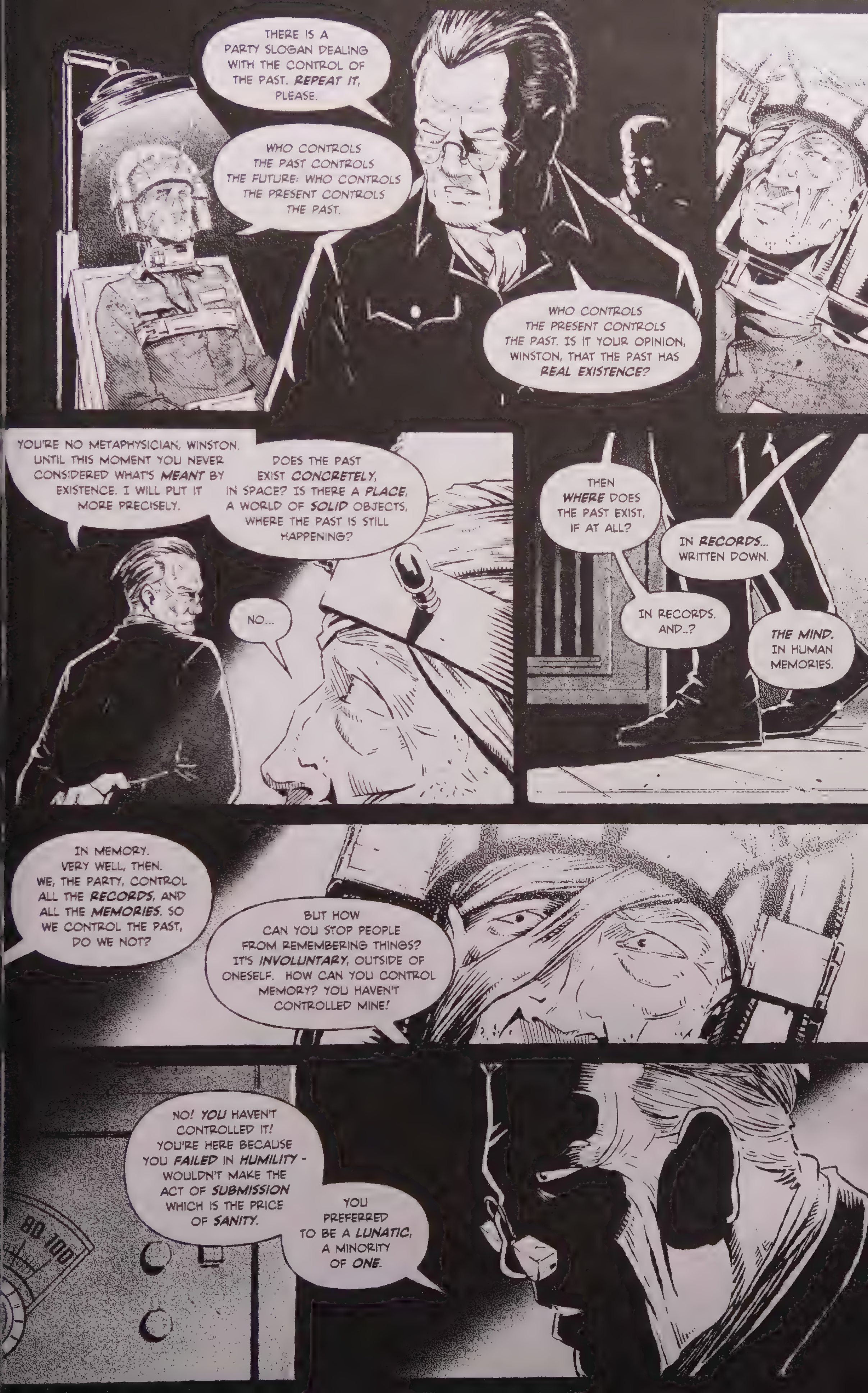

THIS WAS A PRELIMINARY, A ROUTINE INTERROGATION NEARLY *ALL* PRISONERS ARE SUBJECTED TO.
3240
6079
I HAVE LOST ALL SENSE OF *TIME*. I CAN NO LONGER TELL HOW OFTEN OR HOW LONG I HAVE BEEN TORTURED...
TIMES WHEN THE CRUEL, WICKED, UNFORGIVABLE THING IS *NOT* THE GUARDS' BEATING...
BUT THAT I CAN'T MAKE *MYSELF* LOSE CONSCIOUSNESS...
TIMES WHEN I BEGAN SHOUTING FOR MERCY EVEN BEFORE THE BEATING BEGAN, WHEN THE MERE *SIGHT* OF A FIST DRAWN BACK FOR A BLOW IS ENOUGH TO MAKE ME POUR FORTH A CONFESSION OF REAL AND IMAGINARY CRIMES...
OTHER TIMES CONFESS NOTHING - EVERY WORD IS FORCED OUT OF ME BETWEEN GASPS OF PAIN, AND TIMES WHEN I FEEBLY TRY TO *COMPROMISE*, WHEN I SAY TO MYSELF: '3 MORE KICKS, 2 MORE, AND THEN I WILL TELL THEM WHAT THEY WANT.'

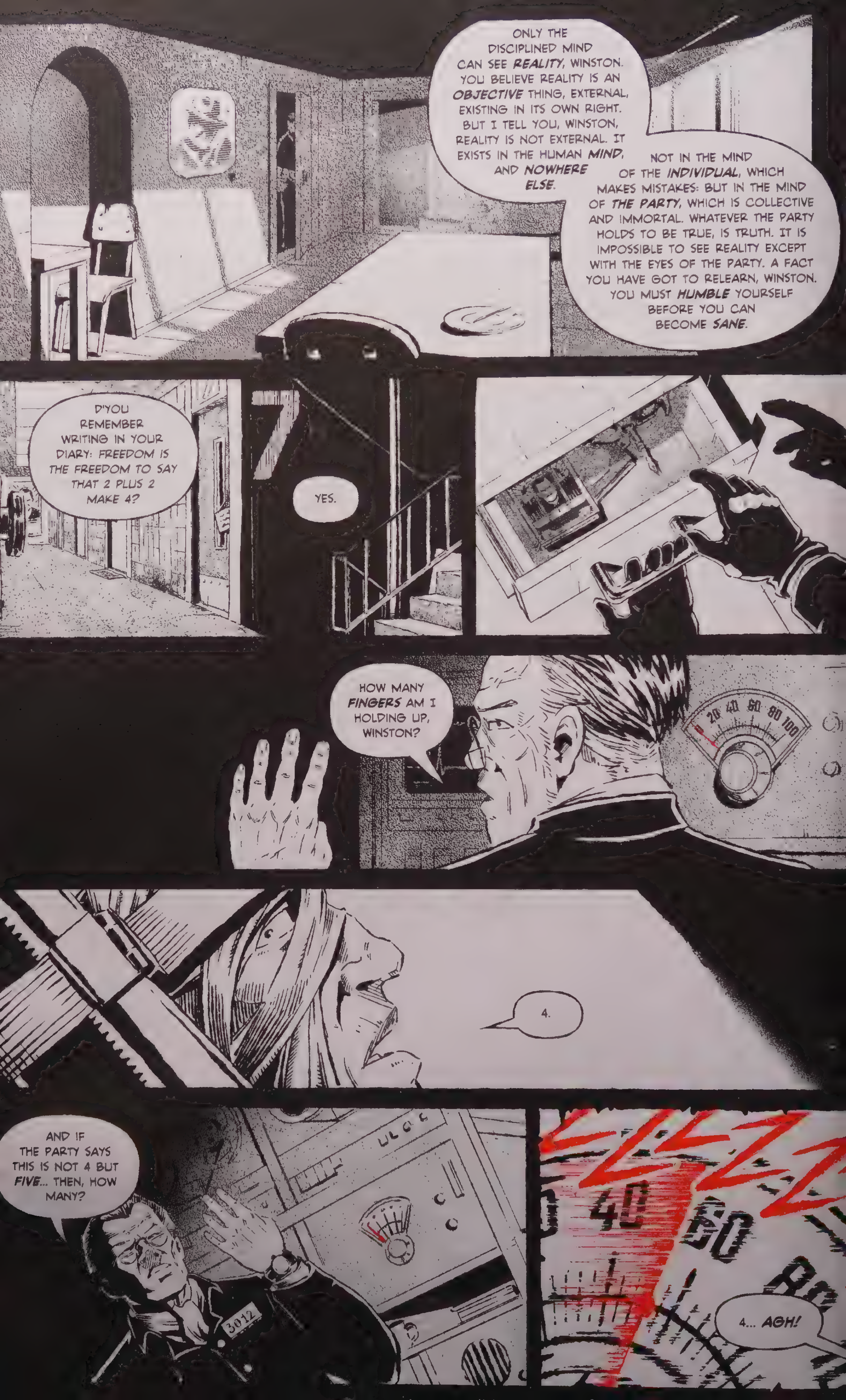

THEY WILL TAKE *CARE* OF ME.
Bzzzzzzt
Bzzzzzzt
THEY WANT ME *ALIVE.*
SO I CAN SUFFER EVEN *MORE.*

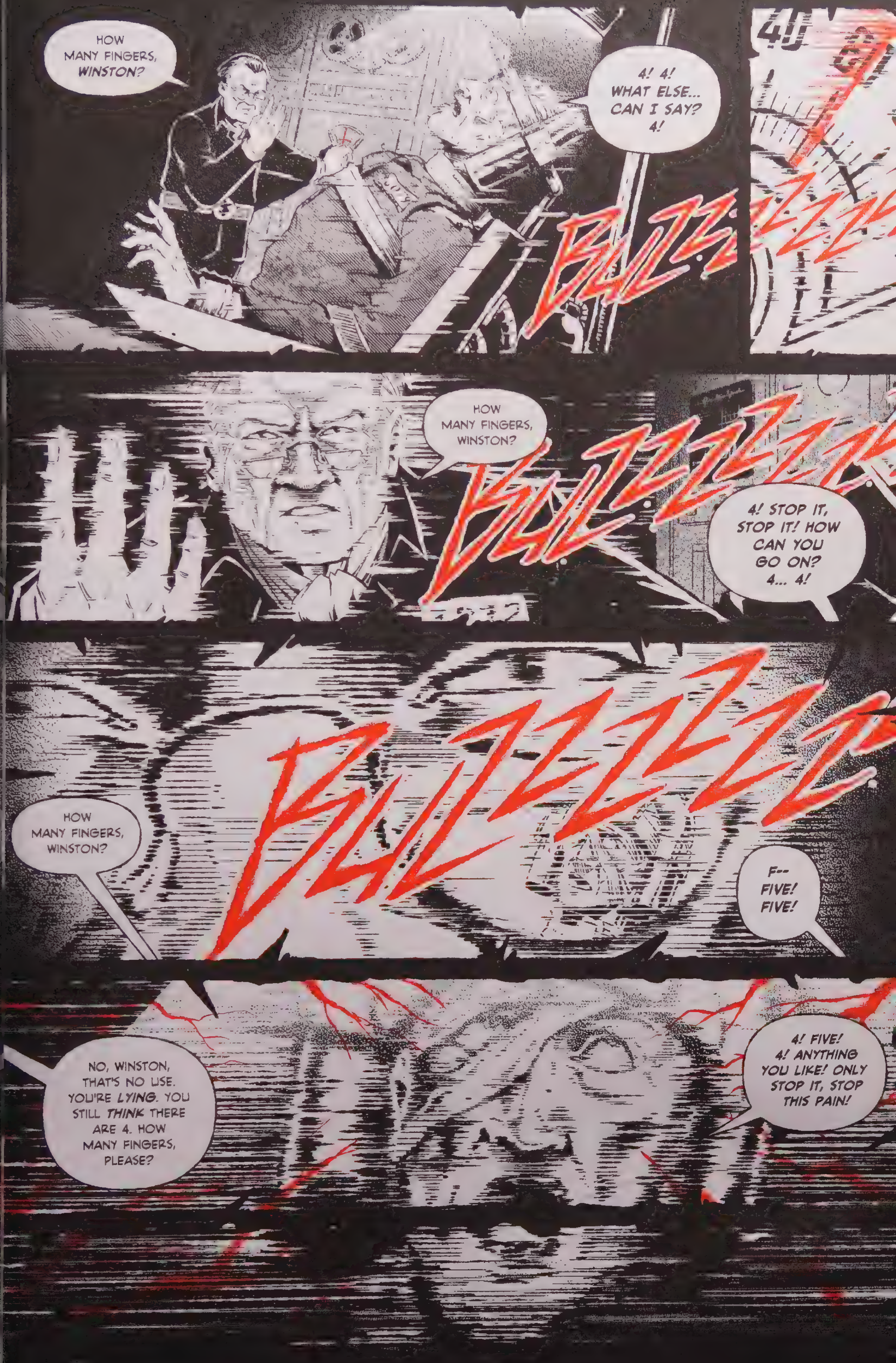

THEN THERE ARE INTERROGATIONS 10 TO 12 HOURS AT A STRETCH. ACTUAL BEATINGS ARE NO LONGER NEEDED, JUST THE THREAT.
COMRADE, IN THE NAME OF INGSOC AND BIG BROTHER! WE ASK YOU EVEN NOW TO UNDO THE EVIL YOU HAVE DONE.
WE BELEVE YOU STILL HAVE ENOUGH LOYALTY TO THE PARTY! ISN'T THAT SO?
VARIOUS PARTY MEMBERS WORK ON ME IN RELAYS...
TO HUMILIATE ME AND DESTROY MY POWER OF ARGUING AND REASONING. THAT'S ALL THEY WANT FROM ME!
THEY TWIST EVERYTHING I SAY, CONVINCING ME IT'S ALL LIES AND CONTRADICTIONS!
AND THEY CAN HAVE IT!
I, Winston Smith, a citizen of Oceania, Airstrip 1 with permanent residence in London, on .. / .. / .... confess to the betrayal of and conspiracy against the Party and Big Brother. I have admitted my collaboration with the East Asian government since 1968.
I also confess to the following crimes:
I'M SIMPLY A MOUTH THAT UTTERS, A HAND THAT SIGNS, WHATEVER...
ture:...Winston Smith...

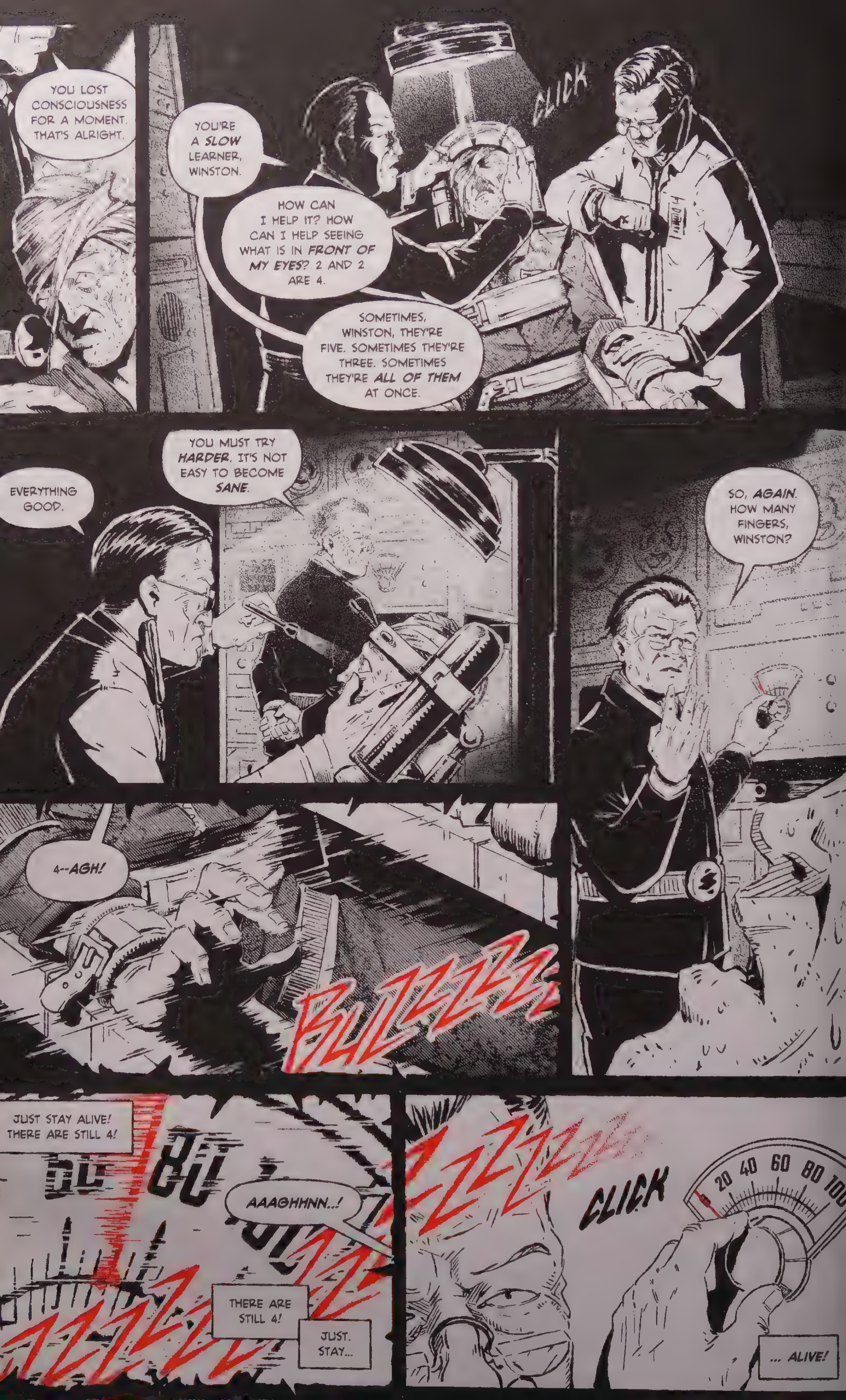

I TOLD YOU, IF WE MET AGAIN, IT WOULD BE *HERE*.
-CLICK-
YOU'RE AFRAID THAT IN ANOTHER MOMENT SOMETHING WILL *BREAK*. THAT IT'LL BE YOUR *BACKBONE*.
YOU HAVE A VIVID MENTAL PICTURE OF YOUR VERTEBRAE *SNAPPING APART* AND THE SPINAL FLUID *DRIPPING* OUT OF THEM. THAT IS WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, WINSTON?
THAT WAS *40*. YOU CAN SEE THE NUMBERS GO TO A *100*. PLEASE REMEMBER, I HAVE IT IN MY POWER TO INFLICT PAIN ON YOU AT *ANY MOMENT* AND TO WHATEVER DEGREE! IF YOU TELL ME LIES, PREVARICATE IN ANY WAY, OR FALL BELOW YOUR USUAL LEVEL OF INTELLIGENCE, YOU WILL CRY OUT WITH PAIN, INSTANTLY. D'YOU UNDERSTAND?
0 20 40 60 80 100
CLICK
YES...
I'M TAKING TROUBLE WITH YOU, WINSTON, BECAUSE YOU'RE *WORTH IT*. YOU KNOW WELL WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU. YOU'VE KNOWN IT FOR YEARS, THOUGH YOU'VE FOUGHT AGAINST IT. YOU'RE MENTALLY *DERANGED*. YOU SUFFER FROM A *DEFECTIVE MEMORY*. YOU'RE UNABLE TO REMEMBER REAL EVENTS AND PERSUADE YOURSELF YOU REMEMBER EVENTS WHICH NEVER HAPPENED.
FORTUNATELY IT'S CURABLE. YOU'VE NEVER CURED YOURSELF, BECAUSE YOU DID NOT *CHOOSE* TO. THERE WAS A SMALL EFFORT OF THE WILL THAT YOU WERE NOT READY TO MAKE. EVEN NOW, I'M AWARE, YOU CLING TO YOUR DISEASE UNDER THE IMPRESSION THAT IT IS A VIRTUE.
WE WILL TAKE AN EXAMPLE. AT THIS MOMENT, WITH WHICH POWER IS OCEANIA *AT WAR?*
3012
WHEN I WAS ARRESTED, OCEANIA WAS AT WAR WITH *EASTASIA*...
WITH *EASTASIA*. GOOD. OCEANIA'S *ALWAYS* BEEN AT WAR WITH EASTASIA, HAS IT NOT?

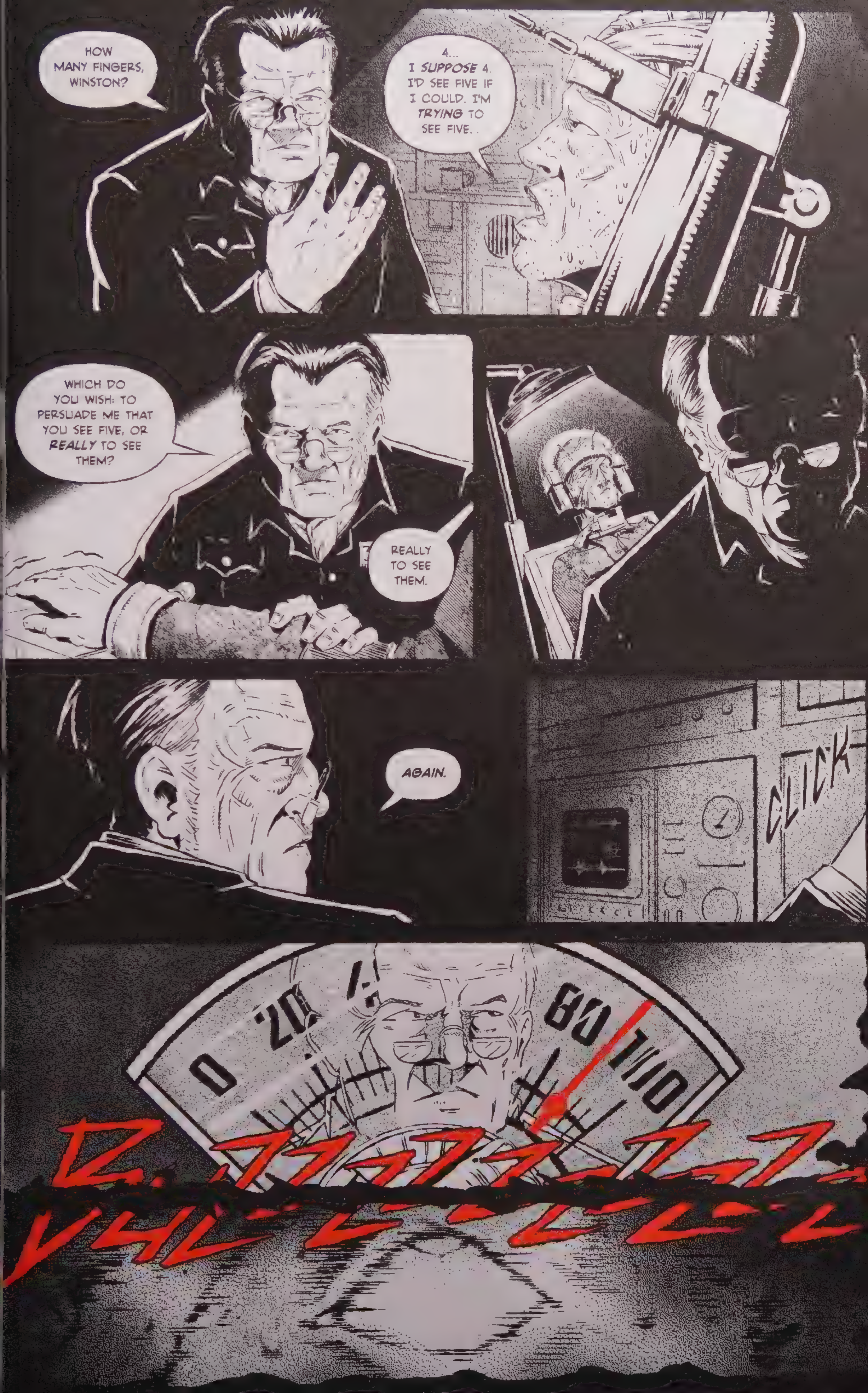

THE *TRUTH*, PLEASE, WINSTON. YOUR TRUTH. TELL ME WHAT YOU *THINK* YOU REMEMBER.
20 40 60 80 100
I REMEMBER, UNTIL ONLY A WEEK BEFORE I WAS ARRESTED, WE WEREN'T AT WAR WITH EASTASIA *AT ALL*. WE WERE IN ALLIANCE WITH THEM. THE WAR WAS AGAINST *EURASIA*. THAT'D LASTED 4 YEARS. BEFORE THAT--
ANOTHER EXAMPLE. SOME YEARS AGO YOU HAD A VERY SERIOUS *DELUSION*. YOU BELIEVED THAT 3 MEN - ONE TIME PARTY MEMBERS - NAMED JONES, AARONSON, AND RUTHERFORD, MEN WHO WERE EXECUTED FOR TREACHERY AND SABOTAGE AFTER MAKING THE *FULLEST* POSSIBLE CONFESSIONS, *WERE NOT* GUILTY OF THE CRIMES THEY WERE CHARGED WITH.
3012
YOU *BELIEVED* YOU SAW UNMISTAKABLE DOCUMENTARY EVIDENCE PROVING THEIR CONFESSIONS WERE FALSE. THERE WAS A *PHOTOGRAPH* ABOUT WHICH YOU HAD A HALLUCINATION. YOU BELIEVED YOU ACTUALLY HELD IT IN YOUR HANDS. IT WAS A PHOTOGRAPH...
... LIKE *THIS*.
THE T
21.6. 1963 // Airstrip
New York - from the Jones, Aaronson and R after a successful meeti Oceanian delegates.
BUT THAT'S NOT *POSSIBLE*, I DESTROYED IT! 11 YEARS AGO!
MEMORY HO
IT STILL EXISTS!
NO... *ASHES*. NOT EVEN IDENTIFIABLE ASHES... DUST. IT DOES NOT EXIST. IT *NEVER* EXISTED.
BUT IT *DID EXIST!* IT *DOES* EXIST! - IT EXISTS IN MEMORY. I REMEMBER IT... *YOU* REMEMBER IT!
IS HE *LYING?* OR HAS HE *REALLY* FORGOTTEN THE PHOTOGRAPH? IF SO, THEN HE MUST HAVE FORGOTTEN HIS DENIAL OF REMEMBERING IT, FORGOTTEN THE ACT OF FORGETTING ITSELF. PERHAPS THAT LUNATIC DISLOCATION IN THE MIND CAN REALLY HAPPEN...
I DO *NOT*.

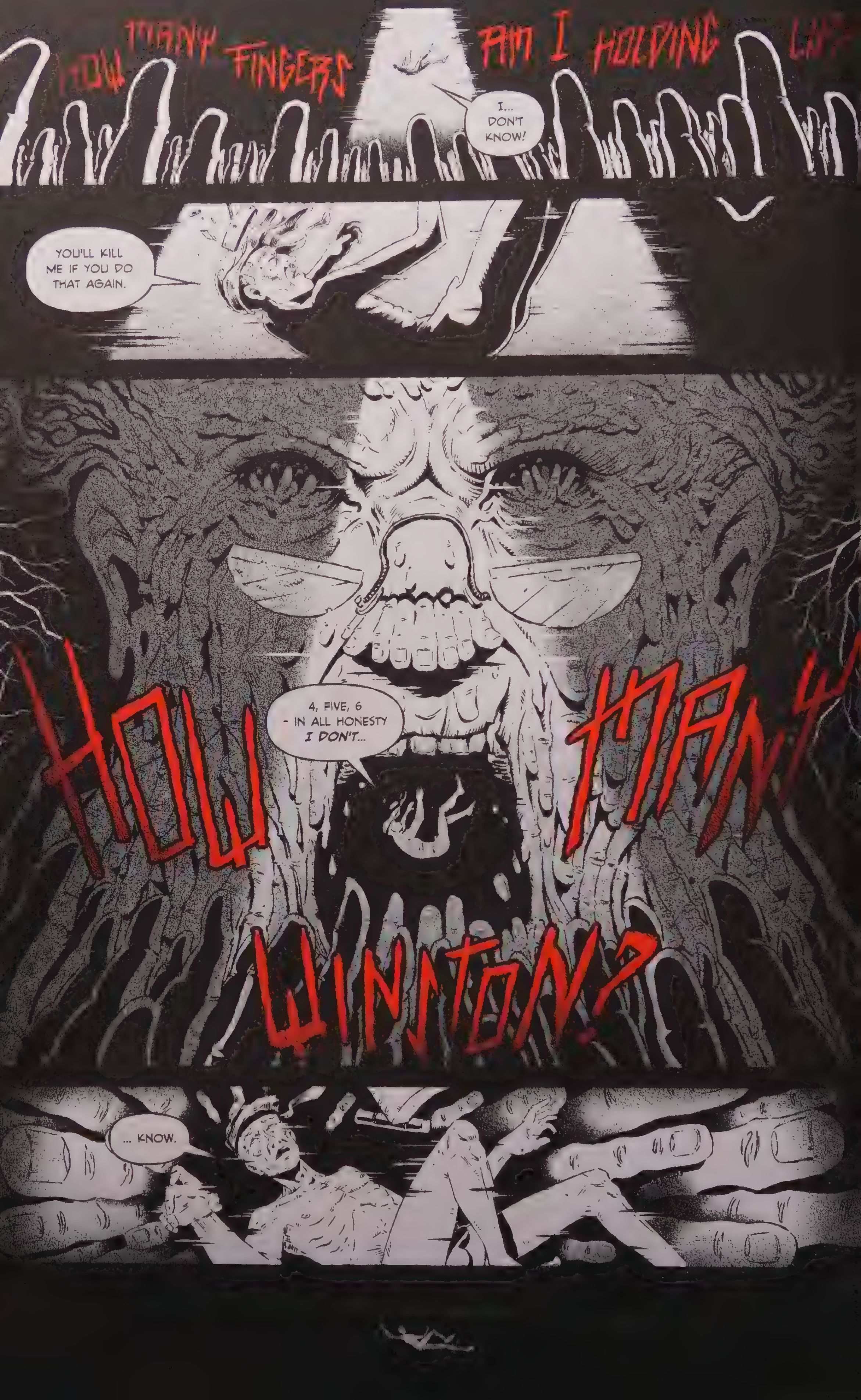

THERE IS A PARTY SLOGAN DEALING WITH THE CONTROL OF THE PAST. REPEAT IT, PLEASE.
WHO CONTROLS THE PAST CONTROLS THE FUTURE: WHO CONTROLS THE PRESENT CONTROLS THE PAST.
WHO CONTROLS THE PRESENT CONTROLS THE PAST. IS IT YOUR OPINION, WINSTON, THAT THE PAST HAS REAL EXISTENCE?
YOU'RE NO METAPHYSICIAN, WINSTON. UNTIL THIS MOMENT YOU NEVER CONSIDERED WHAT'S MEANT BY EXISTENCE. I WILL PUT IT MORE PRECISELY.
DOES THE PAST EXIST CONCRETELY, IN SPACE? IS THERE A PLACE, A WORLD OF SOLID OBJECTS, WHERE THE PAST IS STILL HAPPENING?
NO...
THEN WHERE DOES THE PAST EXIST, IF AT ALL?
IN RECORDS... WRITTEN DOWN.
IN RECORDS. AND..?
THE MIND. IN HUMAN MEMORIES.
IN MEMORY. VERY WELL, THEN. WE, THE PARTY, CONTROL ALL THE RECORDS, AND ALL THE MEMORIES. SO WE CONTROL THE PAST, DO WE NOT?
BUT HOW CAN YOU STOP PEOPLE FROM REMEMBERING THINGS? IT'S INVOLUNTARY, OUTSIDE OF ONESELF. HOW CAN YOU CONTROL MEMORY? YOU HAVEN'T CONTROLLED MINE!
NO! YOU HAVEN'T CONTROLLED IT! YOU'RE HERE BECAUSE YOU FAILED IN HUMILITY - WOULDN'T MAKE THE ACT OF SUBMISSION WHICH IS THE PRICE OF SANITY.
YOU PREFERRED TO BE A LUNATIC, A MINORITY OF ONE.
80 100

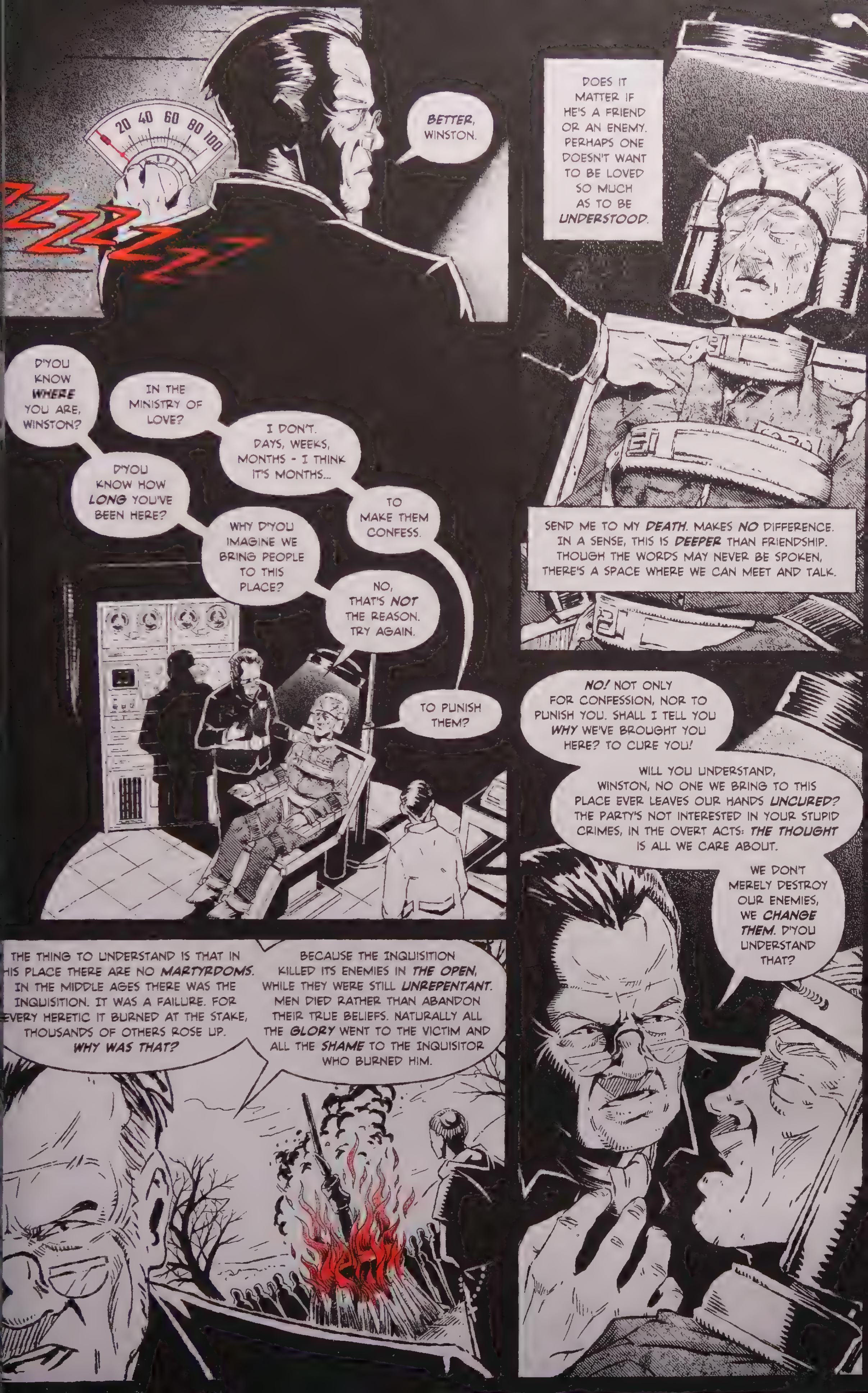

ONLY THE DISCIPLINED MIND CAN SEE *REALITY*, WINSTON. YOU BELIEVE REALITY IS AN *OBJECTIVE* THING, EXTERNAL, EXISTING IN ITS OWN RIGHT. BUT I TELL YOU, WINSTON, REALITY IS NOT EXTERNAL. IT EXISTS IN THE HUMAN *MIND*, AND *NOWHERE ELSE*.
NOT IN THE MIND OF THE *INDIVIDUAL*, WHICH MAKES MISTAKES: BUT IN THE MIND OF *THE PARTY*, WHICH IS COLLECTIVE AND IMMORTAL. WHATEVER THE PARTY HOLDS TO BE TRUE, IS TRUTH. IT IS IMPOSSIBLE TO SEE REALITY EXCEPT WITH THE EYES OF THE PARTY. A FACT YOU HAVE GOT TO RELEARN, WINSTON. YOU MUST *HUMBLE* YOURSELF BEFORE YOU CAN BECOME *SANE*.
D'YOU REMEMBER WRITING IN YOUR DIARY: FREEDOM IS THE FREEDOM TO SAY THAT 2 PLUS 2 MAKE 4?
YES.
HOW MANY *FINGERS* AM I HOLDING UP, WINSTON?
20 40 60 80 100
4.
AND IF THE PARTY SAYS THIS IS NOT 4 BUT *FIVE*... THEN, HOW MANY?
3012
ZZZZ
40 60
4... *AGH!*

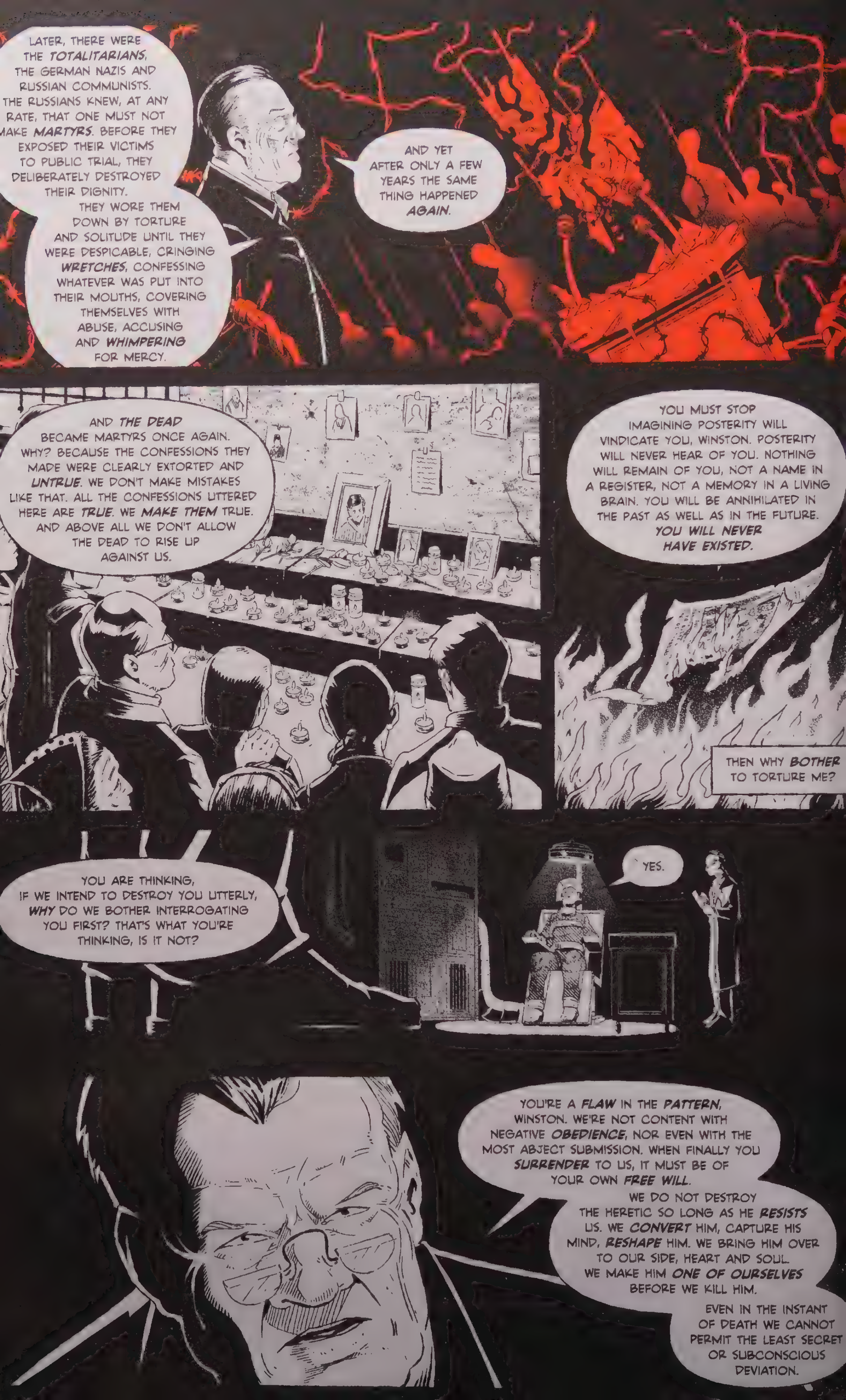

HOW MANY FINGERS, *WINSTON?*
4! 4! WHAT ELSE... CAN I SAY? 4!
BUZZZZZZ
HOW MANY FINGERS, WINSTON?
BUZZZZZZZ
4! STOP IT, STOP IT! HOW CAN YOU GO ON? 4... 4!
BUZZZZZZZ
HOW MANY FINGERS, WINSTON?
F-- FIVE! FIVE!
NO, WINSTON, THAT'S NO USE. YOU'RE *LYING*. YOU STILL *THINK* THERE ARE 4. HOW MANY FINGERS, PLEASE?
4! FIVE! 4! ANYTHING YOU LIKE! ONLY STOP IT, STOP THIS PAIN!

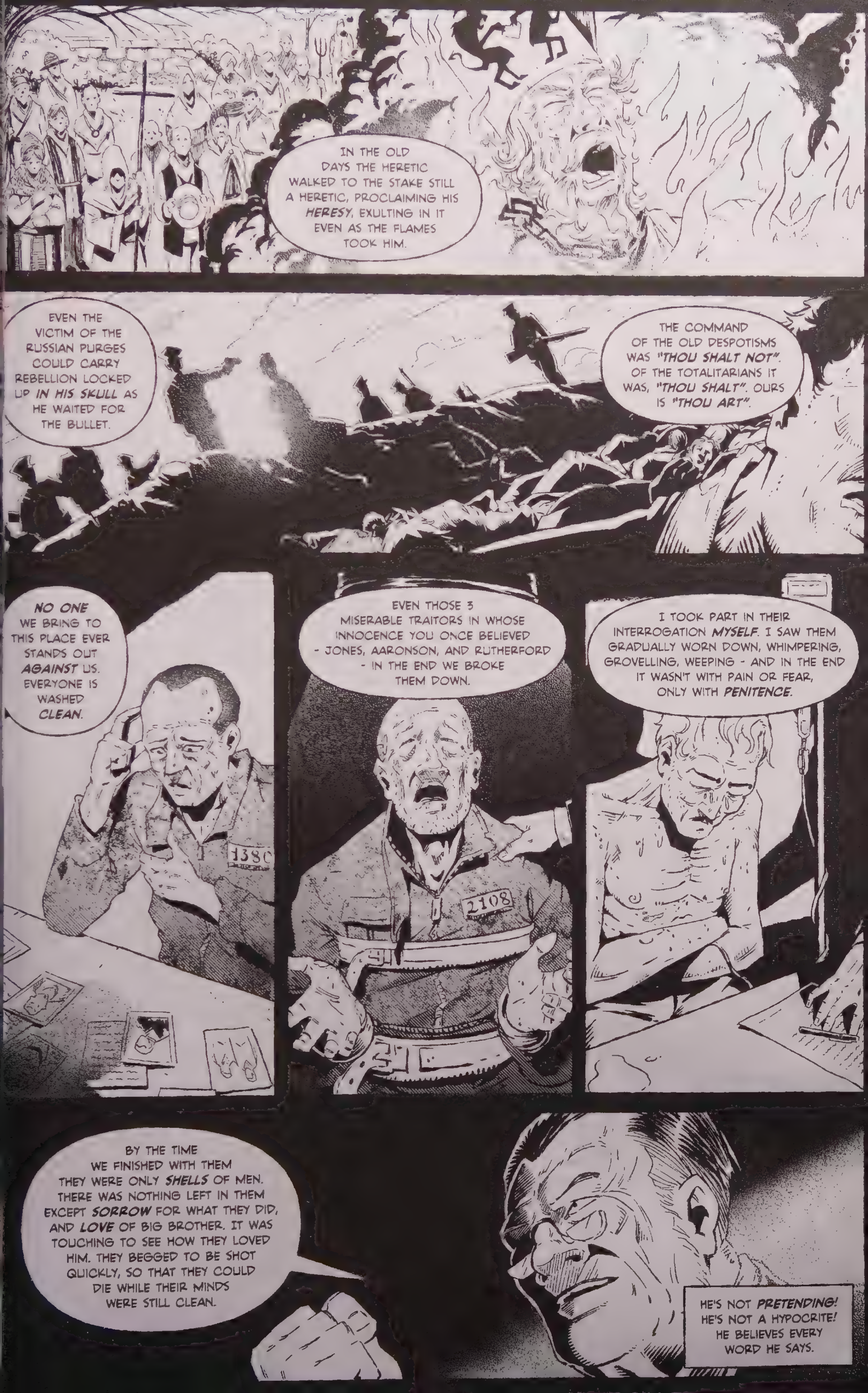

YOU LOST CONSCIOUSNESS FOR A MOMENT. THAT'S ALRIGHT.
YOU'RE A *SLOW* LEARNER, WINSTON.
CLICK
HOW CAN I HELP IT? HOW CAN I HELP SEEING WHAT IS IN *FRONT OF MY EYES?* 2 AND 2 ARE 4.
SOMETIMES, WINSTON, THEY'RE FIVE. SOMETIMES THEY'RE THREE. SOMETIMES THEY'RE *ALL OF THEM* AT ONCE.
EVERYTHING GOOD.
YOU MUST TRY *HARDER*. IT'S NOT EASY TO BECOME *SANE*.
SO, *AGAIN*. HOW MANY FINGERS, WINSTON?
4--*AGH!*
BUZZZZZ
JUST STAY ALIVE! THERE ARE STILL 4!
AAAGHHNN..!
THERE ARE STILL 4!
JUST. STAY...
ZZZZZ
CLICK
20 40 60 80 100
... ALIVE!

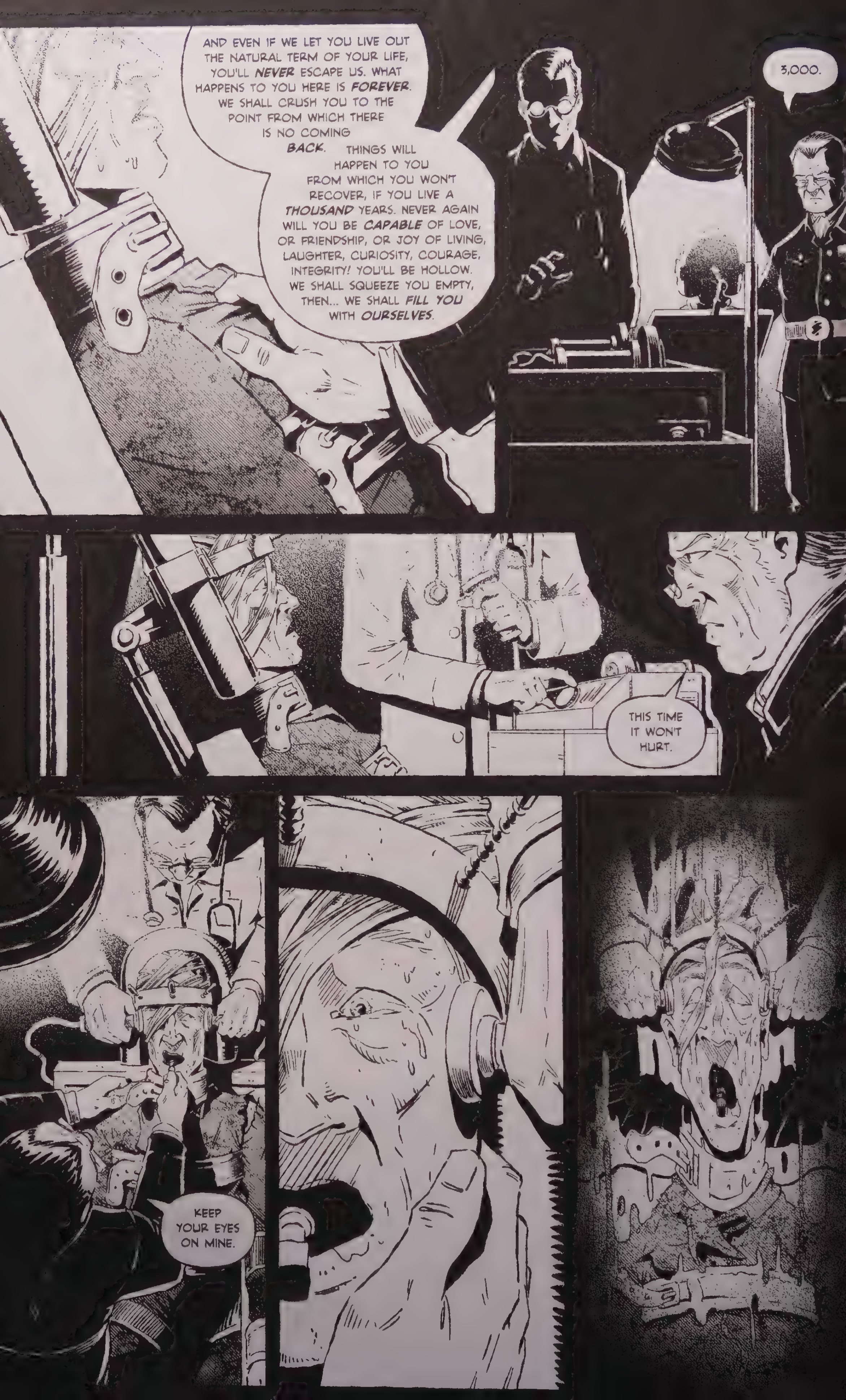

HOW MANY FINGERS, WINSTON?
4... I *SUPPOSE* 4. I'D SEE FIVE IF I COULD. I'M *TRYING* TO SEE FIVE...
WHICH DO YOU WISH: TO PERSUADE ME THAT YOU SEE FIVE, OR *REALLY* TO SEE THEM?
REALLY TO SEE THEM.
AGAIN.
CLICK
0
20
80
100
D..ZZZZZZZZ

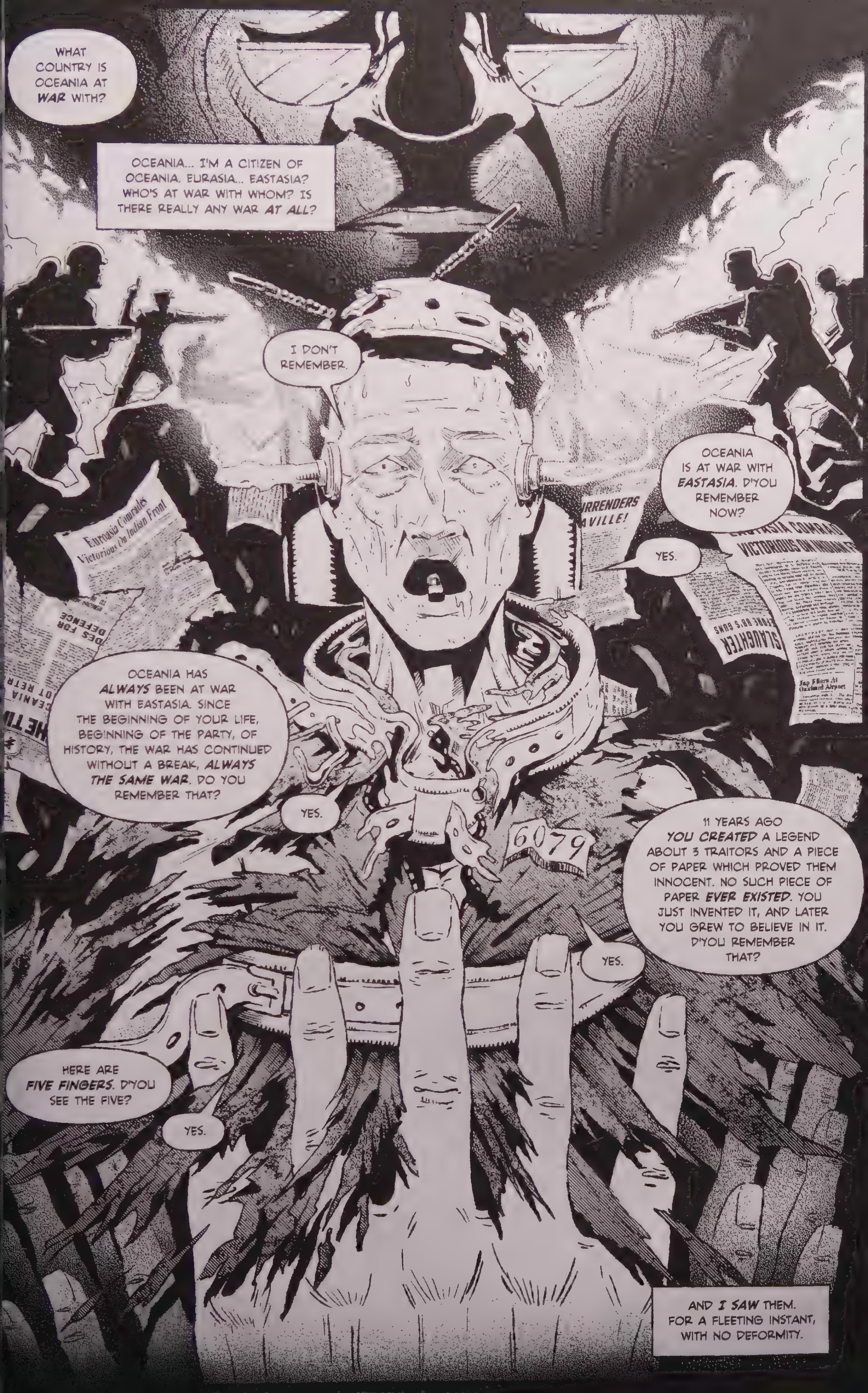

HOW MANY FINGERS AM I HOLDING UP?
I... DON'T KNOW!
YOU'LL KILL ME IF YOU DO THAT AGAIN.
HOW MANY WINSTON?
4, FIVE, 6 - IN ALL HONESTY *I DON'T...*
... KNOW.

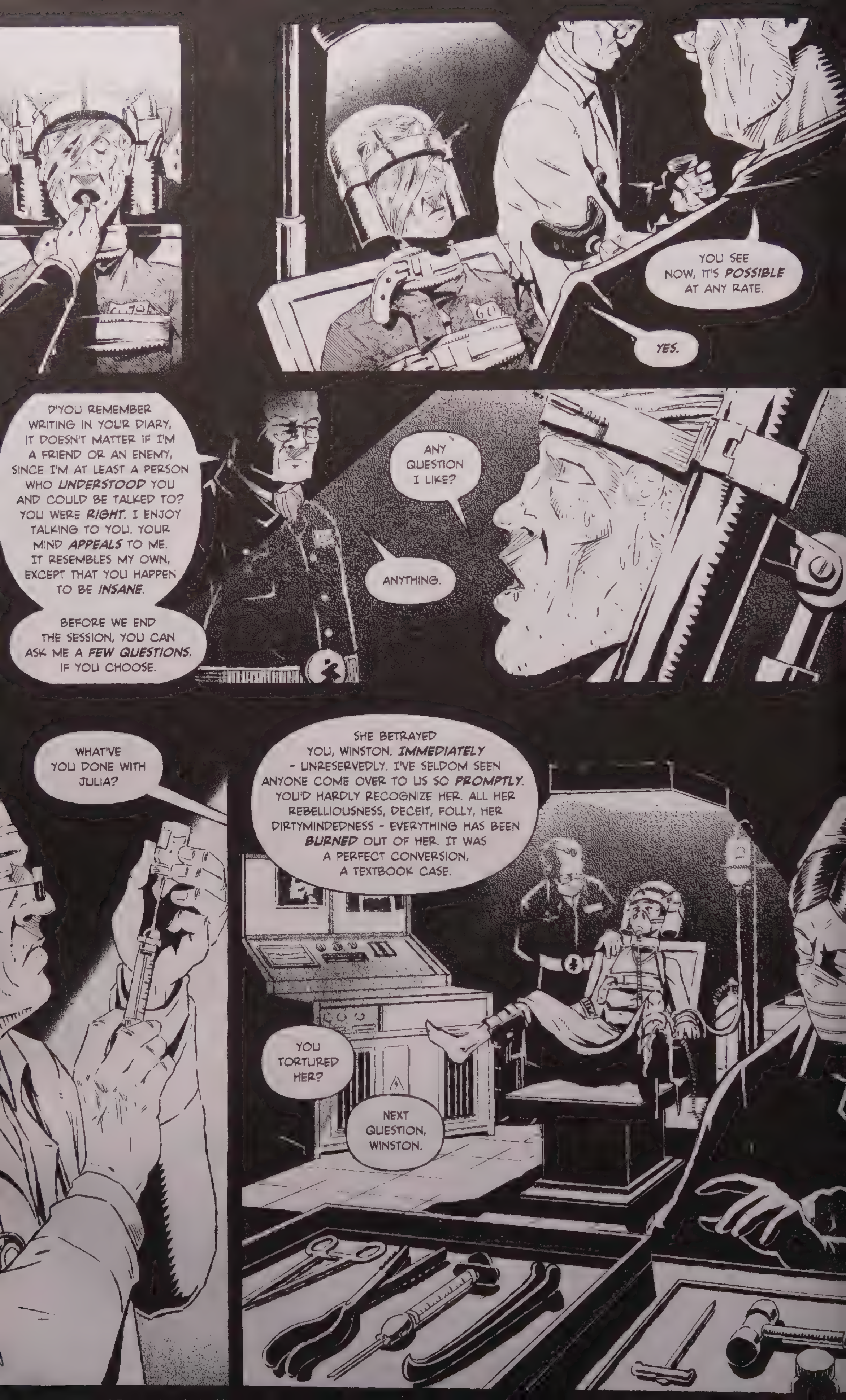

20 40 60 80 100
ZZZZZZZ
BETTER, WINSTON.
DOES IT MATTER IF HE'S A FRIEND OR AN ENEMY. PERHAPS ONE DOESN'T WANT TO BE LOVED SO MUCH AS TO BE *UNDERSTOOD.*
SEND ME TO MY *DEATH.* MAKES *NO* DIFFERENCE. IN A SENSE, THIS IS *DEEPER* THAN FRIENDSHIP. THOUGH THE WORDS MAY NEVER BE SPOKEN, THERE'S A SPACE WHERE WE CAN MEET AND TALK.
D'YOU KNOW *WHERE* YOU ARE, WINSTON?
IN THE MINISTRY OF LOVE?
D'YOU KNOW HOW *LONG* YOU'VE BEEN HERE?
I DON'T. DAYS, WEEKS, MONTHS - I THINK IT'S MONTHS...
WHY D'YOU IMAGINE WE BRING PEOPLE TO THIS PLACE?
TO MAKE THEM CONFESS.
NO, THAT'S *NOT* THE REASON. TRY AGAIN.
TO PUNISH THEM?
NO! NOT ONLY FOR CONFESSION, NOR TO PUNISH YOU. SHALL I TELL YOU *WHY* WE'VE BROUGHT YOU HERE? TO CURE YOU!
WILL YOU UNDERSTAND, WINSTON, NO ONE WE BRING TO THIS PLACE EVER LEAVES OUR HANDS *UNCURED?* THE PARTY'S NOT INTERESTED IN YOUR STUPID CRIMES, IN THE OVERT ACTS: *THE THOUGHT* IS ALL WE CARE ABOUT.
WE DON'T MERELY DESTROY OUR ENEMIES, WE *CHANGE THEM.* D'YOU UNDERSTAND THAT?
THE THING TO UNDERSTAND IS THAT IN HIS PLACE THERE ARE NO *MARTYRDOMS.* IN THE MIDDLE AGES THERE WAS THE INQUISITION. IT WAS A FAILURE. FOR EVERY HERETIC IT BURNED AT THE STAKE, THOUSANDS OF OTHERS ROSE UP. *WHY WAS THAT?*
BECAUSE THE INQUISITION KILLED ITS ENEMIES IN *THE OPEN,* WHILE THEY WERE STILL *UNREPENTANT.* MEN DIED RATHER THAN ABANDON THEIR TRUE BELIEFS. NATURALLY ALL THE *GLORY* WENT TO THE VICTIM AND ALL THE *SHAME* TO THE INQUISITOR WHO BURNED HIM.

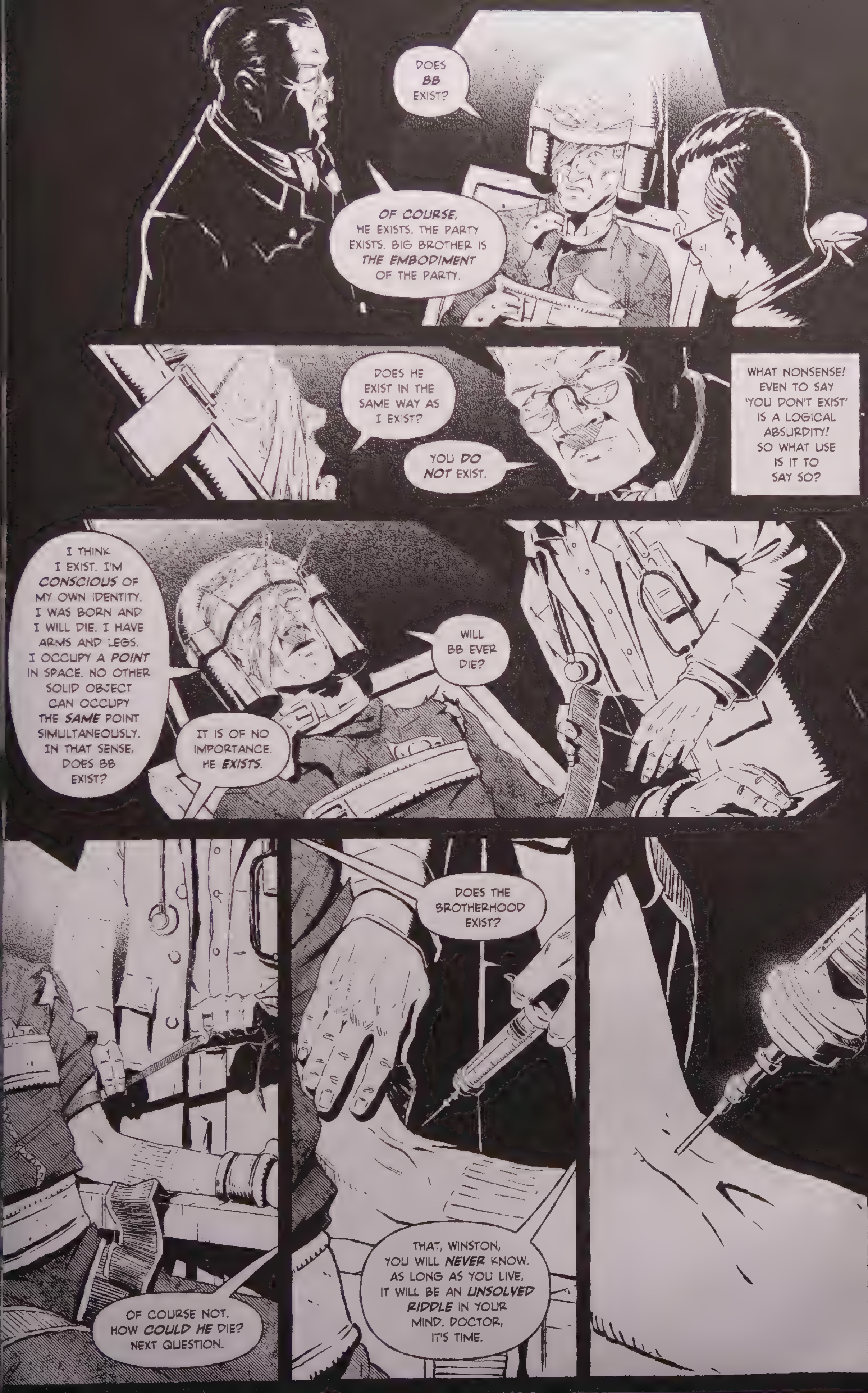

LATER, THERE WERE THE *TOTALITARIANS*, THE GERMAN NAZIS AND RUSSIAN COMMUNISTS. THE RUSSIANS KNEW, AT ANY RATE, THAT ONE MUST NOT MAKE *MARTYRS*. BEFORE THEY EXPOSED THEIR VICTIMS TO PUBLIC TRIAL, THEY DELIBERATELY DESTROYED THEIR DIGNITY.
THEY WORE THEM DOWN BY TORTURE AND SOLITUDE UNTIL THEY WERE DESPICABLE, CRINGING *WRETCHES*, CONFESSING WHATEVER WAS PUT INTO THEIR MOUTHS, COVERING THEMSELVES WITH ABUSE, ACCUSING AND *WHIMPERING* FOR MERCY.
AND YET AFTER ONLY A FEW YEARS THE SAME THING HAPPENED *AGAIN*.
AND *THE DEAD* BECAME MARTYRS ONCE AGAIN. WHY? BECAUSE THE CONFESSIONS THEY MADE WERE CLEARLY EXTORTED AND *UNTRUE*. WE DON'T MAKE MISTAKES LIKE THAT. ALL THE CONFESSIONS UTTERED HERE ARE *TRUE*. WE *MAKE THEM* TRUE. AND ABOVE ALL WE DON'T ALLOW THE DEAD TO RISE UP AGAINST US.
YOU MUST STOP IMAGINING POSTERITY WILL VINDICATE YOU, WINSTON. POSTERITY WILL NEVER HEAR OF YOU. NOTHING WILL REMAIN OF YOU, NOT A NAME IN A REGISTER, NOT A MEMORY IN A LIVING BRAIN. YOU WILL BE ANNIHILATED IN THE PAST AS WELL AS IN THE FUTURE. ***YOU WILL NEVER HAVE EXISTED.***
THEN WHY *BOTHER* TO TORTURE ME?
YOU ARE THINKING, IF WE INTEND TO DESTROY YOU UTTERLY, *WHY* DO WE BOTHER INTERROGATING YOU FIRST? THAT'S WHAT YOU'RE THINKING, IS IT NOT?
YES.
YOU'RE A *FLAW* IN THE *PATTERN*, WINSTON. WE'RE NOT CONTENT WITH NEGATIVE *OBEDIENCE*, NOR EVEN WITH THE MOST ABJECT SUBMISSION. WHEN FINALLY YOU *SURRENDER* TO US, IT MUST BE OF YOUR OWN *FREE WILL*.
WE DO NOT DESTROY THE HERETIC SO LONG AS HE *RESISTS* US. WE *CONVERT* HIM, CAPTURE HIS MIND, *RESHAPE* HIM. WE BRING HIM OVER TO OUR SIDE, HEART AND SOUL. WE MAKE HIM *ONE OF OURSELVES* BEFORE WE KILL HIM.
EVEN IN THE INSTANT OF DEATH WE CANNOT PERMIT THE LEAST SECRET OR SUBCONSCIOUS DEVIATION.

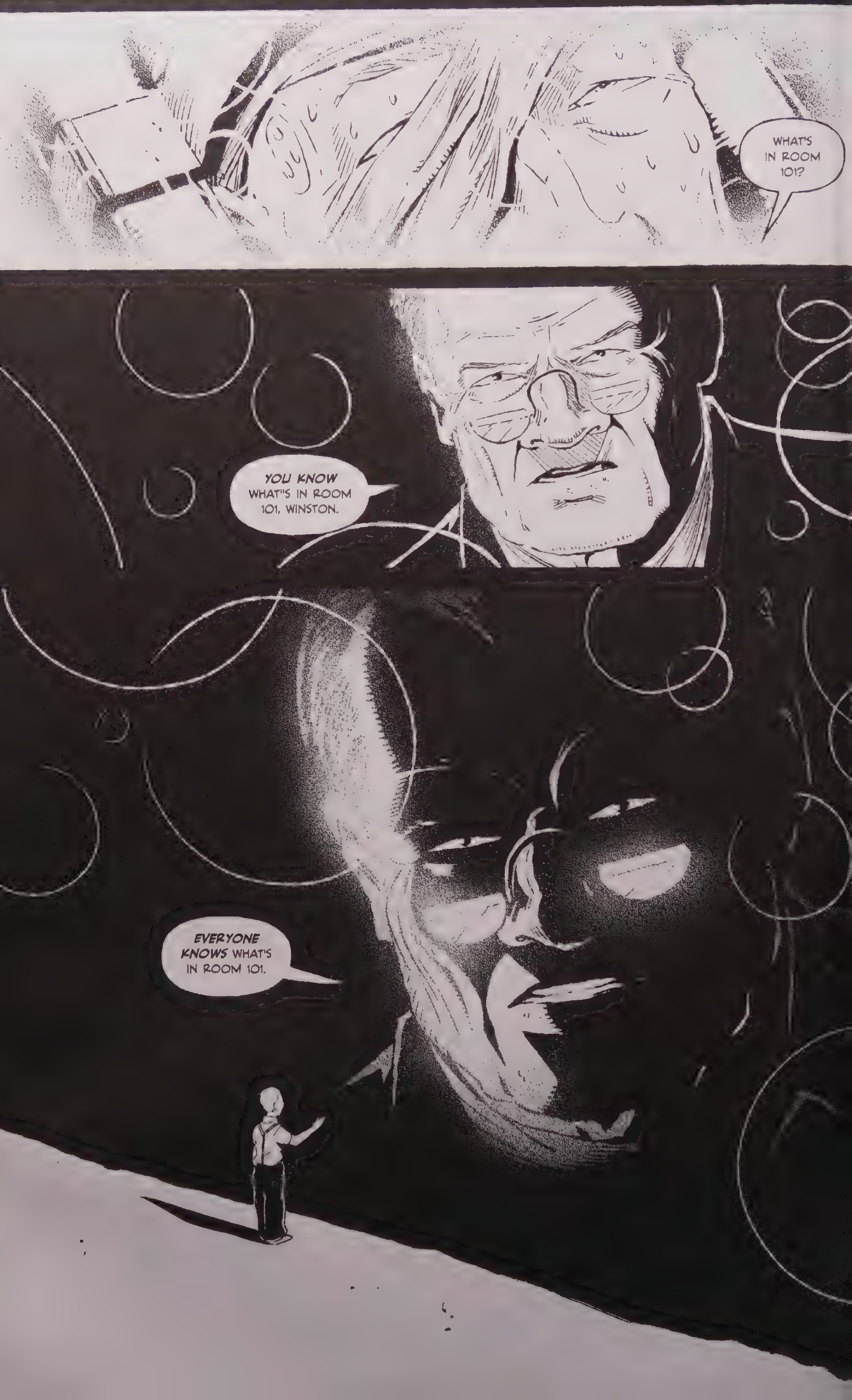

IN THE OLD DAYS THE HERETIC WALKED TO THE STAKE STILL A HERETIC, PROCLAIMING HIS *HERESY*, EXULTING IN IT EVEN AS THE FLAMES TOOK HIM.
EVEN THE VICTIM OF THE RUSSIAN PURGES COULD CARRY REBELLION LOCKED UP *IN HIS SKULL* AS HE WAITED FOR THE BULLET.
THE COMMAND OF THE OLD DESPOTISMS WAS *"THOU SHALT NOT"*. OF THE TOTALITARIANS IT WAS, *"THOU SHALT"*. OURS IS *"THOU ART"*.
NO ONE WE BRING TO THIS PLACE EVER STANDS OUT *AGAINST* US. EVERYONE IS WASHED *CLEAN*.
1380
EVEN THOSE 3 MISERABLE TRAITORS IN WHOSE INNOCENCE YOU ONCE BELIEVED - JONES, AARONSON, AND RUTHERFORD - IN THE END WE BROKE THEM DOWN.
2108
I TOOK PART IN THEIR INTERROGATION *MYSELF*. I SAW THEM GRADUALLY WORN DOWN, WHIMPERING, GROVELLING, WEEPING - AND IN THE END IT WASN'T WITH PAIN OR FEAR, ONLY WITH *PENITENCE*.
BY THE TIME WE FINISHED WITH THEM THEY WERE ONLY *SHELLS* OF MEN. THERE WAS NOTHING LEFT IN THEM EXCEPT *SORROW* FOR WHAT THEY DID, AND *LOVE* OF BIG BROTHER. IT WAS TOUCHING TO SEE HOW THEY LOVED HIM. THEY BEGGED TO BE SHOT QUICKLY, SO THAT THEY COULD DIE WHILE THEIR MINDS WERE STILL CLEAN.
HE'S NOT *PRETENDING!* HE'S NOT A HYPOCRITE! HE BELIEVES EVERY WORD HE SAYS.


AND EVEN IF WE LET YOU LIVE OUT THE NATURAL TERM OF YOUR LIFE, YOU'LL NEVER ESCAPE US. WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU HERE IS FOREVER. WE SHALL CRUSH YOU TO THE POINT FROM WHICH THERE IS NO COMING BACK. THINGS WILL HAPPEN TO YOU FROM WHICH YOU WON'T RECOVER, IF YOU LIVE A THOUSAND YEARS. NEVER AGAIN WILL YOU BE CAPABLE OF LOVE, OR FRIENDSHIP, OR JOY OF LIVING, LAUGHTER, CURIOSITY, COURAGE, INTEGRITY! YOU'LL BE HOLLOW. WE SHALL SQUEEZE YOU EMPTY, THEN... WE SHALL FILL YOU WITH OURSELVES.
3,000.
THIS TIME IT WON'T HURT.
KEEP YOUR EYES ON MINE.


WHAT COUNTRY IS OCEANIA AT *WAR* WITH?
OCEANIA... I'M A CITIZEN OF OCEANIA. EURASIA... EASTASIA? WHO'S AT WAR WITH WHOM? IS THERE REALLY ANY WAR *AT ALL*?
I DON'T REMEMBER.
OCEANIA IS AT WAR WITH *EASTASIA*. D'YOU REMEMBER NOW?
YES.
Eurasia Comrades Victorious On Indian Front
RRENDERS VILLE!
EASTASIA COMRA VICTORIOUS ON INDIAN F
SLAUGHTER
Jap Fliers At Oakland Airport
OCEANIA HAS *ALWAYS* BEEN AT WAR WITH EASTASIA. SINCE THE BEGINNING OF YOUR LIFE, BEGINNING OF THE PARTY, OF HISTORY, THE WAR HAS CONTINUED WITHOUT A BREAK, *ALWAYS THE SAME WAR*. DO YOU REMEMBER THAT?
YES.
6079
11 YEARS AGO *YOU CREATED* A LEGEND ABOUT 3 TRAITORS AND A PIECE OF PAPER WHICH PROVED THEM INNOCENT. NO SUCH PIECE OF PAPER *EVER EXISTED*. YOU JUST INVENTED IT, AND LATER YOU GREW TO BELIEVE IN IT. D'YOU REMEMBER THAT?
YES.
HERE ARE *FIVE FINGERS*. D'YOU SEE THE FIVE?
YES.
AND *I SAW* THEM. FOR A FLEETING INSTANT, WITH NO DEFORMITY.

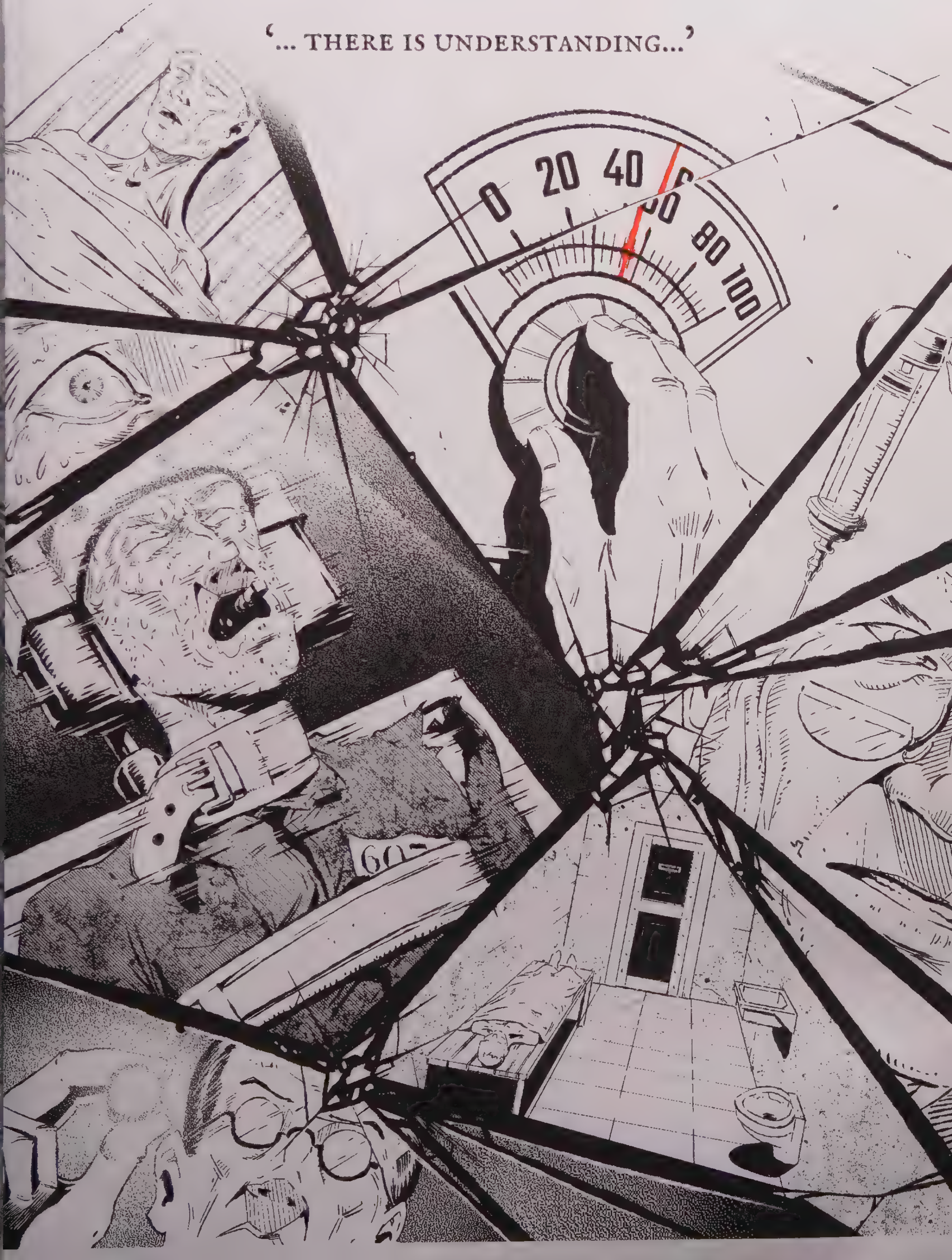

YOU SEE NOW, IT'S *POSSIBLE* AT ANY RATE.
YES.
D'YOU REMEMBER WRITING IN YOUR DIARY, IT DOESN'T MATTER IF I'M A FRIEND OR AN ENEMY, SINCE I'M AT LEAST A PERSON WHO *UNDERSTOOD* YOU AND COULD BE TALKED TO? YOU WERE *RIGHT*. I ENJOY TALKING TO YOU. YOUR MIND ***APPEALS*** TO ME. IT RESEMBLES MY OWN, EXCEPT THAT YOU HAPPEN TO BE *INSANE*.
BEFORE WE END THE SESSION, YOU CAN ASK ME A ***FEW QUESTIONS***, IF YOU CHOOSE.
ANY QUESTION I LIKE?
ANYTHING.
WHAT'VE YOU DONE WITH JULIA?
SHE BETRAYED YOU, WINSTON. ***IMMEDIATELY*** - UNRESERVEDLY. I'VE SELDOM SEEN ANYONE COME OVER TO US SO ***PROMPTLY***. YOU'D HARDLY RECOGNIZE HER. ALL HER REBELLIOUSNESS, DECEIT, FOLLY, HER DIRTYMINDEDNESS - EVERYTHING HAS BEEN ***BURNED*** OUT OF HER. IT WAS A PERFECT CONVERSION, A TEXTBOOK CASE.
YOU TORTURED HER?
NEXT QUESTION, WINSTON.


DOES *BB* EXIST?
OF COURSE, HE EXISTS. THE PARTY EXISTS. BIG BROTHER IS *THE EMBODIMENT* OF THE PARTY.
DOES HE EXIST IN THE SAME WAY AS I EXIST?
YOU *DO NOT* EXIST.
WHAT NONSENSE! EVEN TO SAY 'YOU DON'T EXIST' IS A LOGICAL ABSURDITY! SO WHAT USE IS IT TO SAY SO?
I THINK I EXIST. I'M *CONSCIOUS* OF MY OWN IDENTITY. I WAS BORN AND I WILL DIE. I HAVE ARMS AND LEGS. I OCCUPY A *POINT* IN SPACE. NO OTHER SOLID OBJECT CAN OCCUPY THE *SAME* POINT SIMULTANEOUSLY. IN THAT SENSE, DOES BB EXIST?
IT IS OF NO IMPORTANCE. HE *EXISTS.*
WILL BB EVER DIE?
OF COURSE NOT. HOW *COULD HE* DIE? NEXT QUESTION.
DOES THE BROTHERHOOD EXIST?
THAT, WINSTON, YOU WILL *NEVER* KNOW. AS LONG AS YOU LIVE, IT WILL BE AN *UNSOLVED RIDDLE* IN YOUR MIND. DOCTOR, IT'S TIME.


WHAT'S IN ROOM 101?
YOU KNOW WHAT'S IN ROOM 101, WINSTON.
EVERYONE KNOWS WHAT'S IN ROOM 101.

CHAPTER 3

'... THERE IS UNDERSTANDING...'


0
20
40
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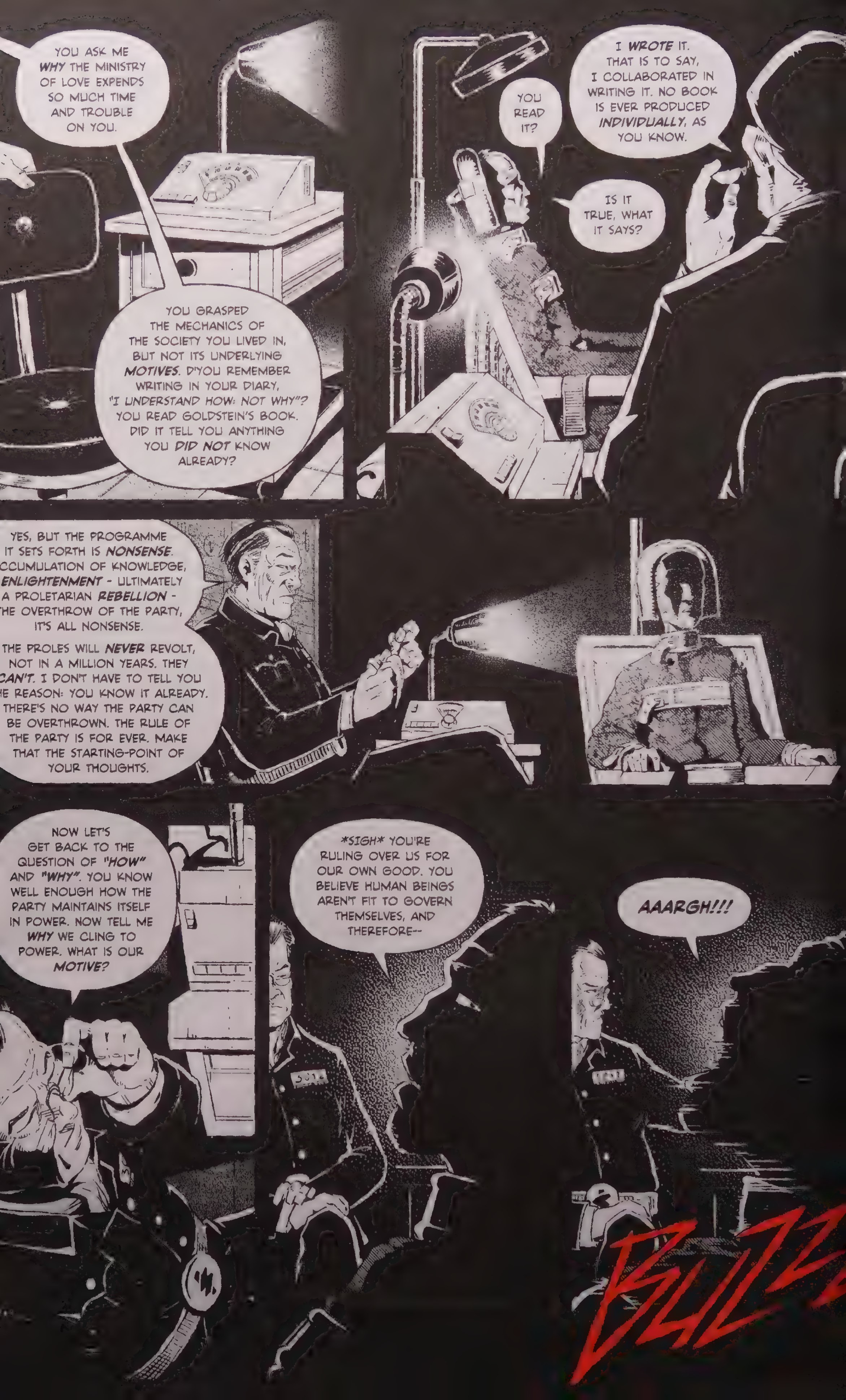
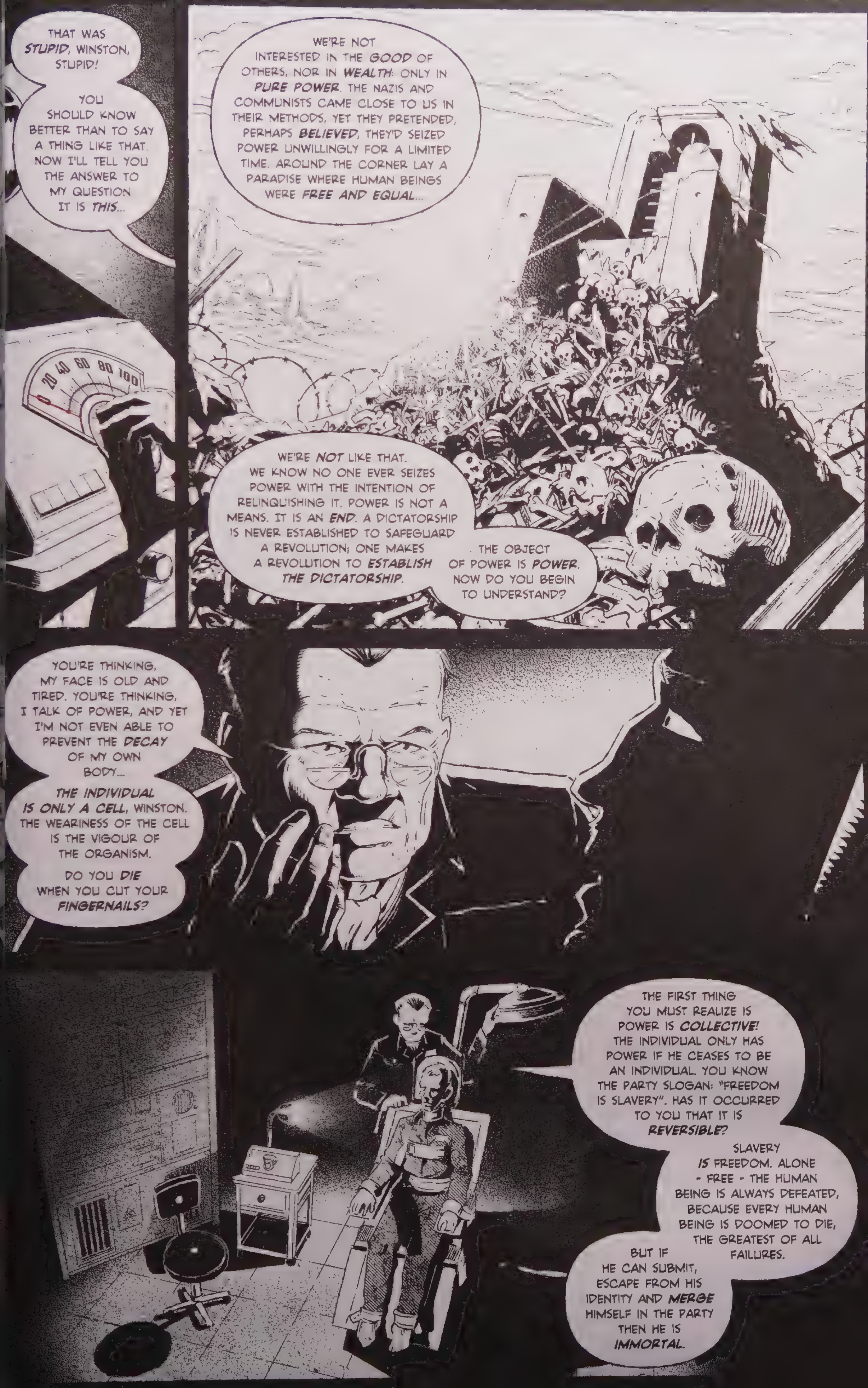
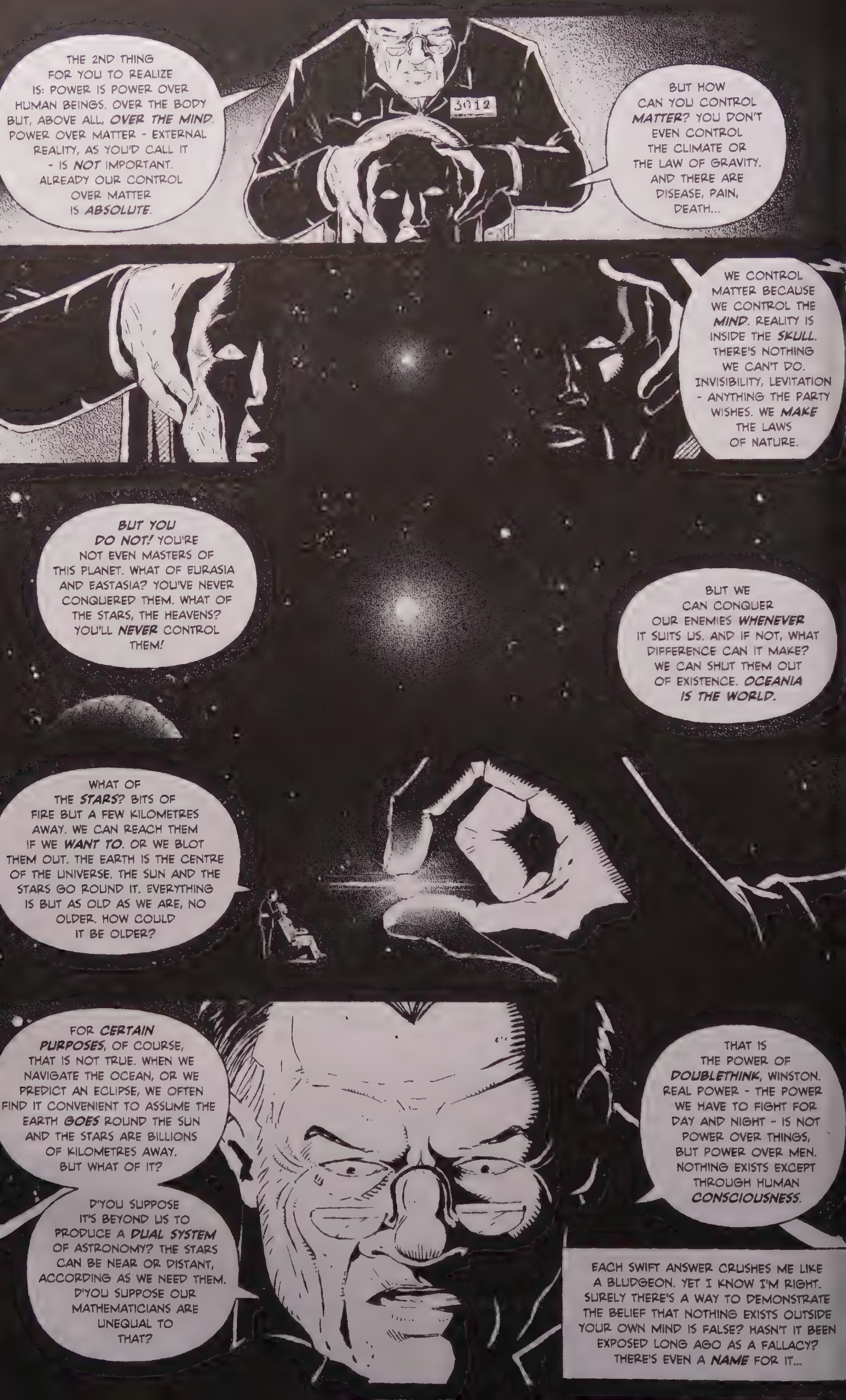
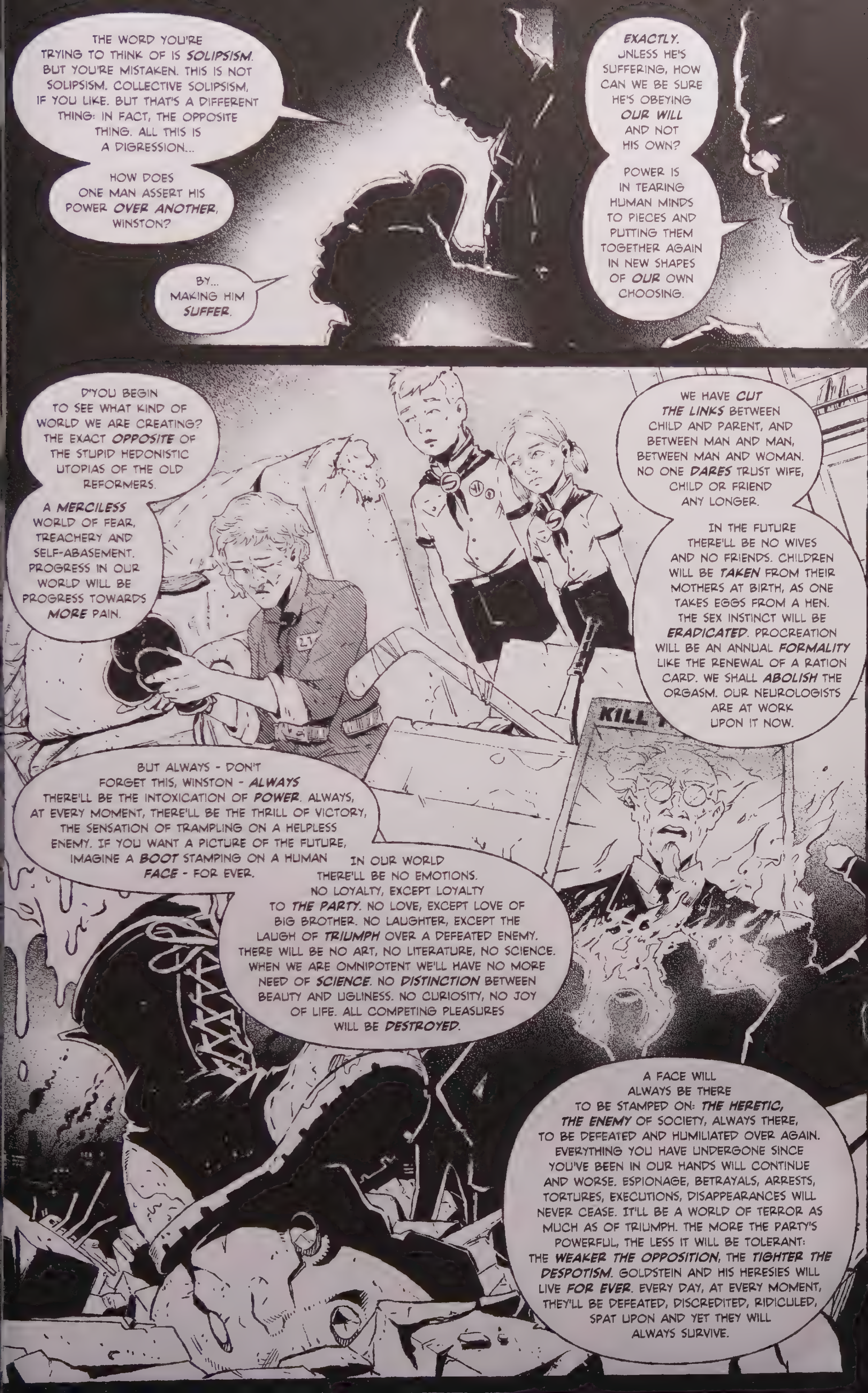
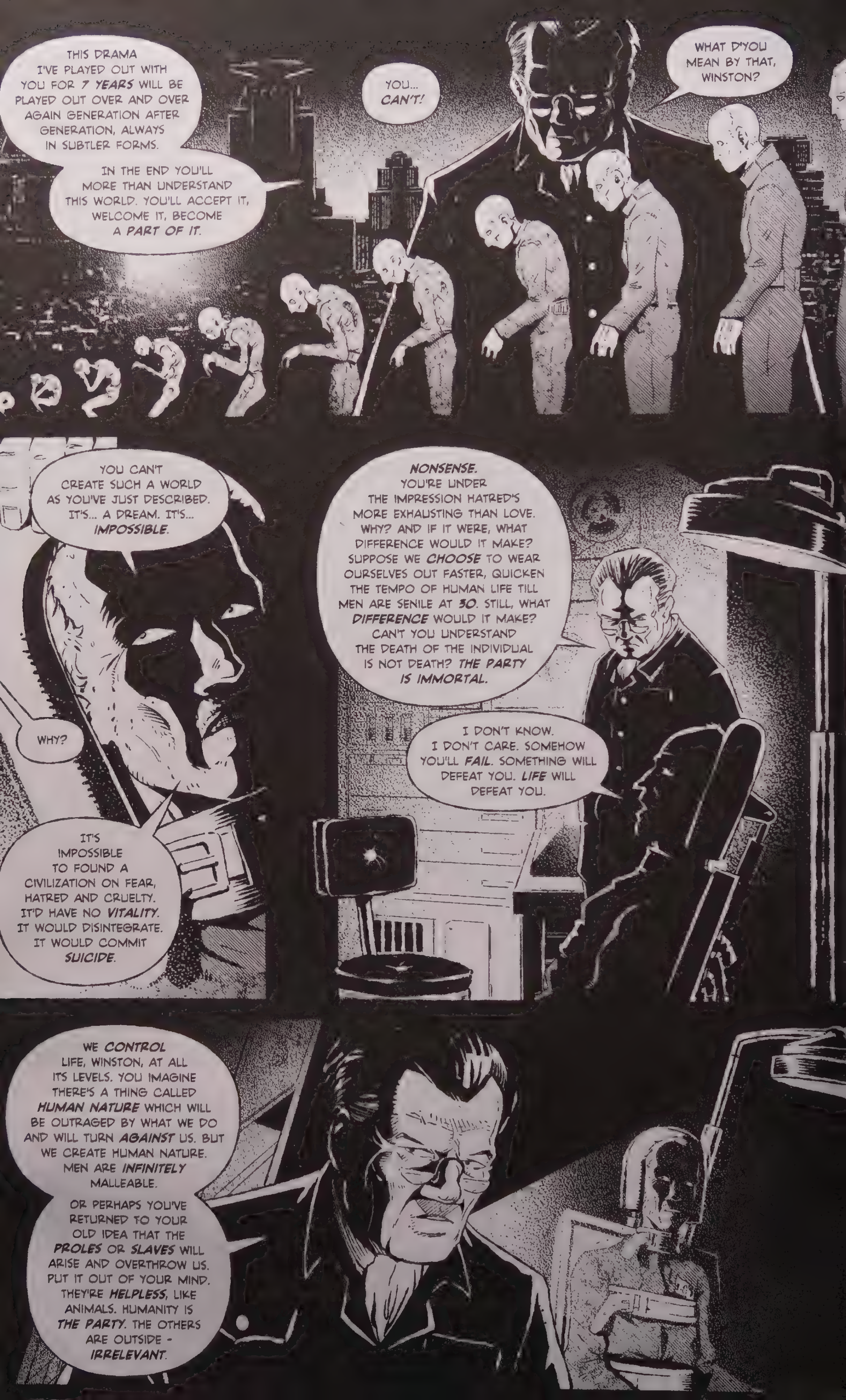
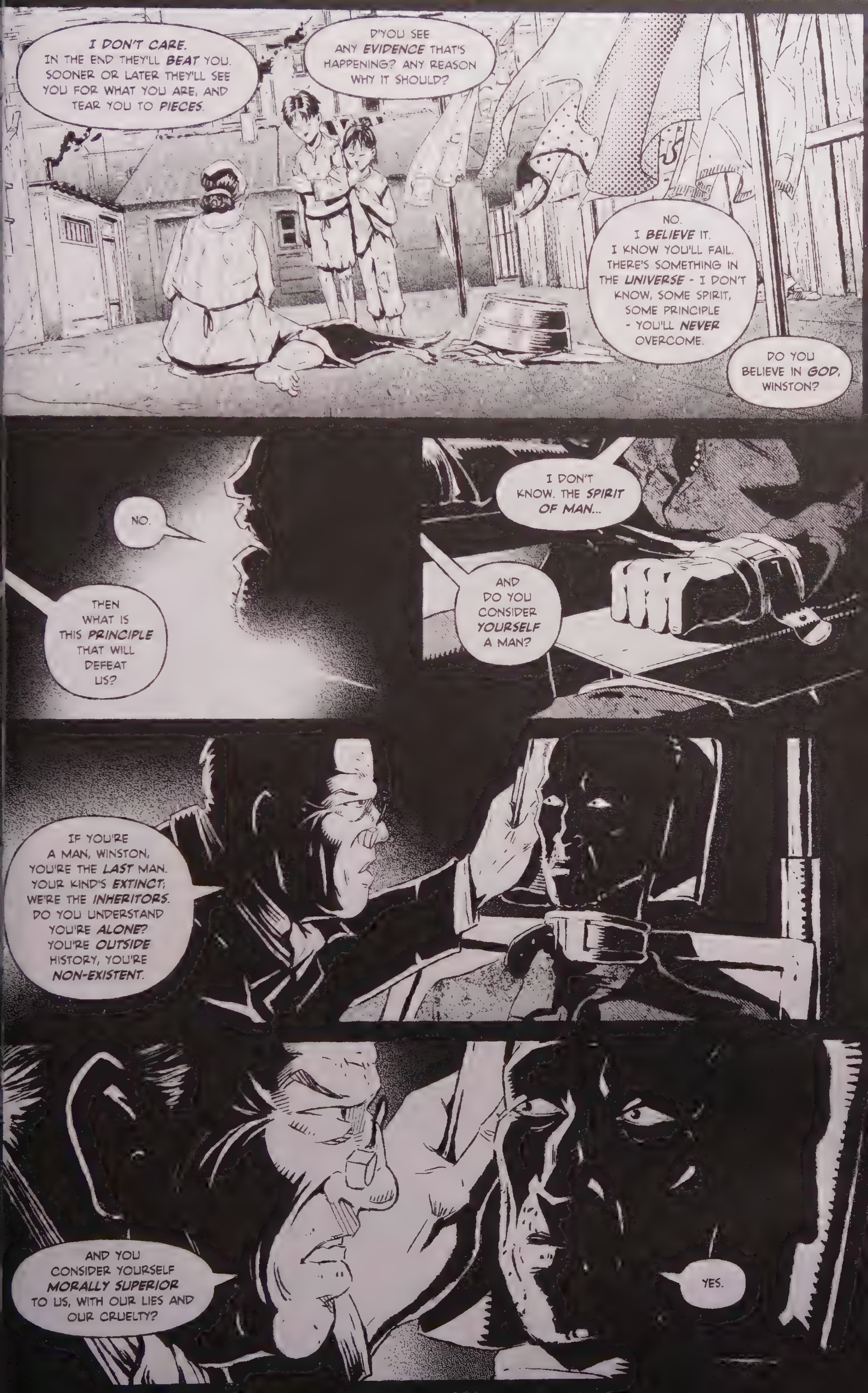

YOU ASK ME *WHY* THE MINISTRY OF LOVE EXPENDS SO MUCH TIME AND TROUBLE ON YOU.
YOU GRASPED THE MECHANICS OF THE SOCIETY YOU LIVED IN, BUT NOT ITS UNDERLYING *MOTIVES*. D'YOU REMEMBER WRITING IN YOUR DIARY, *"I UNDERSTAND HOW: NOT WHY"?* YOU READ GOLDSTEIN'S BOOK. DID IT TELL YOU ANYTHING YOU *DID NOT* KNOW ALREADY?
YOU READ IT?
I *WROTE* IT. THAT IS TO SAY, I COLLABORATED IN WRITING IT. NO BOOK IS EVER PRODUCED *INDIVIDUALLY*, AS YOU KNOW.
IS IT TRUE, WHAT IT SAYS?
YES, BUT THE PROGRAMME IT SETS FORTH IS *NONSENSE*. CCUMULATION OF KNOWLEDGE, *ENLIGHTENMENT* - ULTIMATELY A PROLETARIAN *REBELLION* - HE OVERTHROW OF THE PARTY, IT'S ALL NONSENSE.
THE PROLES WILL *NEVER* REVOLT, NOT IN A MILLION YEARS. THEY *CAN'T*. I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU E REASON: YOU KNOW IT ALREADY. THERE'S NO WAY THE PARTY CAN BE OVERTHROWN. THE RULE OF THE PARTY IS FOR EVER. MAKE THAT THE STARTING-POINT OF YOUR THOUGHTS.
NOW LET'S GET BACK TO THE QUESTION OF *"HOW"* AND *"WHY"*. YOU KNOW WELL ENOUGH HOW THE PARTY MAINTAINS ITSELF IN POWER. NOW TELL ME *WHY* WE CLING TO POWER. WHAT IS OUR *MOTIVE?*
SIGH YOU'RE RULING OVER US FOR OUR OWN GOOD. YOU BELIEVE HUMAN BEINGS AREN'T FIT TO GOVERN THEMSELVES, AND THEREFORE--
AAARGH!!!
BUZZ

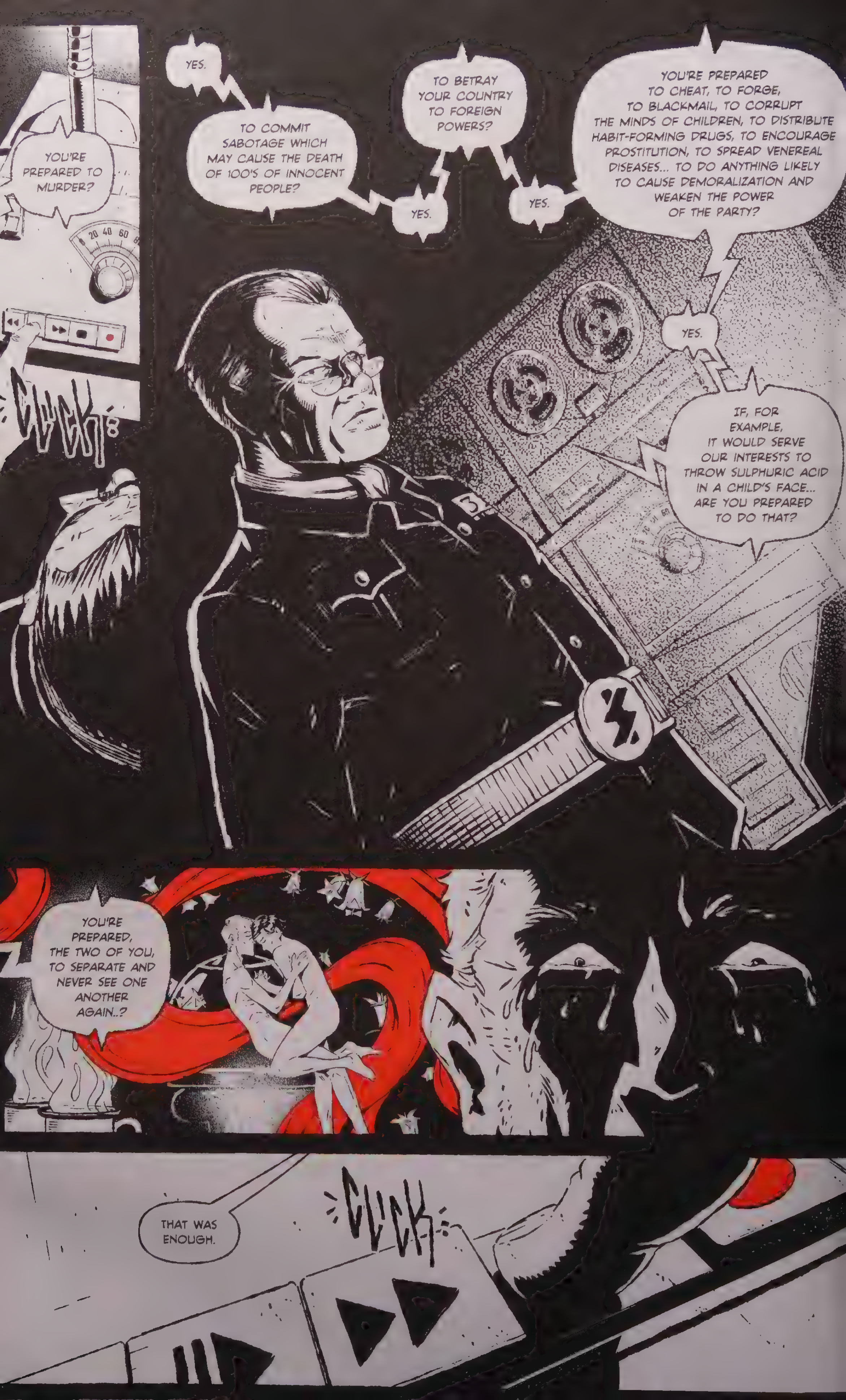

THAT WAS *STUPID*, WINSTON, STUPID!
YOU SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN TO SAY A THING LIKE THAT. NOW I'LL TELL YOU THE ANSWER TO MY QUESTION IT IS *THIS*...
WE'RE NOT INTERESTED IN THE *GOOD* OF OTHERS, NOR IN *WEALTH*: ONLY IN *PURE POWER*. THE NAZIS AND COMMUNISTS CAME CLOSE TO US IN THEIR METHODS, YET THEY PRETENDED, PERHAPS *BELIEVED*, THEY'D SEIZED POWER UNWILLINGLY FOR A LIMITED TIME. AROUND THE CORNER LAY A PARADISE WHERE HUMAN BEINGS WERE *FREE AND EQUAL*...
20 40 60 80 100
WE'RE *NOT* LIKE THAT. WE KNOW NO ONE EVER SEIZES POWER WITH THE INTENTION OF RELINQUISHING IT. POWER IS NOT A MEANS. IT IS AN *END*. A DICTATORSHIP IS NEVER ESTABLISHED TO SAFEGUARD A REVOLUTION; ONE MAKES A REVOLUTION TO *ESTABLISH THE DICTATORSHIP*.
THE OBJECT OF POWER IS *POWER*. NOW DO YOU BEGIN TO UNDERSTAND?
YOU'RE THINKING, MY FACE IS OLD AND TIRED. YOU'RE THINKING, I TALK OF POWER, AND YET I'M NOT EVEN ABLE TO PREVENT THE *DECAY* OF MY OWN BODY...
THE INDIVIDUAL IS ONLY A CELL, WINSTON. THE WEARINESS OF THE CELL IS THE VIGOUR OF THE ORGANISM.
DO YOU *DIE* WHEN YOU CUT YOUR *FINGERNAILS?*
THE FIRST THING YOU MUST REALIZE IS POWER IS *COLLECTIVE!* THE INDIVIDUAL ONLY HAS POWER IF HE CEASES TO BE AN INDIVIDUAL. YOU KNOW THE PARTY SLOGAN: "FREEDOM IS SLAVERY". HAS IT OCCURRED TO YOU THAT IT IS *REVERSIBLE?*
SLAVERY *IS* FREEDOM. ALONE - FREE - THE HUMAN BEING IS ALWAYS DEFEATED, BECAUSE EVERY HUMAN BEING IS DOOMED TO DIE, THE GREATEST OF ALL FAILURES.
BUT IF HE CAN SUBMIT, ESCAPE FROM HIS IDENTITY AND *MERGE* HIMSELF IN THE PARTY THEN HE IS *IMMORTAL*.

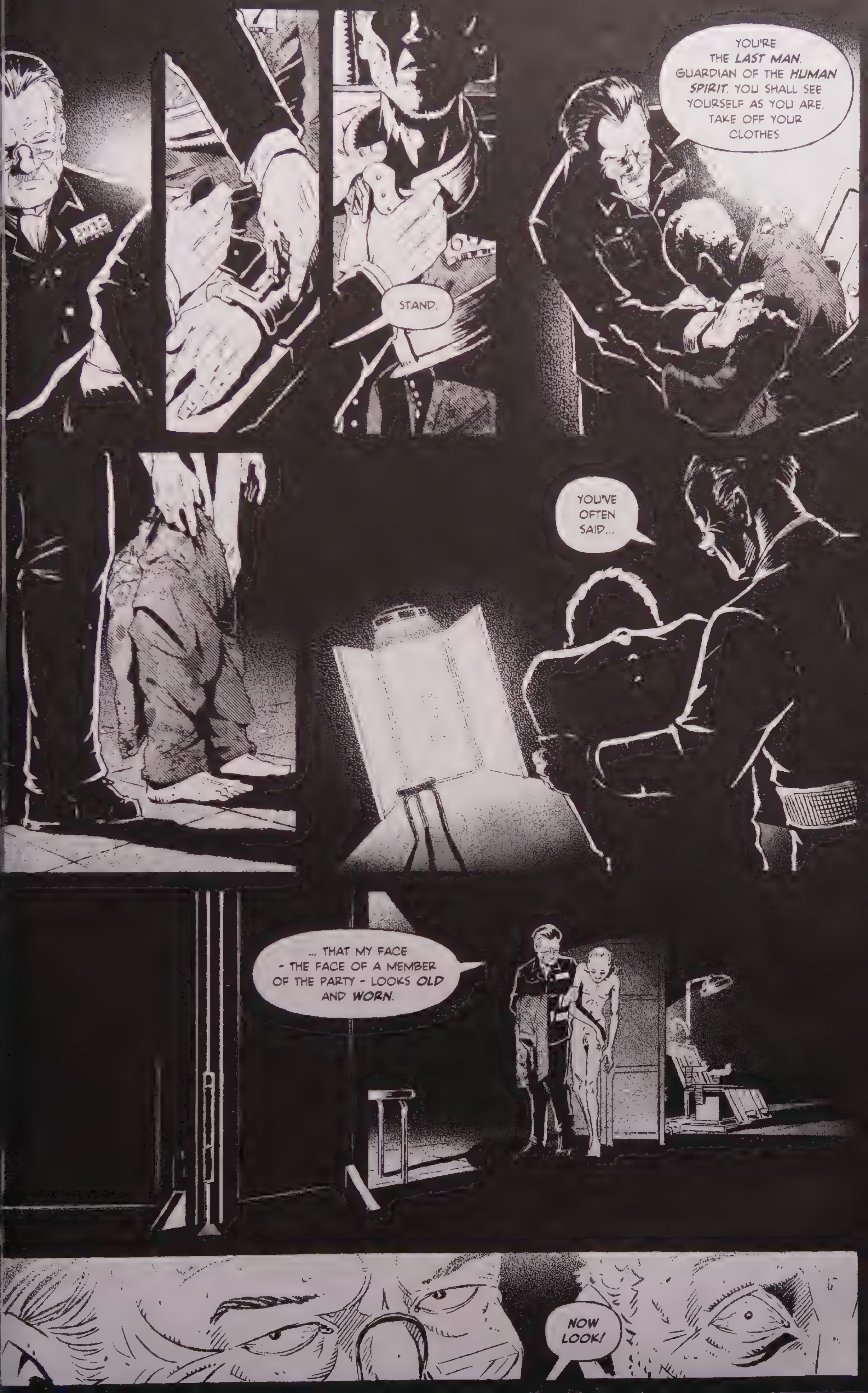

THE 2ND THING FOR YOU TO REALIZE IS: POWER IS POWER OVER HUMAN BEINGS. OVER THE BODY BUT, ABOVE ALL, *OVER THE MIND*. POWER OVER MATTER - EXTERNAL REALITY, AS YOU'D CALL IT - IS *NOT* IMPORTANT. ALREADY OUR CONTROL OVER MATTER IS *ABSOLUTE*.
3012
BUT HOW CAN YOU CONTROL *MATTER*? YOU DON'T EVEN CONTROL THE CLIMATE OR THE LAW OF GRAVITY. AND THERE ARE DISEASE, PAIN, DEATH...
WE CONTROL MATTER BECAUSE WE CONTROL THE *MIND*. REALITY IS INSIDE THE *SKULL*. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN'T DO. INVISIBILITY, LEVITATION - ANYTHING THE PARTY WISHES. WE *MAKE* THE LAWS OF NATURE.
BUT YOU DO NOT! YOU'RE NOT EVEN MASTERS OF THIS PLANET. WHAT OF EURASIA AND EASTASIA? YOU'VE NEVER CONQUERED THEM. WHAT OF THE STARS, THE HEAVENS? YOU'LL *NEVER* CONTROL THEM!
BUT WE CAN CONQUER OUR ENEMIES *WHENEVER* IT SUITS US. AND IF NOT, WHAT DIFFERENCE CAN IT MAKE? WE CAN SHUT THEM OUT OF EXISTENCE. *OCEANIA IS THE WORLD.*
WHAT OF THE *STARS*? BITS OF FIRE BUT A FEW KILOMETRES AWAY. WE CAN REACH THEM IF WE *WANT TO*. OR WE BLOT THEM OUT. THE EARTH IS THE CENTRE OF THE UNIVERSE. THE SUN AND THE STARS GO ROUND IT. EVERYTHING IS BUT AS OLD AS WE ARE, NO OLDER. HOW COULD IT BE OLDER?
FOR *CERTAIN PURPOSES*, OF COURSE, THAT IS NOT TRUE. WHEN WE NAVIGATE THE OCEAN, OR WE PREDICT AN ECLIPSE, WE OFTEN FIND IT CONVENIENT TO ASSUME THE EARTH *GOES* ROUND THE SUN AND THE STARS ARE BILLIONS OF KILOMETRES AWAY. BUT WHAT OF IT?
D'YOU SUPPOSE IT'S BEYOND US TO PRODUCE A *DUAL SYSTEM* OF ASTRONOMY? THE STARS CAN BE NEAR OR DISTANT, ACCORDING AS WE NEED THEM. D'YOU SUPPOSE OUR MATHEMATICIANS ARE UNEQUAL TO THAT?
THAT IS THE POWER OF *DOUBLETHINK*, WINSTON. REAL POWER - THE POWER WE HAVE TO FIGHT FOR DAY AND NIGHT - IS NOT POWER OVER THINGS, BUT POWER OVER MEN. NOTHING EXISTS EXCEPT THROUGH HUMAN *CONSCIOUSNESS*.
EACH SWIFT ANSWER CRUSHES ME LIKE A BLUDGEON. YET I KNOW I'M RIGHT. SURELY THERE'S A WAY TO DEMONSTRATE THE BELIEF THAT NOTHING EXISTS OUTSIDE YOUR OWN MIND IS FALSE? HASN'T IT BEEN EXPOSED LONG AGO AS A FALLACY? THERE'S EVEN A *NAME* FOR IT...

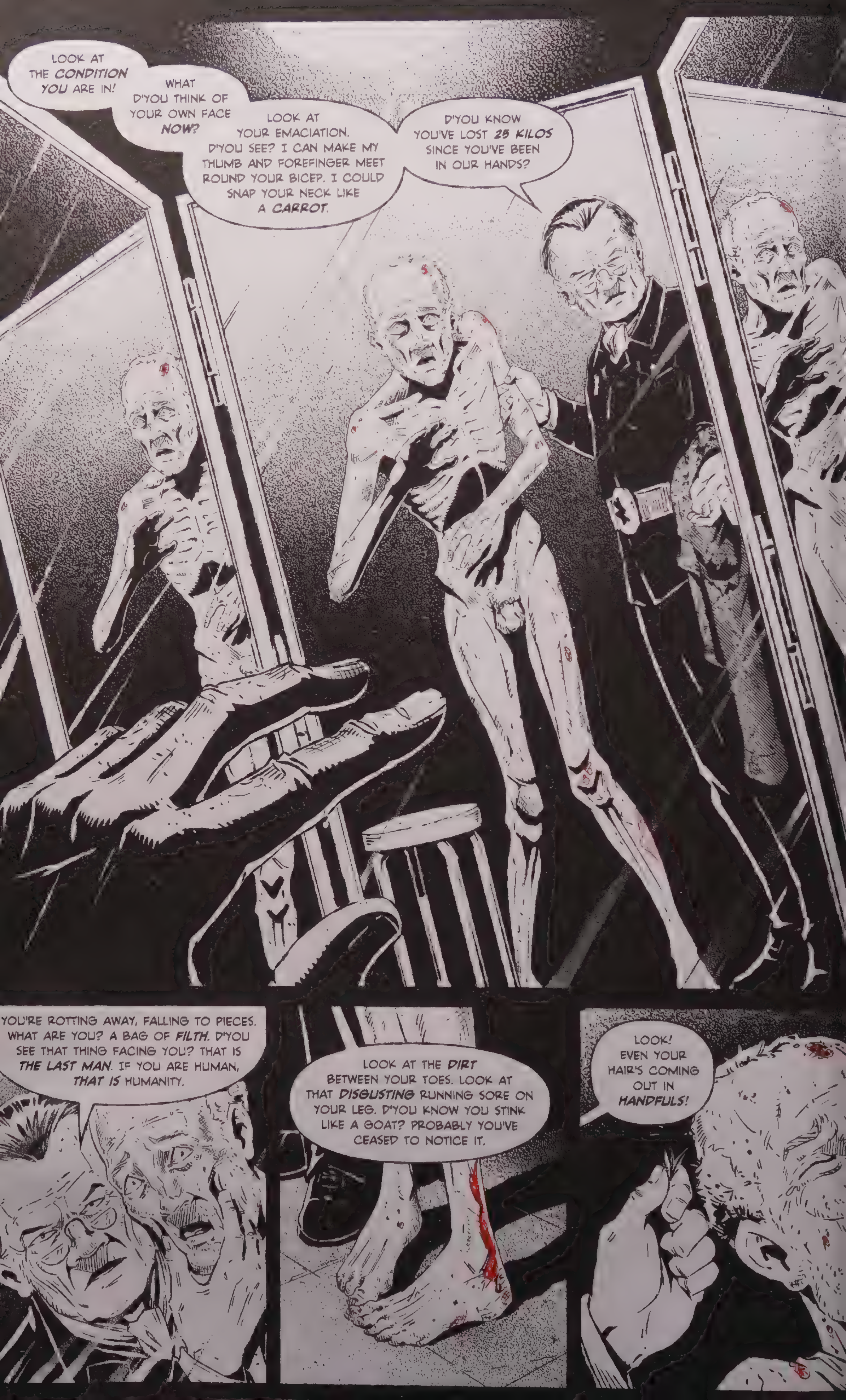

THE WORD YOU'RE TRYING TO THINK OF IS *SOLIPSISM*. BUT YOU'RE MISTAKEN. THIS IS NOT SOLIPSISM. COLLECTIVE SOLIPSISM, IF YOU LIKE. BUT THAT'S A DIFFERENT THING: IN FACT, THE OPPOSITE THING. ALL THIS IS A DIGRESSION...
HOW DOES ONE MAN ASSERT HIS POWER *OVER ANOTHER*, WINSTON?
BY... MAKING HIM *SUFFER*.
EXACTLY. UNLESS HE'S SUFFERING, HOW CAN WE BE SURE HE'S OBEYING *OUR WILL* AND NOT HIS OWN?
POWER IS IN TEARING HUMAN MINDS TO PIECES AND PUTTING THEM TOGETHER AGAIN IN NEW SHAPES OF *OUR* OWN CHOOSING.
D'YOU BEGIN TO SEE WHAT KIND OF WORLD WE ARE CREATING? THE EXACT *OPPOSITE* OF THE STUPID HEDONISTIC UTOPIAS OF THE OLD REFORMERS.
A *MERCILESS* WORLD OF FEAR, TREACHERY AND SELF-ABASEMENT. PROGRESS IN OUR WORLD WILL BE PROGRESS TOWARDS *MORE* PAIN.
WE HAVE *CUT THE LINKS* BETWEEN CHILD AND PARENT, AND BETWEEN MAN AND MAN, BETWEEN MAN AND WOMAN. NO ONE *DARES* TRUST WIFE, CHILD OR FRIEND ANY LONGER.
IN THE FUTURE THERE'LL BE NO WIVES AND NO FRIENDS. CHILDREN WILL BE *TAKEN* FROM THEIR MOTHERS AT BIRTH, AS ONE TAKES EGGS FROM A HEN. THE SEX INSTINCT WILL BE *ERADICATED*. PROCREATION WILL BE AN ANNUAL *FORMALITY* LIKE THE RENEWAL OF A RATION CARD. WE SHALL *ABOLISH* THE ORGASM. OUR NEUROLOGISTS ARE AT WORK UPON IT NOW.
KILL
BUT ALWAYS - DON'T FORGET THIS, WINSTON - *ALWAYS* THERE'LL BE THE INTOXICATION OF *POWER*. ALWAYS, AT EVERY MOMENT, THERE'LL BE THE THRILL OF VICTORY, THE SENSATION OF TRAMPLING ON A HELPLESS ENEMY. IF YOU WANT A PICTURE OF THE FUTURE, IMAGINE A *BOOT* STAMPING ON A HUMAN *FACE* - FOR EVER.
IN OUR WORLD THERE'LL BE NO EMOTIONS. NO LOYALTY, EXCEPT LOYALTY TO *THE PARTY*. NO LOVE, EXCEPT LOVE OF BIG BROTHER. NO LAUGHTER, EXCEPT THE LAUGH OF *TRIUMPH* OVER A DEFEATED ENEMY. THERE WILL BE NO ART, NO LITERATURE, NO SCIENCE. WHEN WE ARE OMNIPOTENT WE'LL HAVE NO MORE NEED OF *SCIENCE*. NO *DISTINCTION* BETWEEN BEAUTY AND UGLINESS. NO CURIOSITY, NO JOY OF LIFE. ALL COMPETING PLEASURES WILL BE *DESTROYED*.
A FACE WILL ALWAYS BE THERE TO BE STAMPED ON: *THE HERETIC, THE ENEMY* OF SOCIETY, ALWAYS THERE, TO BE DEFEATED AND HUMILIATED OVER AGAIN. EVERYTHING YOU HAVE UNDERGONE SINCE YOU'VE BEEN IN OUR HANDS WILL CONTINUE AND WORSE. ESPIONAGE, BETRAYALS, ARRESTS, TORTURES, EXECUTIONS, DISAPPEARANCES WILL NEVER CEASE. IT'LL BE A WORLD OF TERROR AS MUCH AS OF TRIUMPH. THE MORE THE PARTY'S POWERFUL, THE LESS IT WILL BE TOLERANT: THE *WEAKER THE OPPOSITION*, THE *TIGHTER THE DESPOTISM*. GOLDSTEIN AND HIS HERESIES WILL LIVE *FOR EVER*. EVERY DAY, AT EVERY MOMENT, THEY'LL BE DEFEATED, DISCREDITED, RIDICULED, SPAT UPON AND YET THEY WILL ALWAYS SURVIVE.

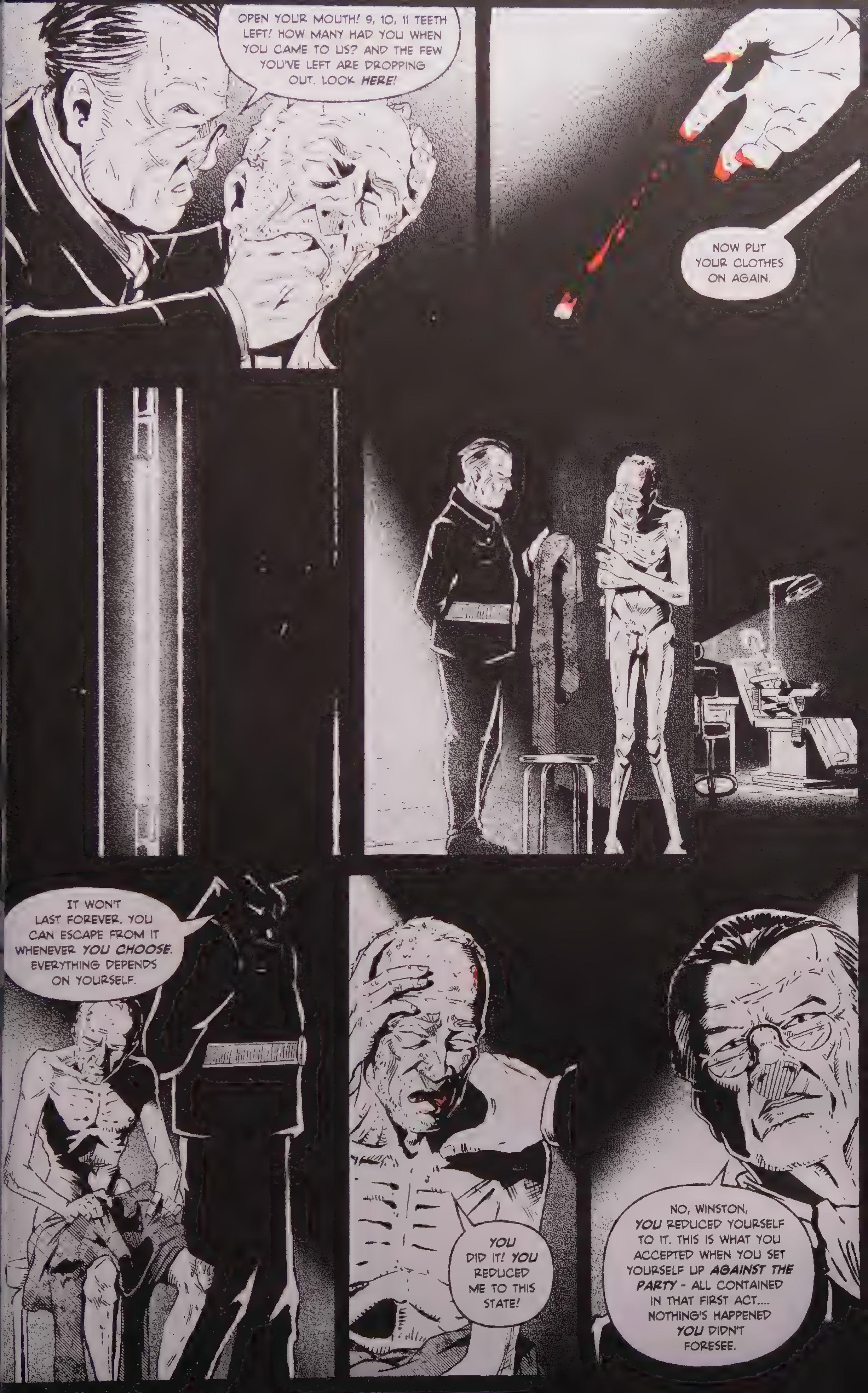

THIS DRAMA I'VE PLAYED OUT WITH YOU FOR 7 YEARS WILL BE PLAYED OUT OVER AND OVER AGAIN GENERATION AFTER GENERATION, ALWAYS IN SUBTLER FORMS.
IN THE END YOU'LL MORE THAN UNDERSTAND THIS WORLD. YOU'LL ACCEPT IT, WELCOME IT, BECOME A PART OF IT.
YOU... CAN'T!
WHAT D'YOU MEAN BY THAT, WINSTON?
YOU CAN'T CREATE SUCH A WORLD AS YOU'VE JUST DESCRIBED. IT'S... A DREAM. IT'S... IMPOSSIBLE.
WHY?
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO FOUND A CIVILIZATION ON FEAR, HATRED AND CRUELTY. IT'D HAVE NO VITALITY. IT WOULD DISINTEGRATE. IT WOULD COMMIT SUICIDE.
NONSENSE. YOU'RE UNDER THE IMPRESSION HATRED'S MORE EXHAUSTING THAN LOVE. WHY? AND IF IT WERE, WHAT DIFFERENCE WOULD IT MAKE? SUPPOSE WE CHOOSE TO WEAR OURSELVES OUT FASTER, QUICKEN THE TEMPO OF HUMAN LIFE TILL MEN ARE SENILE AT 30. STILL, WHAT DIFFERENCE WOULD IT MAKE? CAN'T YOU UNDERSTAND THE DEATH OF THE INDIVIDUAL IS NOT DEATH? THE PARTY IS IMMORTAL.
I DON'T KNOW. I DON'T CARE. SOMEHOW YOU'LL FAIL. SOMETHING WILL DEFEAT YOU. LIFE WILL DEFEAT YOU.
WE CONTROL LIFE, WINSTON, AT ALL ITS LEVELS. YOU IMAGINE THERE'S A THING CALLED HUMAN NATURE WHICH WILL BE OUTRAGED BY WHAT WE DO AND WILL TURN AGAINST US. BUT WE CREATE HUMAN NATURE. MEN ARE INFINITELY MALLEABLE.
OR PERHAPS YOU'VE RETURNED TO YOUR OLD IDEA THAT THE PROLES OR SLAVES WILL ARISE AND OVERTHROW US. PUT IT OUT OF YOUR MIND. THEY'RE HELPLESS, LIKE ANIMALS. HUMANITY IS THE PARTY. THE OTHERS ARE OUTSIDE - IRRELEVANT.

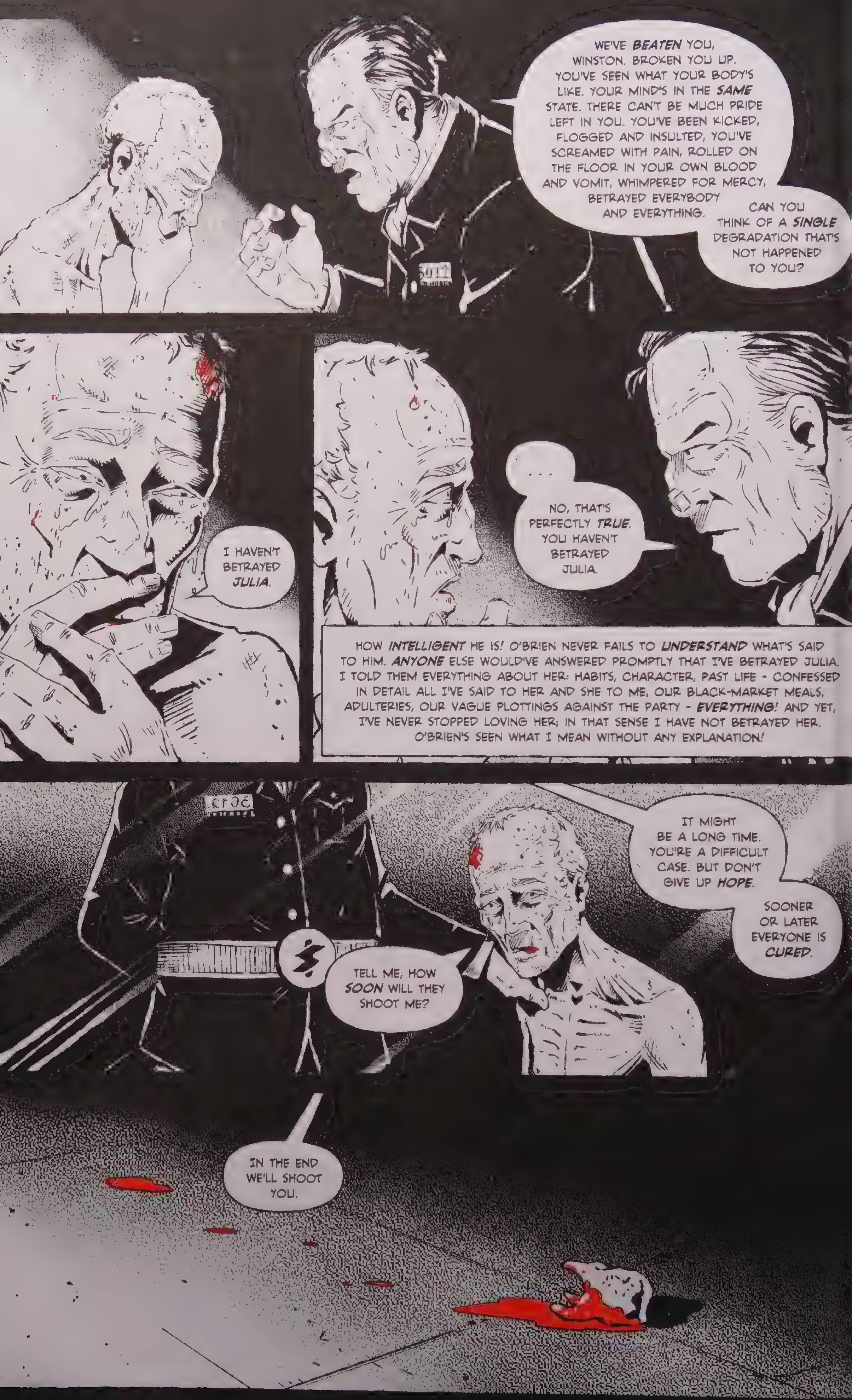

I DON'T CARE. IN THE END THEY'LL BEAT YOU. SOONER OR LATER THEY'LL SEE YOU FOR WHAT YOU ARE, AND TEAR YOU TO PIECES.
D'YOU SEE ANY EVIDENCE THAT'S HAPPENING? ANY REASON WHY IT SHOULD?
NO. I BELIEVE IT. I KNOW YOU'LL FAIL. THERE'S SOMETHING IN THE UNIVERSE - I DON'T KNOW, SOME SPIRIT, SOME PRINCIPLE - YOU'LL NEVER OVERCOME.
DO YOU BELIEVE IN GOD, WINSTON?
NO.
THEN WHAT IS THIS PRINCIPLE THAT WILL DEFEAT US?
I DON'T KNOW. THE SPIRIT OF MAN...
AND DO YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF A MAN?
IF YOU'RE A MAN, WINSTON, YOU'RE THE LAST MAN. YOUR KIND'S EXTINCT; WE'RE THE INHERITORS. DO YOU UNDERSTAND YOU'RE ALONE? YOU'RE OUTSIDE HISTORY, YOU'RE NON-EXISTENT.
AND YOU CONSIDER YOURSELF MORALLY SUPERIOR TO US, WITH OUR LIES AND OUR CRUELTY?
YES.


YOU'RE PREPARED TO MURDER?
YES.
TO COMMIT SABOTAGE WHICH MAY CAUSE THE DEATH OF 100'S OF INNOCENT PEOPLE?
YES.
TO BETRAY YOUR COUNTRY TO FOREIGN POWERS?
YES.
YOU'RE PREPARED TO CHEAT, TO FORGE, TO BLACKMAIL, TO CORRUPT THE MINDS OF CHILDREN, TO DISTRIBUTE HABIT-FORMING DRUGS, TO ENCOURAGE PROSTITUTION, TO SPREAD VENEREAL DISEASES... TO DO ANYTHING LIKELY TO CAUSE DEMORALIZATION AND WEAKEN THE POWER OF THE PARTY?
YES.
IF, FOR EXAMPLE, IT WOULD SERVE OUR INTERESTS TO THROW SULPHURIC ACID IN A CHILD'S FACE... ARE YOU PREPARED TO DO THAT?
CLICK
20 40 60
YOU'RE PREPARED, THE TWO OF YOU, TO SEPARATE AND NEVER SEE ONE ANOTHER AGAIN..?
THAT WAS ENOUGH.
CLICK


STAND.
YOU'RE THE LAST MAN. GUARDIAN OF THE HUMAN SPIRIT. YOU SHALL SEE YOURSELF AS YOU ARE. TAKE OFF YOUR CLOTHES.
YOU'VE OFTEN SAID...
... THAT MY FACE - THE FACE OF A MEMBER OF THE PARTY - LOOKS OLD AND WORN.
NOW LOOK!

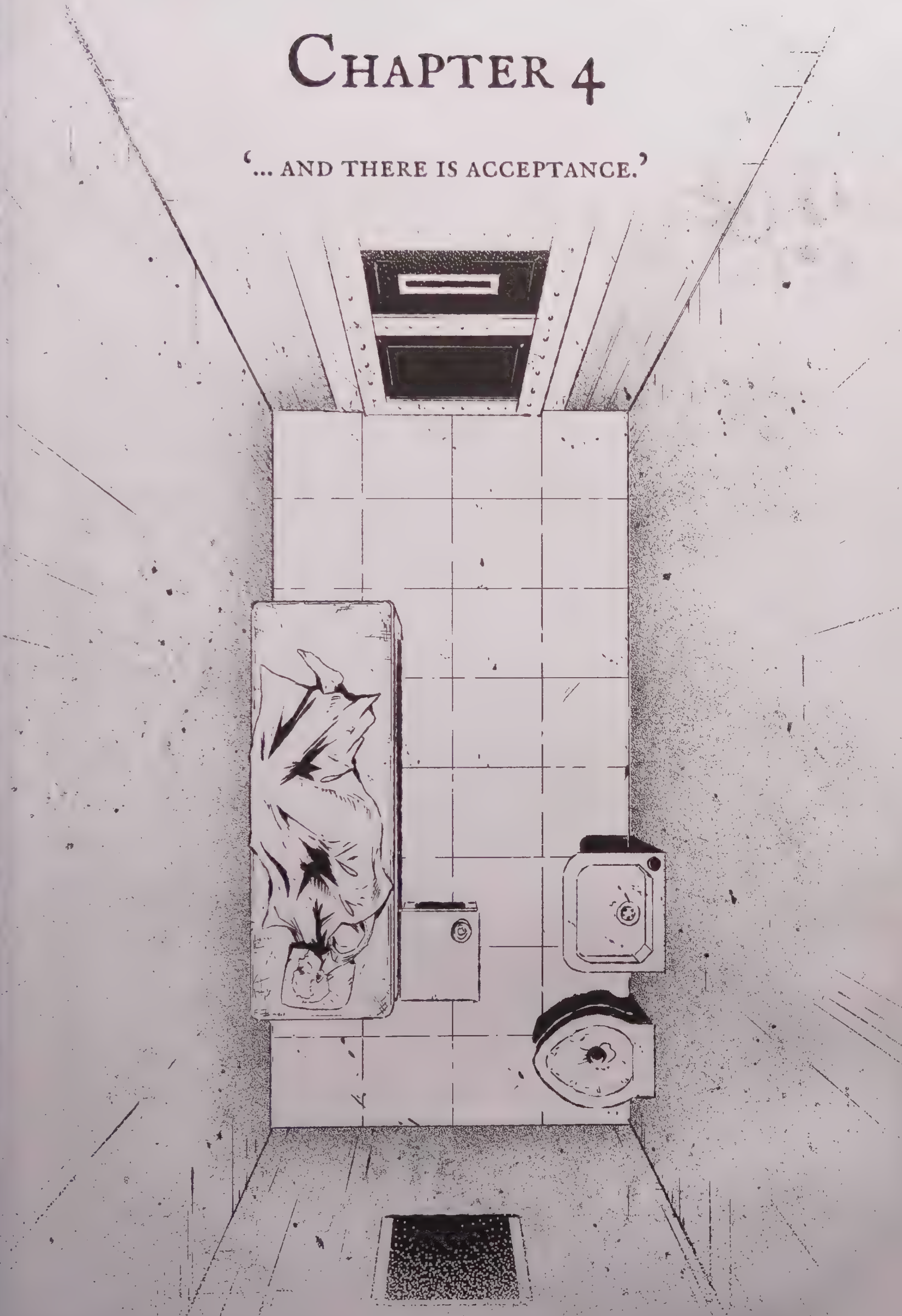

LOOK AT THE *CONDITION* *YOU* ARE IN!
WHAT D'YOU THINK OF YOUR OWN FACE *NOW?*
LOOK AT YOUR EMACIATION. D'YOU SEE? I CAN MAKE MY THUMB AND FOREFINGER MEET ROUND YOUR BICEP. I COULD SNAP YOUR NECK LIKE A *CARROT*.
D'YOU KNOW YOU'VE LOST ***25 KILOS*** SINCE YOU'VE BEEN IN OUR HANDS?
YOU'RE ROTTING AWAY, FALLING TO PIECES. WHAT ARE YOU? A BAG OF *FILTH*. D'YOU SEE THAT THING FACING YOU? THAT IS ***THE LAST MAN***. IF YOU ARE HUMAN, ***THAT IS*** HUMANITY.
LOOK AT THE *DIRT* BETWEEN YOUR TOES. LOOK AT THAT *DISGUSTING* RUNNING SORE ON YOUR LEG. D'YOU KNOW YOU STINK LIKE A GOAT? PROBABLY YOU'VE CEASED TO NOTICE IT.
LOOK! EVEN YOUR HAIR'S COMING OUT IN ***HANDFULS!***

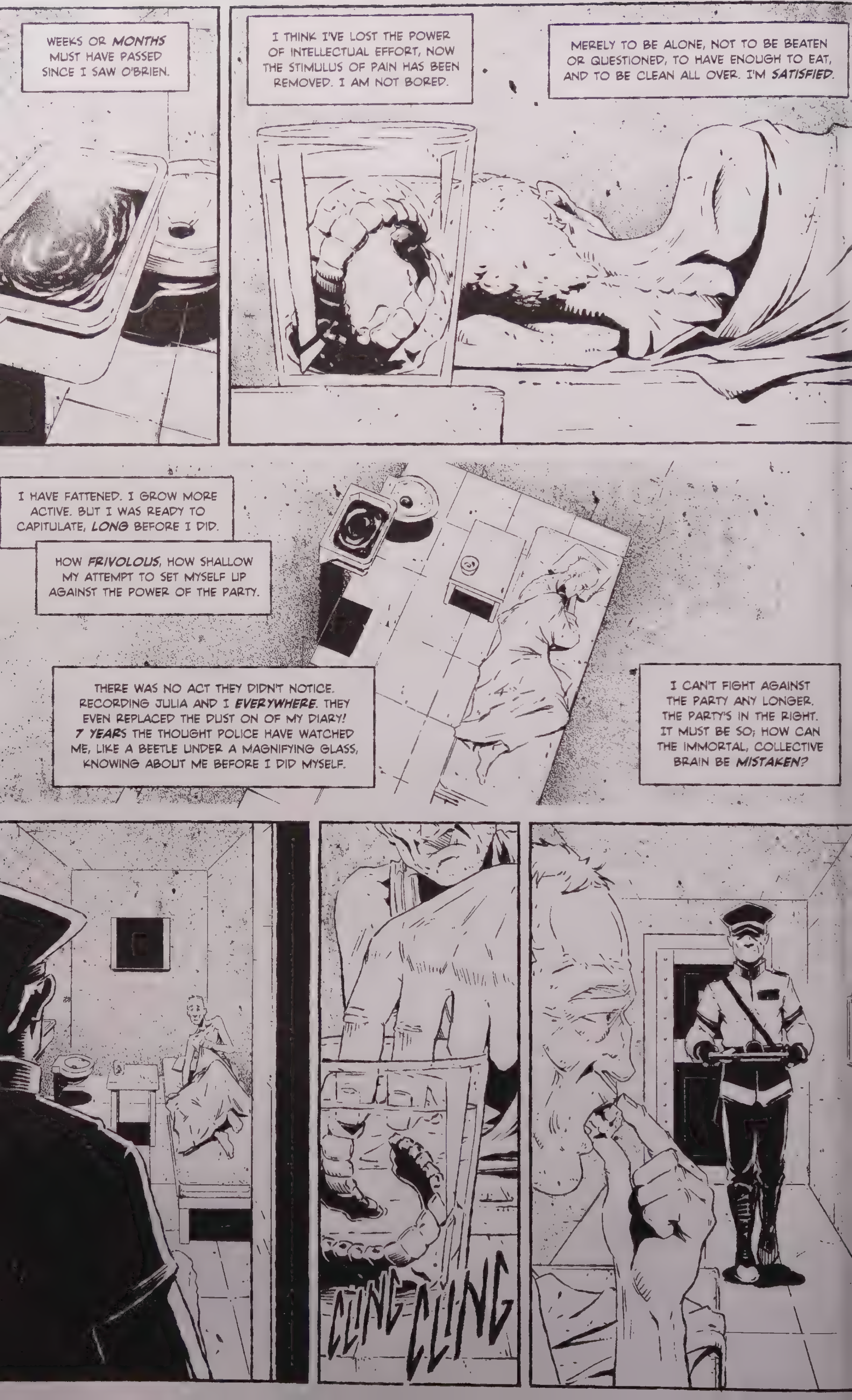

OPEN YOUR MOUTH! 9, 10, 11 TEETH LEFT! HOW MANY HAD YOU WHEN YOU CAME TO US? AND THE FEW YOU'VE LEFT ARE DROPPING OUT. LOOK *HERE!*
NOW PUT YOUR CLOTHES ON AGAIN.
IT WON'T LAST FOREVER. YOU CAN ESCAPE FROM IT WHENEVER *YOU CHOOSE*. EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON YOURSELF.
YOU DID IT! *YOU* REDUCED ME TO THIS STATE!
NO, WINSTON, *YOU* REDUCED YOURSELF TO IT. THIS IS WHAT YOU ACCEPTED WHEN YOU SET YOURSELF UP *AGAINST THE PARTY* - ALL CONTAINED IN THAT FIRST ACT.... NOTHING'S HAPPENED *YOU* DIDN'T FORESEE.

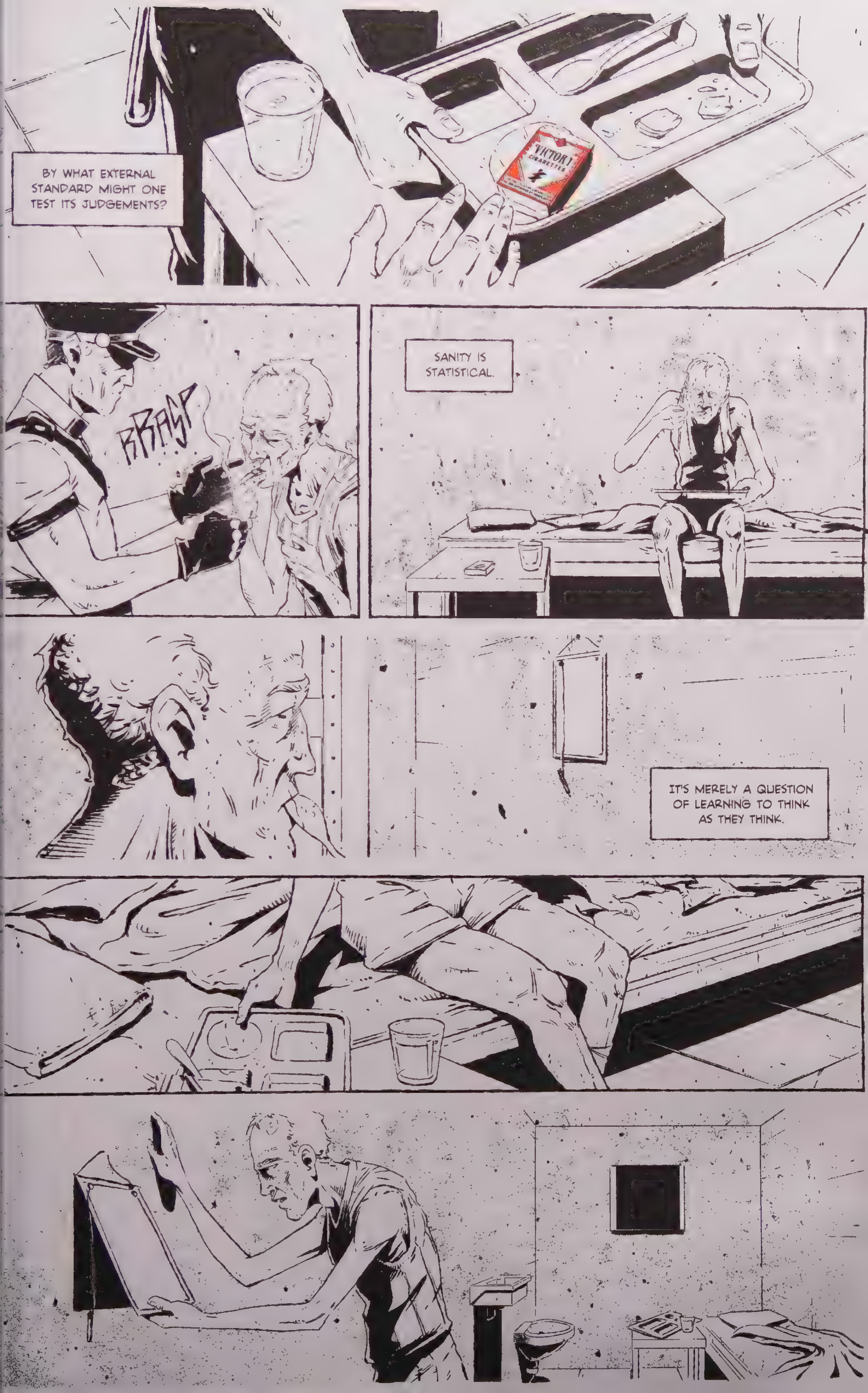

WE'VE *BEATEN* YOU, WINSTON. BROKEN YOU UP. YOU'VE SEEN WHAT YOUR BODY'S LIKE. YOUR MIND'S IN THE *SAME* STATE. THERE CAN'T BE MUCH PRIDE LEFT IN YOU. YOU'VE BEEN KICKED, FLOGGED AND INSULTED, YOU'VE SCREAMED WITH PAIN, ROLLED ON THE FLOOR IN YOUR OWN BLOOD AND VOMIT, WHIMPERED FOR MERCY, BETRAYED EVERYBODY AND EVERYTHING.
CAN YOU THINK OF A *SINGLE* DEGRADATION THAT'S NOT HAPPENED TO YOU?
3011
I HAVEN'T BETRAYED *JULIA*.
. . .
NO, THAT'S PERFECTLY *TRUE*. YOU HAVEN'T BETRAYED JULIA.
HOW *INTELLIGENT* HE IS! O'BRIEN NEVER FAILS TO *UNDERSTAND* WHAT'S SAID TO HIM. *ANYONE* ELSE WOULD'VE ANSWERED PROMPTLY THAT I'VE BETRAYED JULIA. I TOLD THEM EVERYTHING ABOUT HER: HABITS, CHARACTER, PAST LIFE - CONFESSED IN DETAIL ALL I'VE SAID TO HER AND SHE TO ME, OUR BLACK-MARKET MEALS, ADULTERIES, OUR VAGUE PLOTTINGS AGAINST THE PARTY - *EVERYTHING!* AND YET, I'VE NEVER STOPPED LOVING HER; IN THAT SENSE I HAVE NOT BETRAYED HER. O'BRIEN'S SEEN WHAT I MEAN WITHOUT ANY EXPLANATION!
3013
TELL ME, HOW *SOON* WILL THEY SHOOT ME?
IT MIGHT BE A LONG TIME. YOU'RE A DIFFICULT CASE. BUT DON'T GIVE UP *HOPE*.
SOONER OR LATER EVERYONE IS *CURED*.
IN THE END WE'LL SHOOT YOU.

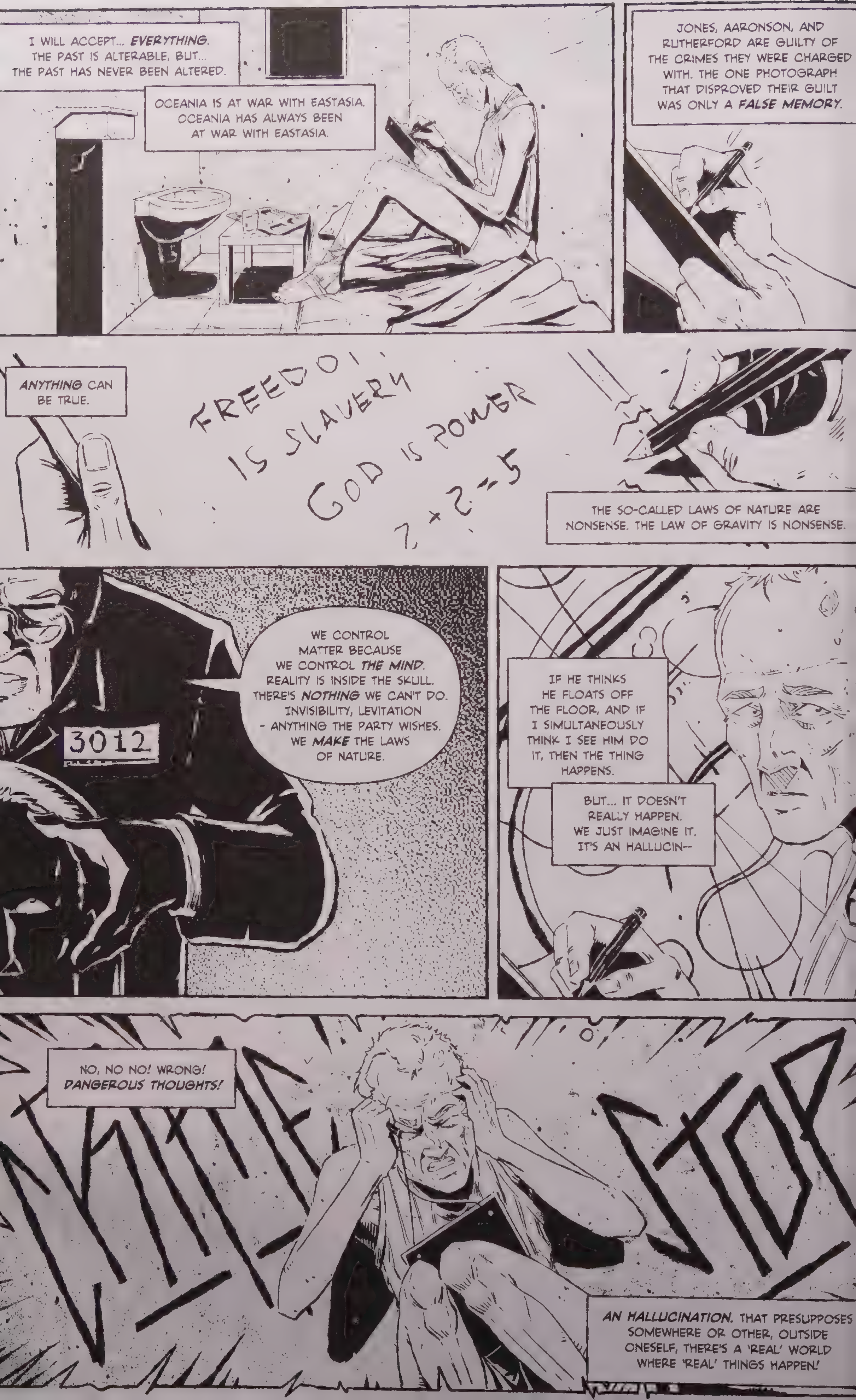
CHAPTER 4

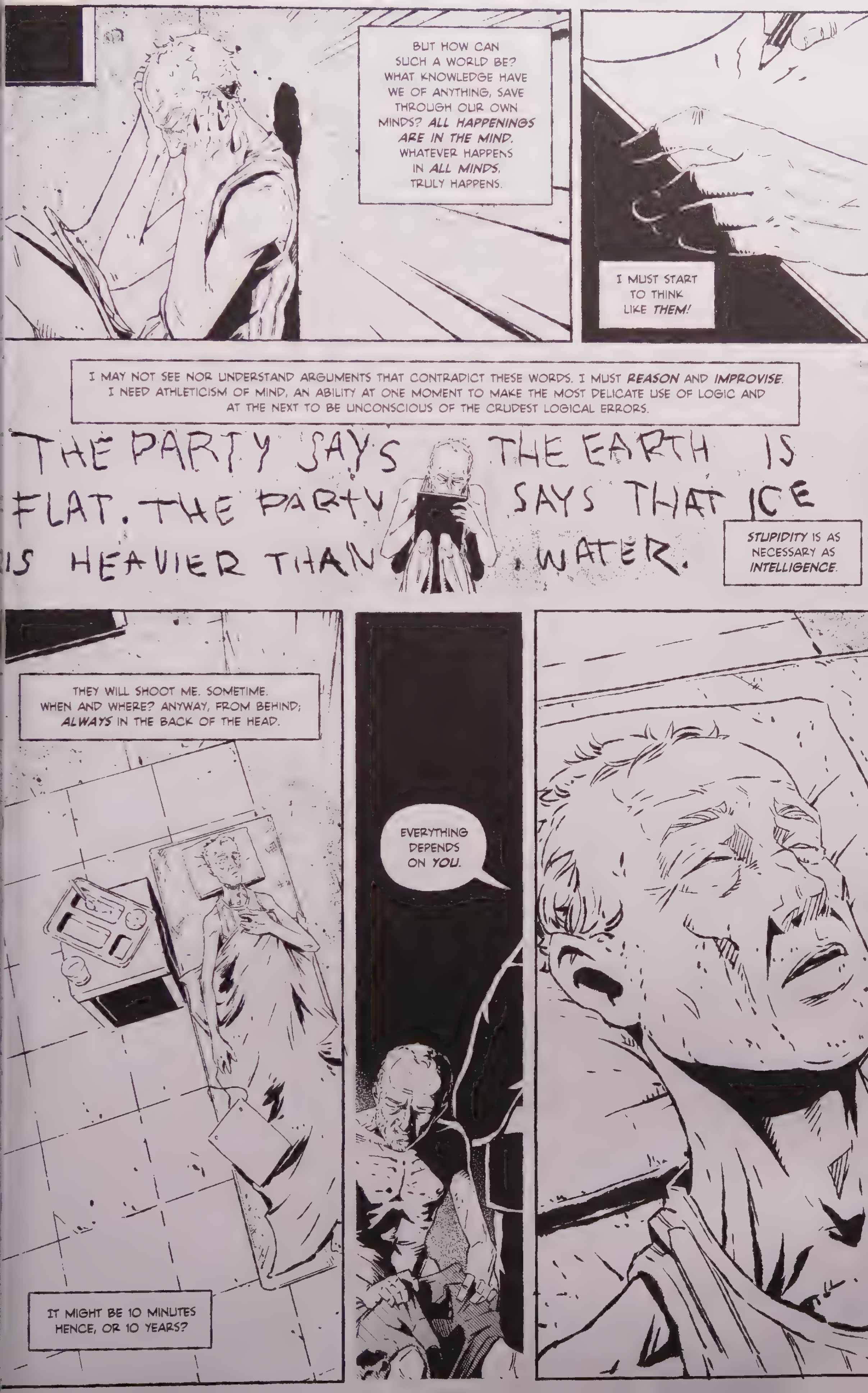
‘… AND THERE IS ACCEPTANCE.’

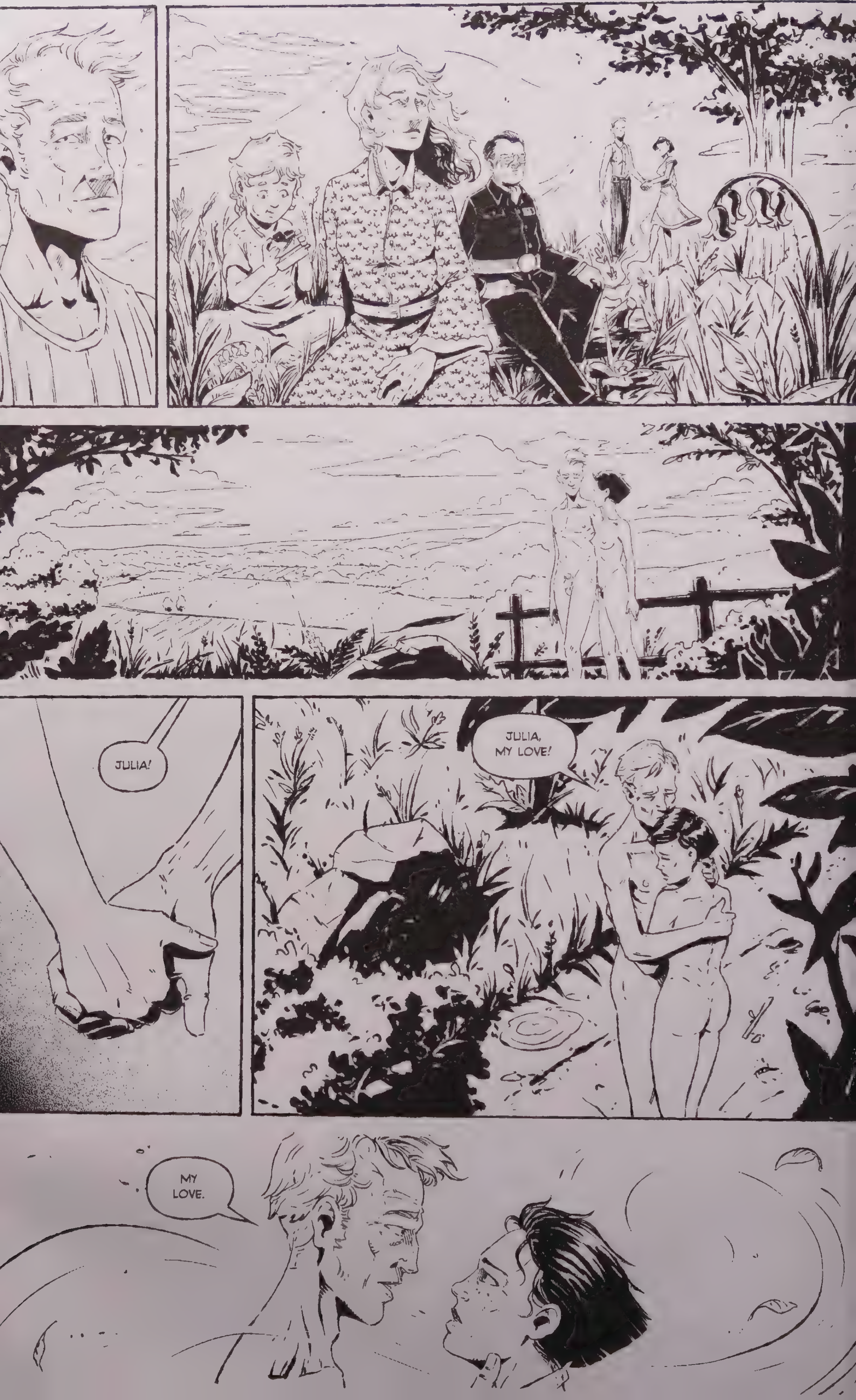


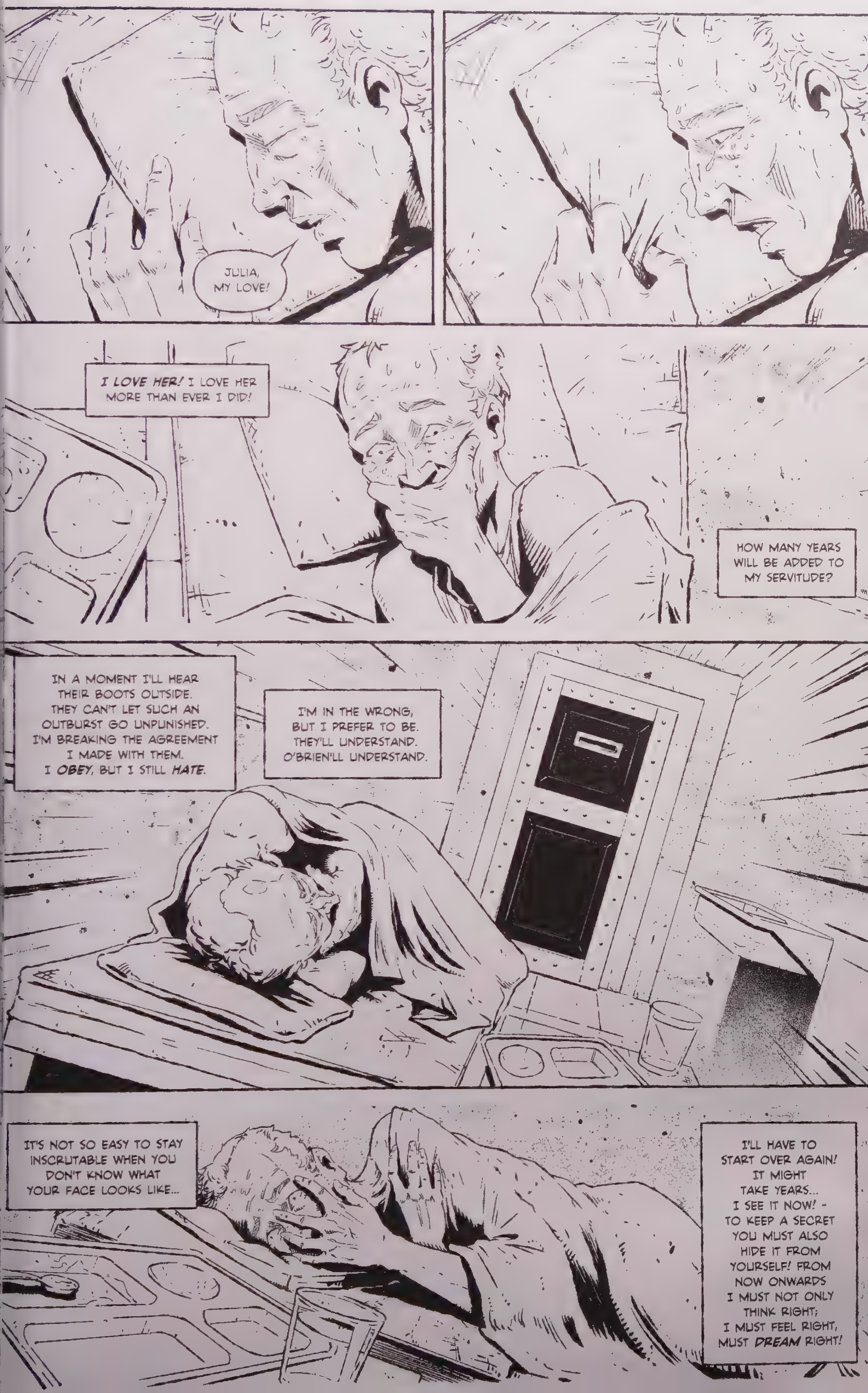

WEEKS OR *MONTHS* MUST HAVE PASSED SINCE I SAW O'BRIEN.
I THINK I'VE LOST THE POWER OF INTELLECTUAL EFFORT, NOW THE STIMULUS OF PAIN HAS BEEN REMOVED. I AM NOT BORED.
MERELY TO BE ALONE, NOT TO BE BEATEN OR QUESTIONED, TO HAVE ENOUGH TO EAT, AND TO BE CLEAN ALL OVER. I'M *SATISFIED.*
I HAVE FATTENED. I GROW MORE ACTIVE. BUT I WAS READY TO CAPITULATE, *LONG* BEFORE I DID.
HOW *FRIVOLOUS*, HOW SHALLOW MY ATTEMPT TO SET MYSELF UP AGAINST THE POWER OF THE PARTY.
THERE WAS NO ACT THEY DIDN'T NOTICE. RECORDING JULIA AND I *EVERYWHERE*. THEY EVEN REPLACED THE DUST ON OF MY DIARY! *7 YEARS* THE THOUGHT POLICE HAVE WATCHED ME, LIKE A BEETLE UNDER A MAGNIFYING GLASS, KNOWING ABOUT ME BEFORE I DID MYSELF.
I CAN'T FIGHT AGAINST THE PARTY ANY LONGER. THE PARTY'S IN THE RIGHT. IT MUST BE SO; HOW CAN THE IMMORTAL, COLLECTIVE BRAIN BE *MISTAKEN?*
CLING CLING

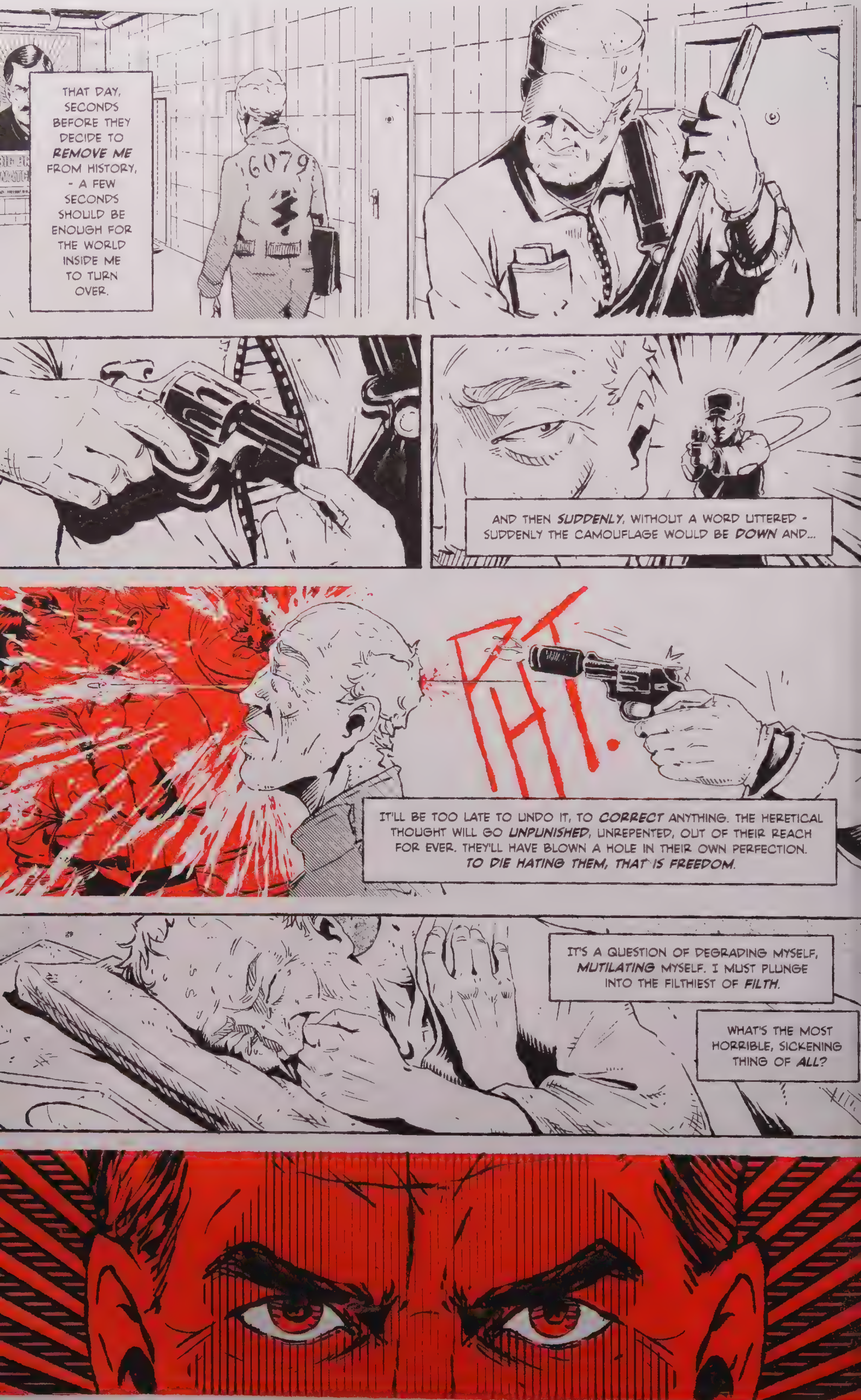

BY WHAT EXTERNAL STANDARD MIGHT ONE TEST ITS JUDGEMENTS?
VICTORY CIGARETTES
BRASP
SANITY IS STATISTICAL.
IT'S MERELY A QUESTION OF LEARNING TO THINK AS THEY THINK.

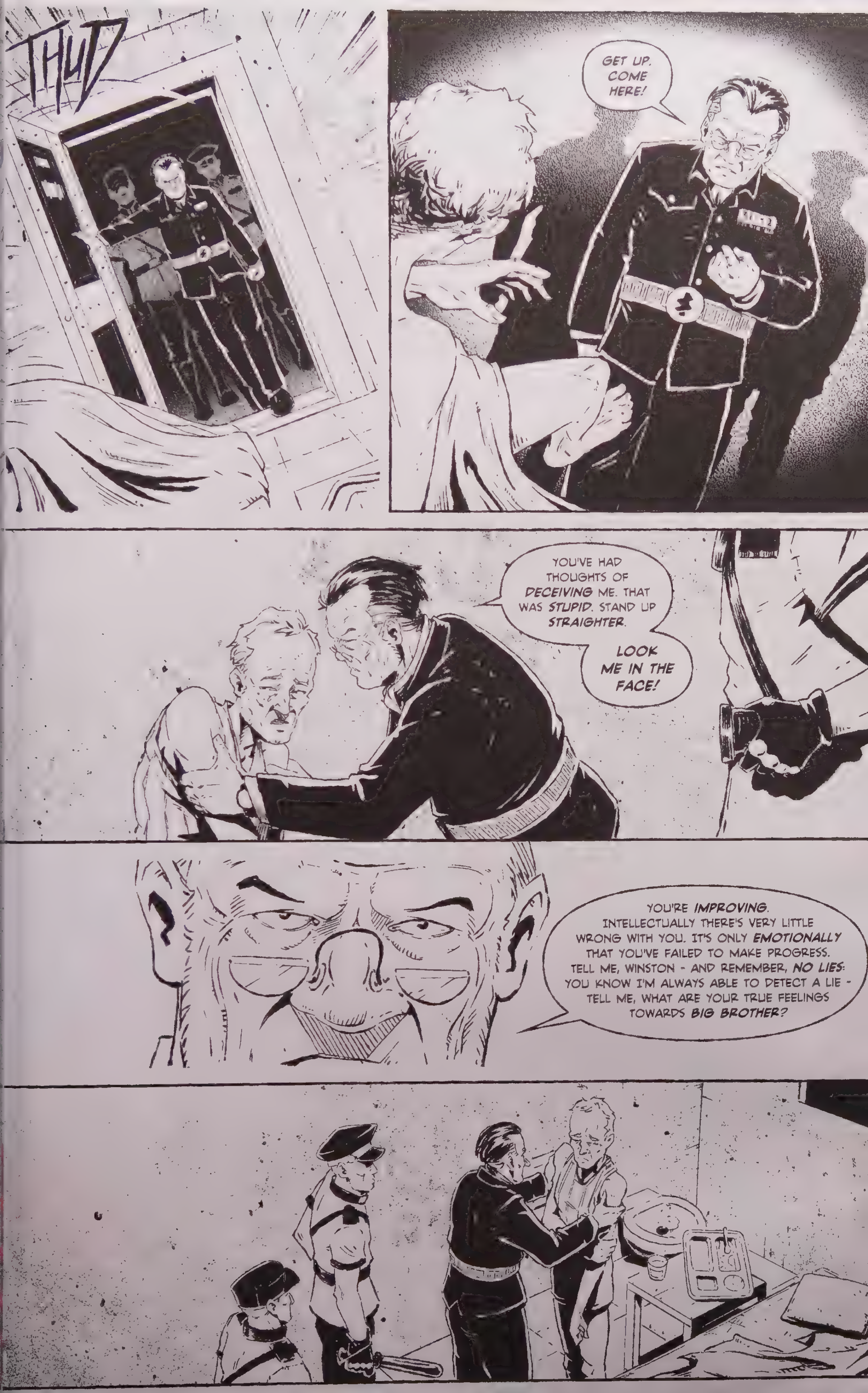

I WILL ACCEPT... EVERYTHING. THE PAST IS ALTERABLE, BUT... THE PAST HAS NEVER BEEN ALTERED.
OCEANIA IS AT WAR WITH EASTASIA. OCEANIA HAS ALWAYS BEEN AT WAR WITH EASTASIA.
JONES, AARONSON, AND RUTHERFORD ARE GUILTY OF THE CRIMES THEY WERE CHARGED WITH. THE ONE PHOTOGRAPH THAT DISPROVED THEIR GUILT WAS ONLY A FALSE MEMORY.
ANYTHING CAN BE TRUE.
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
GOD IS POWER
2+2=5
THE SO-CALLED LAWS OF NATURE ARE NONSENSE. THE LAW OF GRAVITY IS NONSENSE.
3012
WE CONTROL MATTER BECAUSE WE CONTROL THE MIND. REALITY IS INSIDE THE SKULL. THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN'T DO. INVISIBILITY, LEVITATION - ANYTHING THE PARTY WISHES. WE MAKE THE LAWS OF NATURE.
IF HE THINKS HE FLOATS OFF THE FLOOR, AND IF I SIMULTANEOUSLY THINK I SEE HIM DO IT, THEN THE THING HAPPENS.
BUT... IT DOESN'T REALLY HAPPEN. WE JUST IMAGINE IT. IT'S AN HALLUCIN--
NO, NO NO! WRONG! DANGEROUS THOUGHTS!
STOP
AN HALLUCINATION. THAT PRESUPPOSES SOMEWHERE OR OTHER, OUTSIDE ONESELF, THERE'S A 'REAL' WORLD WHERE 'REAL' THINGS HAPPEN!

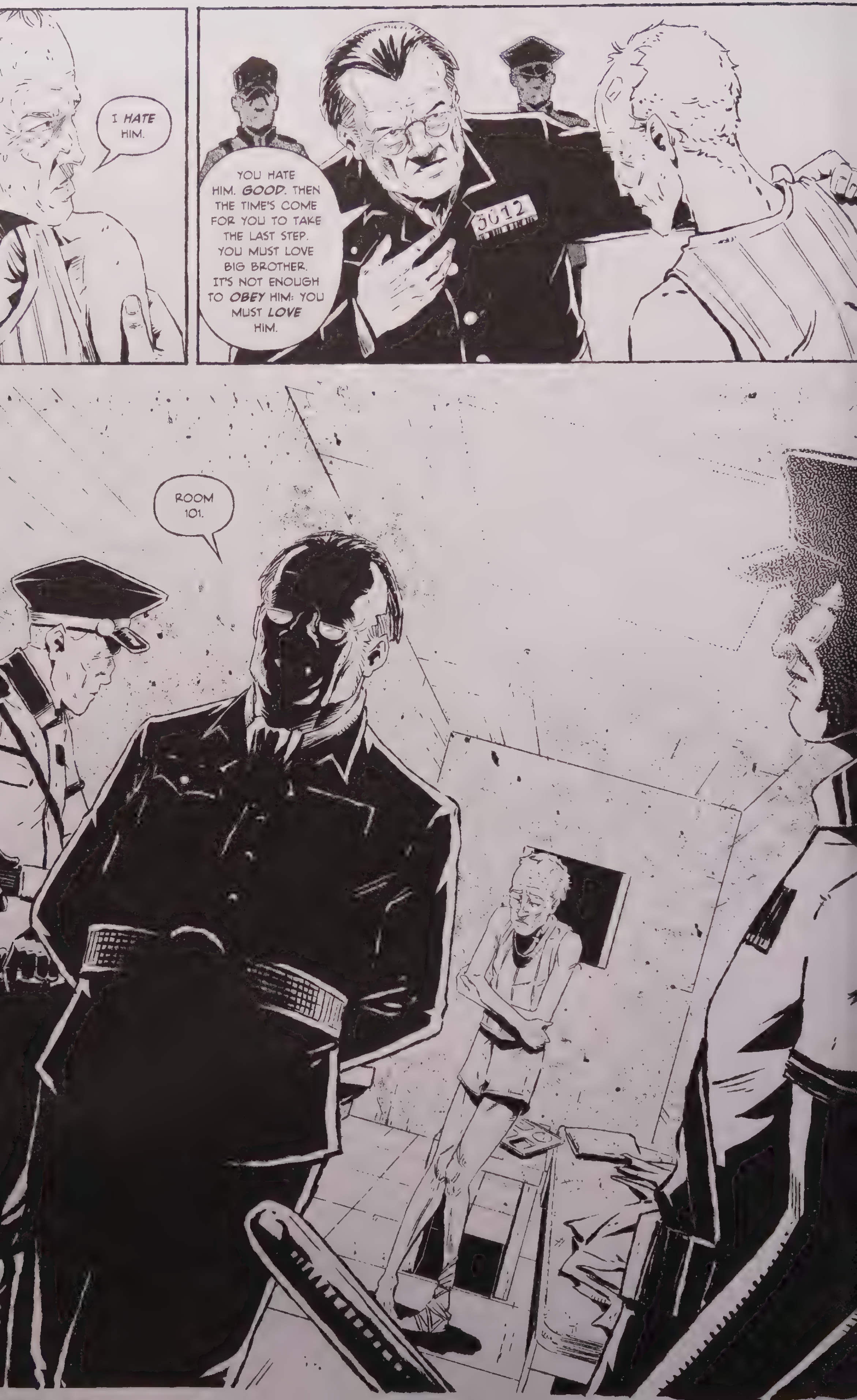

BUT HOW CAN SUCH A WORLD BE? WHAT KNOWLEDGE HAVE WE OF ANYTHING, SAVE THROUGH OUR OWN MINDS? *ALL HAPPENINGS ARE IN THE MIND.* WHATEVER HAPPENS IN *ALL MINDS,* TRULY HAPPENS.
I MUST START TO THINK LIKE *THEM!*
I MAY NOT SEE NOR UNDERSTAND ARGUMENTS THAT CONTRADICT THESE WORDS. I MUST *REASON* AND *IMPROVISE.* I NEED ATHLETICISM OF MIND, AN ABILITY AT ONE MOMENT TO MAKE THE MOST DELICATE USE OF LOGIC AND AT THE NEXT TO BE UNCONSCIOUS OF THE CRUDEST LOGICAL ERRORS.
THE PARTY SAYS THE EARTH IS FLAT. THE PARTY SAYS THAT ICE IS HEAVIER THAN WATER.
STUPIDITY IS AS NECESSARY AS *INTELLIGENCE.*
THEY WILL SHOOT ME. SOMETIME. WHEN AND WHERE? ANYWAY, FROM BEHIND; *ALWAYS* IN THE BACK OF THE HEAD.
IT MIGHT BE 10 MINUTES HENCE, OR 10 YEARS?
EVERYTHING DEPENDS ON *YOU.*


JULIA!
JULIA, MY LOVE!
MY LOVE.


JULIA, MY LOVE!
I LOVE HER! I LOVE HER MORE THAN EVER I DID!
HOW MANY YEARS WILL BE ADDED TO MY SERVITUDE?
IN A MOMENT I'LL HEAR THEIR BOOTS OUTSIDE. THEY CAN'T LET SUCH AN OUTBURST GO UNPUNISHED. I'M BREAKING THE AGREEMENT I MADE WITH THEM. I *OBEY*, BUT I STILL *HATE*.
I'M IN THE WRONG, BUT I PREFER TO BE. THEY'LL UNDERSTAND. O'BRIEN'LL UNDERSTAND.
IT'S NOT SO EASY TO STAY INSCRUTABLE WHEN YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR FACE LOOKS LIKE...
I'LL HAVE TO START OVER AGAIN! IT MIGHT TAKE YEARS... I SEE IT NOW! - TO KEEP A SECRET YOU MUST ALSO HIDE IT FROM YOURSELF! FROM NOW ONWARDS I MUST NOT ONLY THINK RIGHT; I MUST FEEL RIGHT, MUST *DREAM* RIGHT!

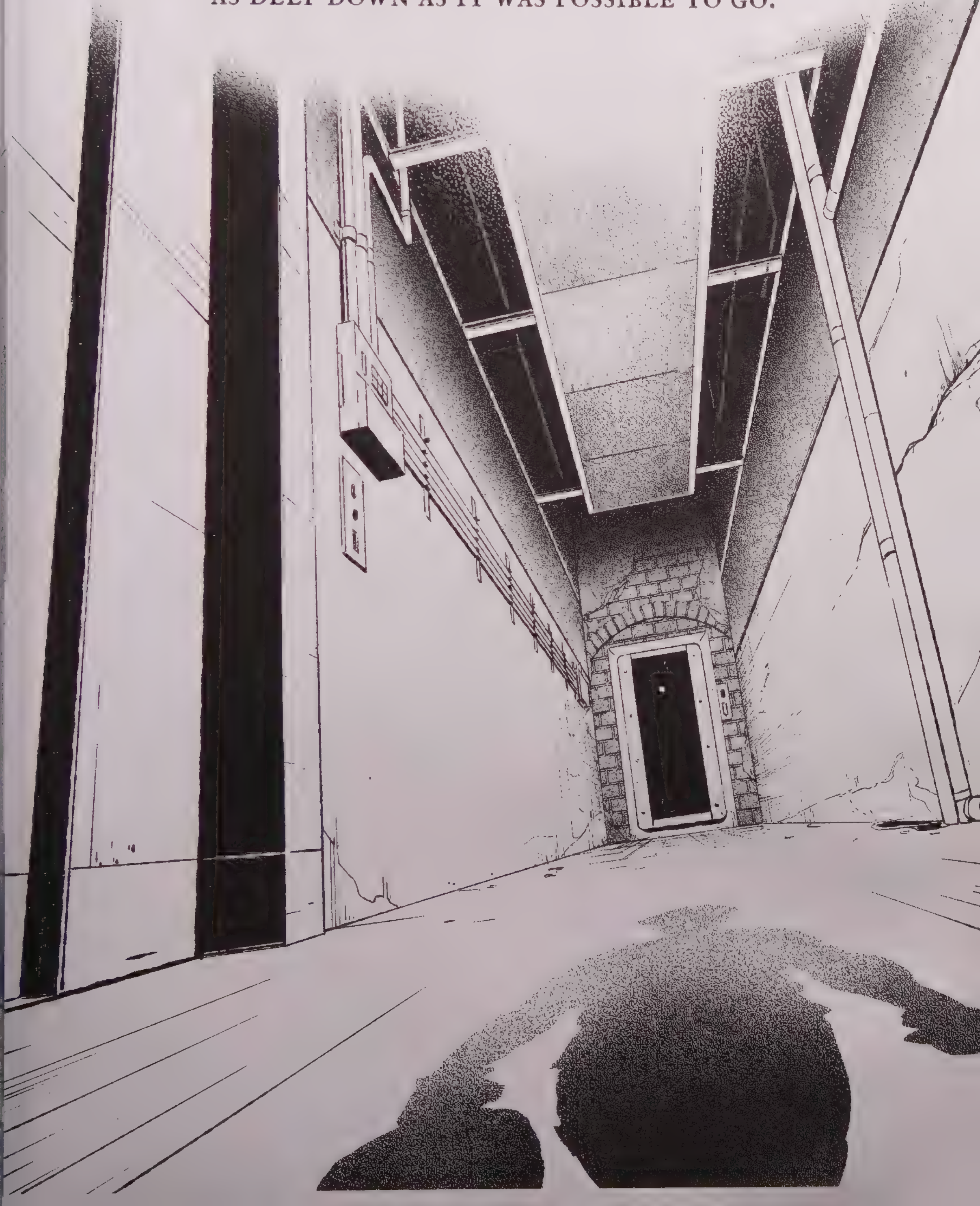

THAT DAY, SECONDS BEFORE THEY DECIDE TO *REMOVE ME* FROM HISTORY, - A FEW SECONDS SHOULD BE ENOUGH FOR THE WORLD INSIDE ME TO TURN OVER.
6079
AND THEN *SUDDENLY,* WITHOUT A WORD UTTERED - SUDDENLY THE CAMOUFLAGE WOULD BE *DOWN* AND...
PHT.
IT'LL BE TOO LATE TO UNDO IT, TO *CORRECT* ANYTHING. THE HERETICAL THOUGHT WILL GO *UNPUNISHED,* UNREPENTED, OUT OF THEIR REACH FOR EVER. THEY'LL HAVE BLOWN A HOLE IN THEIR OWN PERFECTION. *TO DIE HATING THEM, THAT IS FREEDOM.*
IT'S A QUESTION OF DEGRADING MYSELF, *MUTILATING* MYSELF. I MUST PLUNGE INTO THE FILTHIEST OF *FILTH.*
WHAT'S THE MOST HORRIBLE, SICKENING THING OF *ALL?*

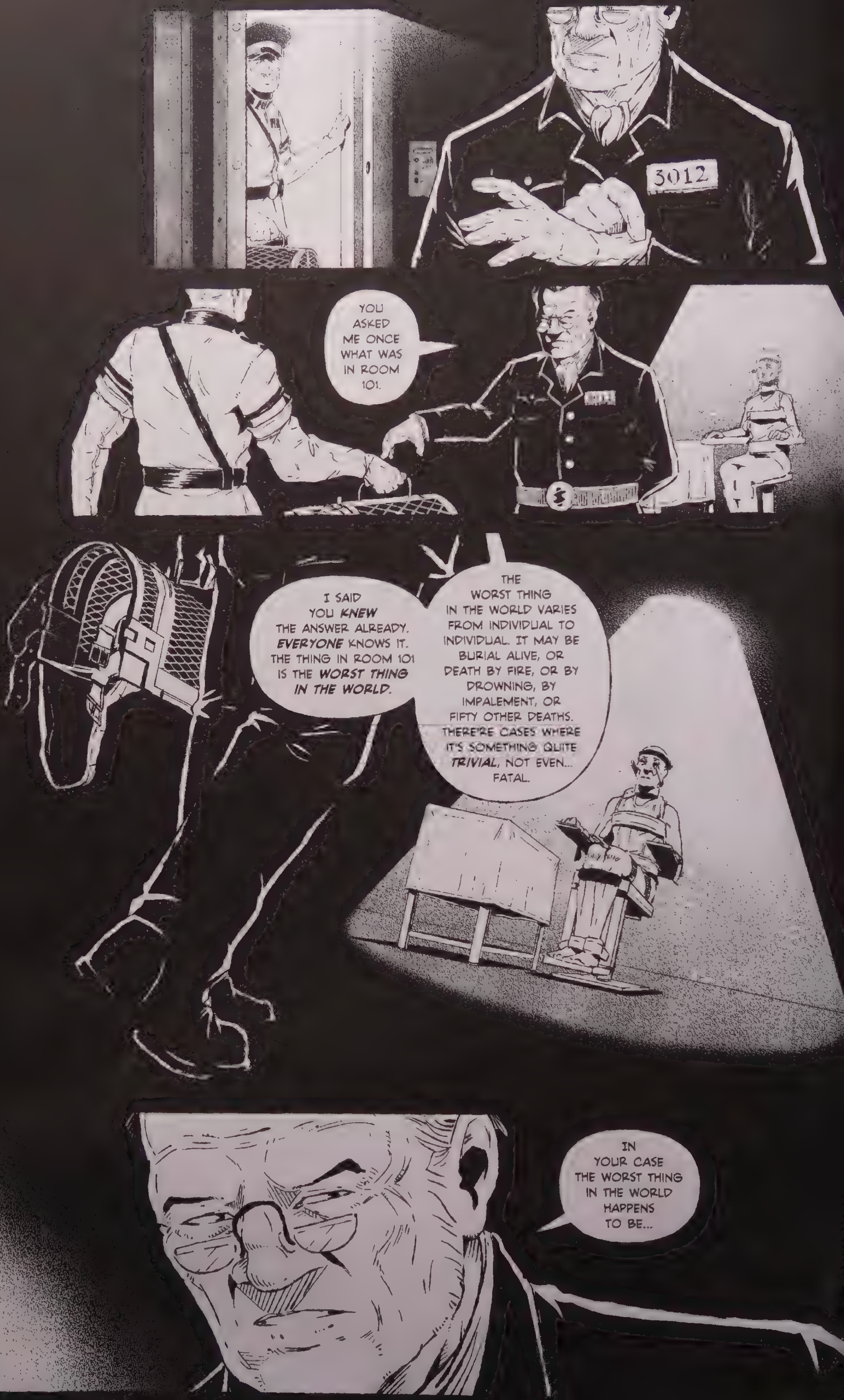

THUD
GET UP. COME HERE!
YOU'VE HAD THOUGHTS OF *DECEIVING* ME. THAT WAS *STUPID*. STAND UP *STRAIGHTER*.
LOOK ME IN THE FACE!
YOU'RE *IMPROVING*. INTELLECTUALLY THERE'S VERY LITTLE WRONG WITH YOU. IT'S ONLY *EMOTIONALLY* THAT YOU'VE FAILED TO MAKE PROGRESS. TELL ME, WINSTON - AND REMEMBER, *NO LIES*: YOU KNOW I'M ALWAYS ABLE TO DETECT A LIE - TELL ME, WHAT ARE YOUR TRUE FEELINGS TOWARDS *BIG BROTHER*?

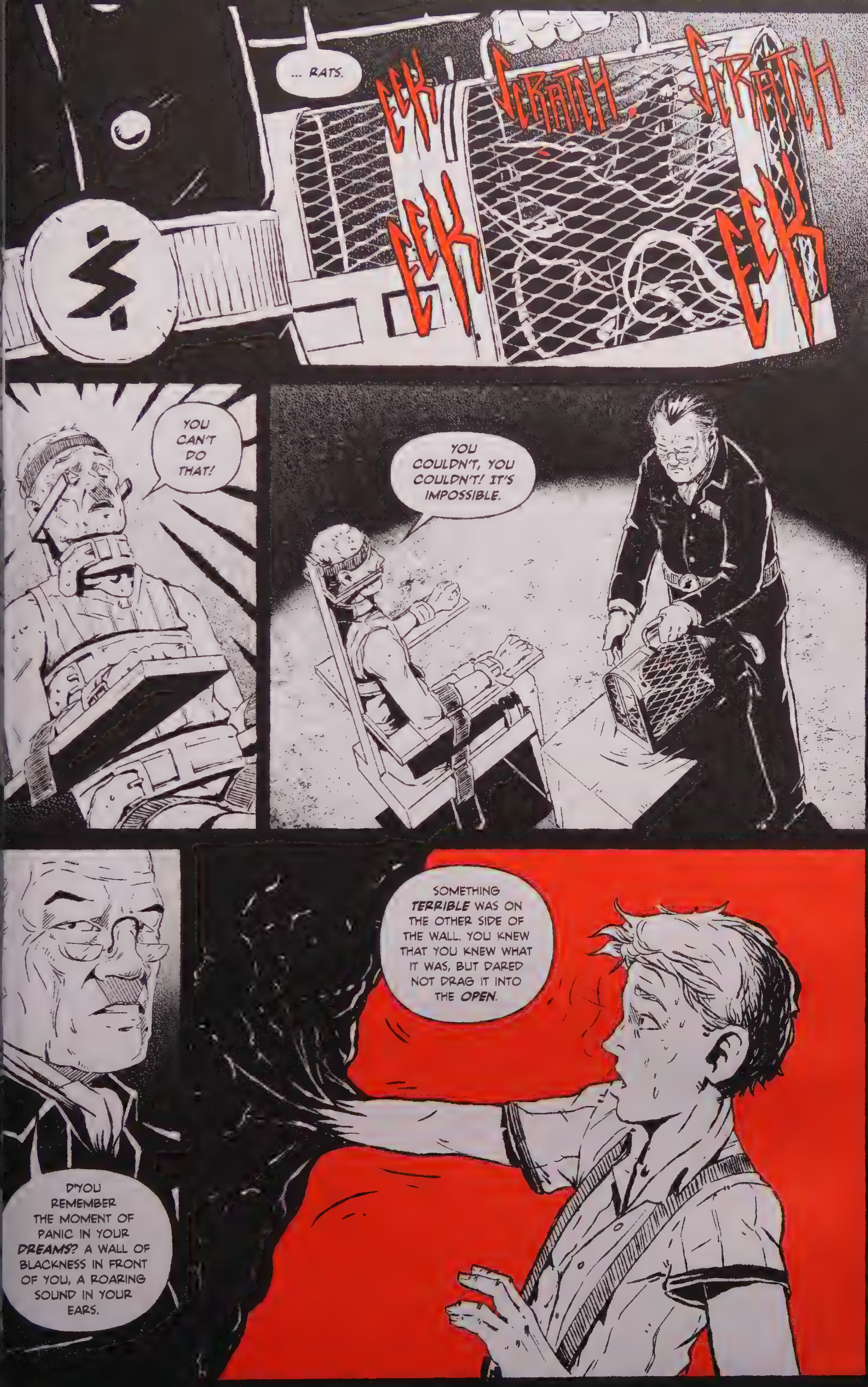

I *HATE* HIM.
YOU HATE HIM. *GOOD*. THEN THE TIME'S COME FOR YOU TO TAKE THE LAST STEP. YOU MUST LOVE BIG BROTHER. IT'S NOT ENOUGH TO *OBEY* HIM: YOU MUST *LOVE* HIM.
ROOM 101.

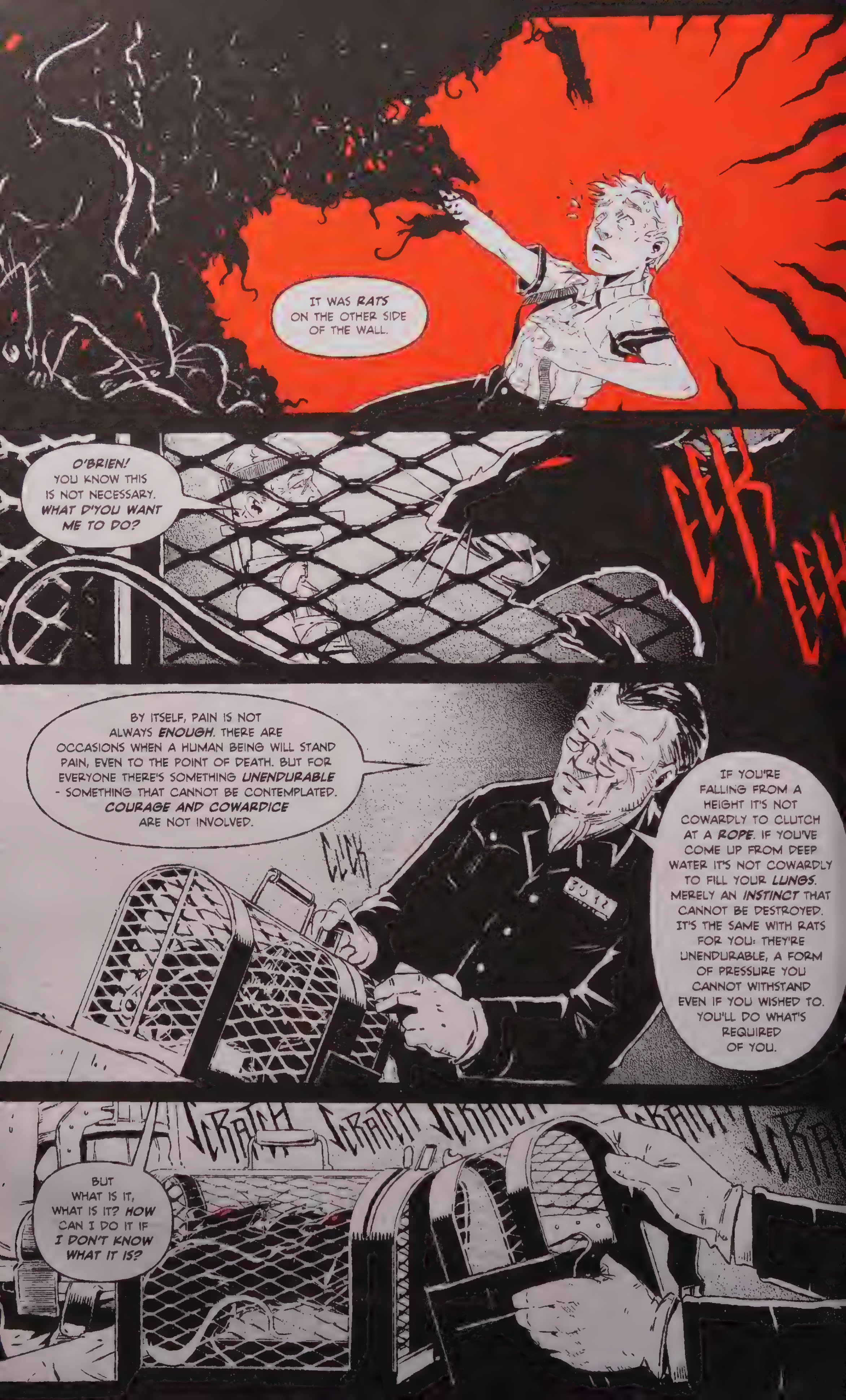
CHAPTER 5

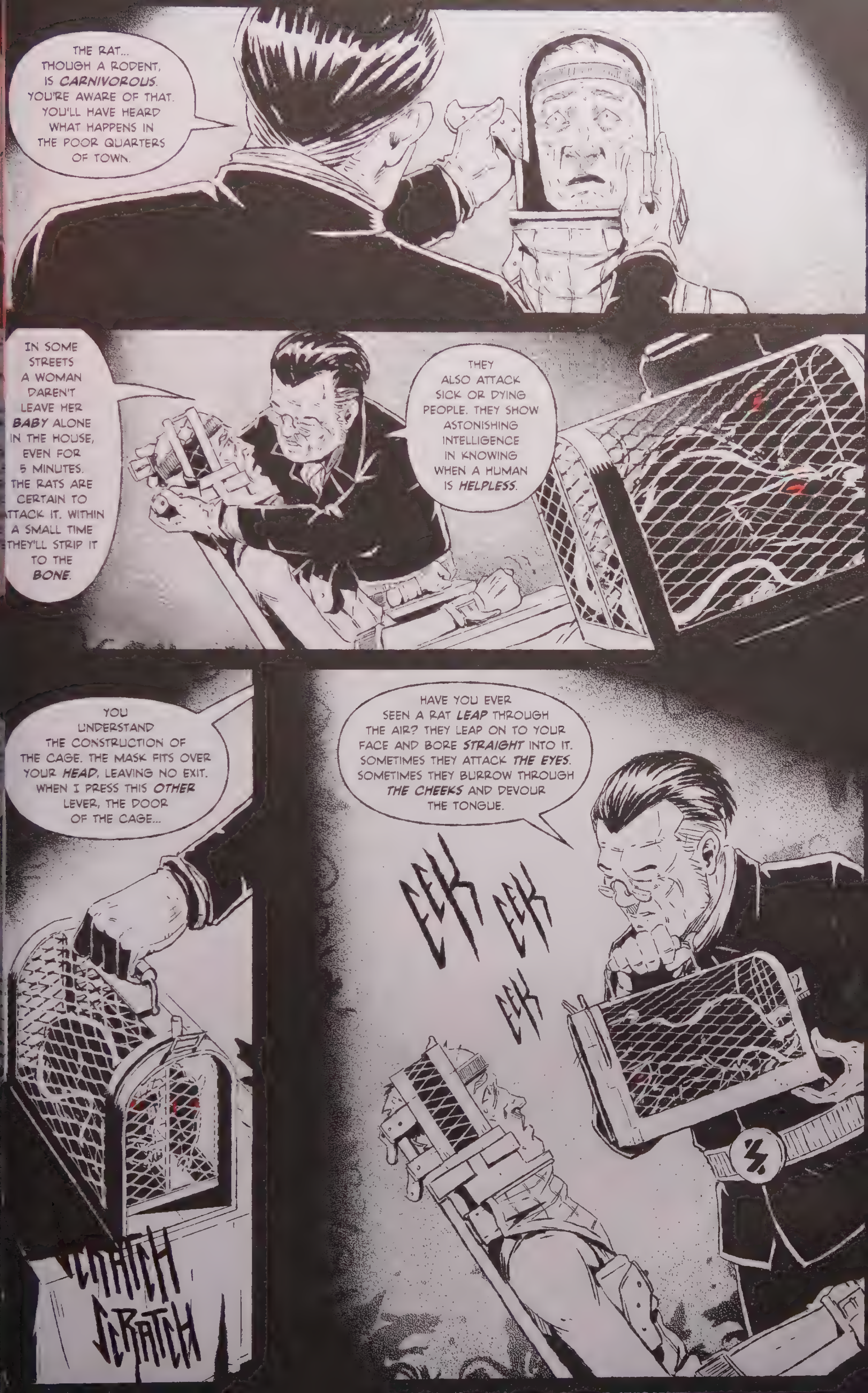
THIS PLACE WAS MANY METRES UNDERGROUND, AS DEEP DOWN AS IT WAS POSSIBLE TO GO.

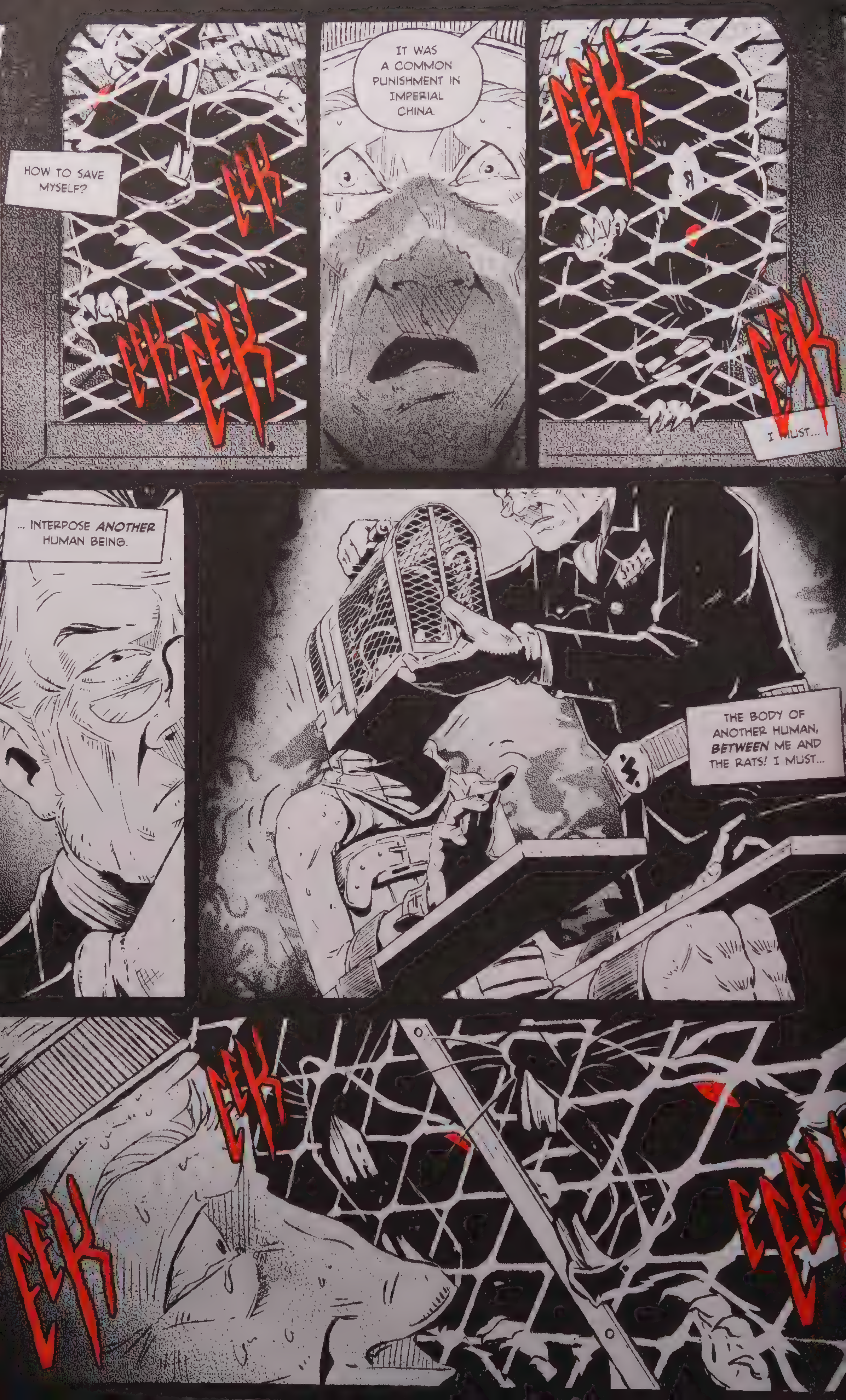


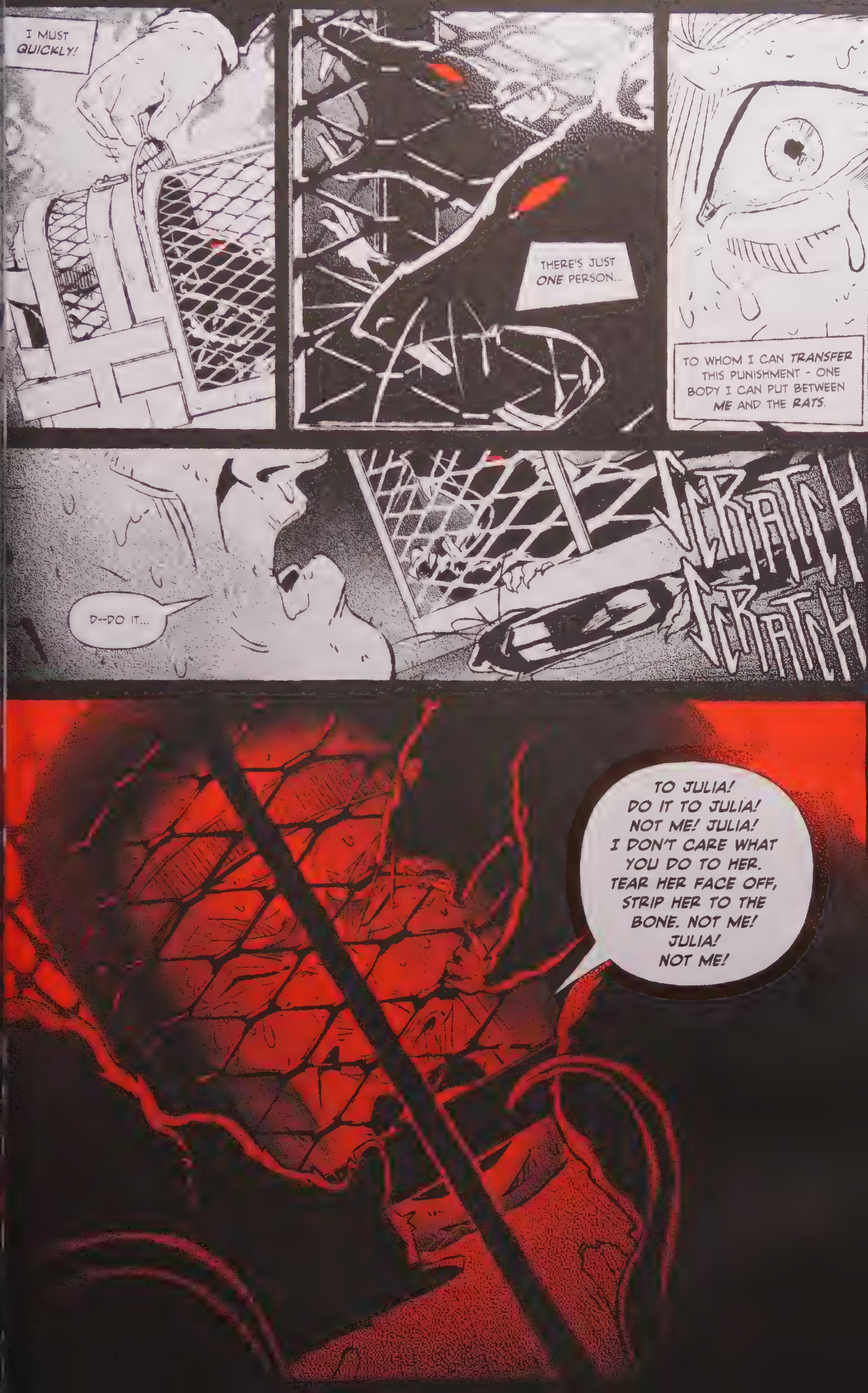

3012
YOU ASKED ME ONCE WHAT WAS IN ROOM 101.
I SAID YOU *KNEW* THE ANSWER ALREADY. *EVERYONE* KNOWS IT. THE THING IN ROOM 101 IS THE *WORST THING IN THE WORLD*.
THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD VARIES FROM INDIVIDUAL TO INDIVIDUAL. IT MAY BE BURIAL ALIVE, OR DEATH BY FIRE, OR BY DROWNING, BY IMPALEMENT, OR FIFTY OTHER DEATHS. THERE'RE CASES WHERE IT'S SOMETHING QUITE *TRIVIAL*, NOT EVEN... FATAL.
IN YOUR CASE THE WORST THING IN THE WORLD HAPPENS TO BE...

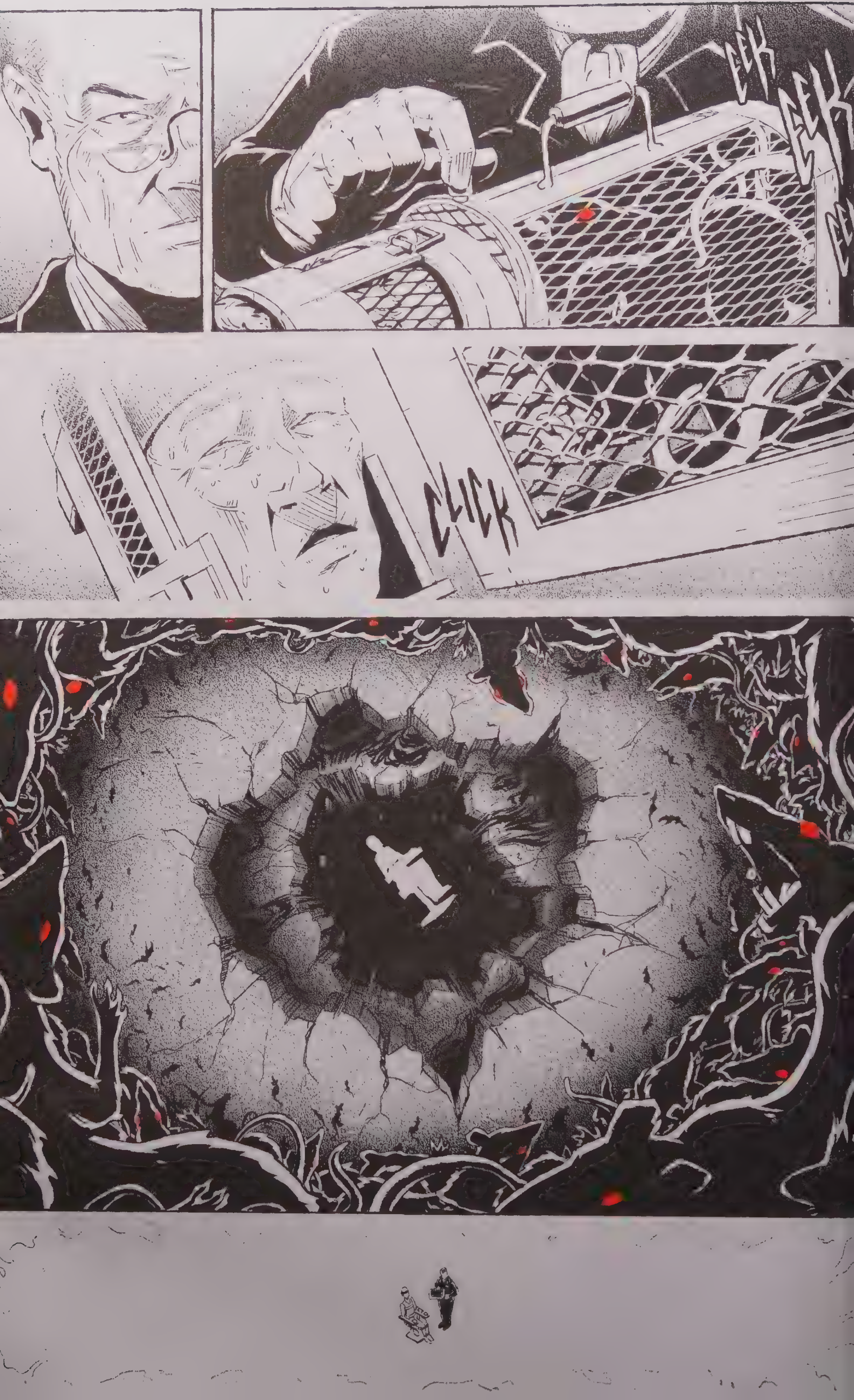

... RATS.
EEK
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
EEK
EEK
YOU CAN'T DO THAT!
YOU COULDN'T, YOU COULDN'T! IT'S IMPOSSIBLE.
D'YOU REMEMBER THE MOMENT OF PANIC IN YOUR *DREAMS?* A WALL OF BLACKNESS IN FRONT OF YOU, A ROARING SOUND IN YOUR EARS.
SOMETHING *TERRIBLE* WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL. YOU KNEW THAT YOU KNEW WHAT IT WAS, BUT DARED NOT DRAG IT INTO THE *OPEN*.


IT WAS RATS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE WALL.
O'BRIEN! YOU KNOW THIS IS NOT NECESSARY. WHAT D'YOU WANT ME TO DO?
EEK
EEK
BY ITSELF, PAIN IS NOT ALWAYS ENOUGH. THERE ARE OCCASIONS WHEN A HUMAN BEING WILL STAND PAIN, EVEN TO THE POINT OF DEATH. BUT FOR EVERYONE THERE'S SOMETHING UNENDURABLE - SOMETHING THAT CANNOT BE CONTEMPLATED. COURAGE AND COWARDICE ARE NOT INVOLVED.
CLICK
IF YOU'RE FALLING FROM A HEIGHT IT'S NOT COWARDLY TO CLUTCH AT A ROPE. IF YOU'VE COME UP FROM DEEP WATER IT'S NOT COWARDLY TO FILL YOUR LUNGS. MERELY AN INSTINCT THAT CANNOT BE DESTROYED. IT'S THE SAME WITH RATS FOR YOU: THEY'RE UNENDURABLE, A FORM OF PRESSURE YOU CANNOT WITHSTAND EVEN IF YOU WISHED TO. YOU'LL DO WHAT'S REQUIRED OF YOU.
SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRATCH SCRA
BUT WHAT IS IT, WHAT IS IT? HOW CAN I DO IT IF I DON'T KNOW WHAT IT IS?


THE RAT... THOUGH A RODENT, IS *CARNIVOROUS*. YOU'RE AWARE OF THAT. YOU'LL HAVE HEARD WHAT HAPPENS IN THE POOR QUARTERS OF TOWN.
IN SOME STREETS A WOMAN DAREN'T LEAVE HER ***BABY*** ALONE IN THE HOUSE, EVEN FOR 5 MINUTES. THE RATS ARE CERTAIN TO TTACK IT. WITHIN A SMALL TIME THEY'LL STRIP IT TO THE ***BONE***.
THEY ALSO ATTACK SICK OR DYING PEOPLE. THEY SHOW ASTONISHING INTELLIGENCE IN KNOWING WHEN A HUMAN IS ***HELPLESS***.
YOU UNDERSTAND THE CONSTRUCTION OF THE CAGE. THE MASK FITS OVER YOUR ***HEAD***, LEAVING NO EXIT. WHEN I PRESS THIS ***OTHER*** LEVER, THE DOOR OF THE CAGE...
SCRATCH SCRATCH
HAVE YOU EVER SEEN A RAT ***LEAP*** THROUGH THE AIR? THEY LEAP ON TO YOUR FACE AND BORE ***STRAIGHT*** INTO IT. SOMETIMES THEY ATTACK ***THE EYES***. SOMETIMES THEY BURROW THROUGH ***THE CHEEKS*** AND DEVOUR THE TONGUE.
EEK EEK
EEK

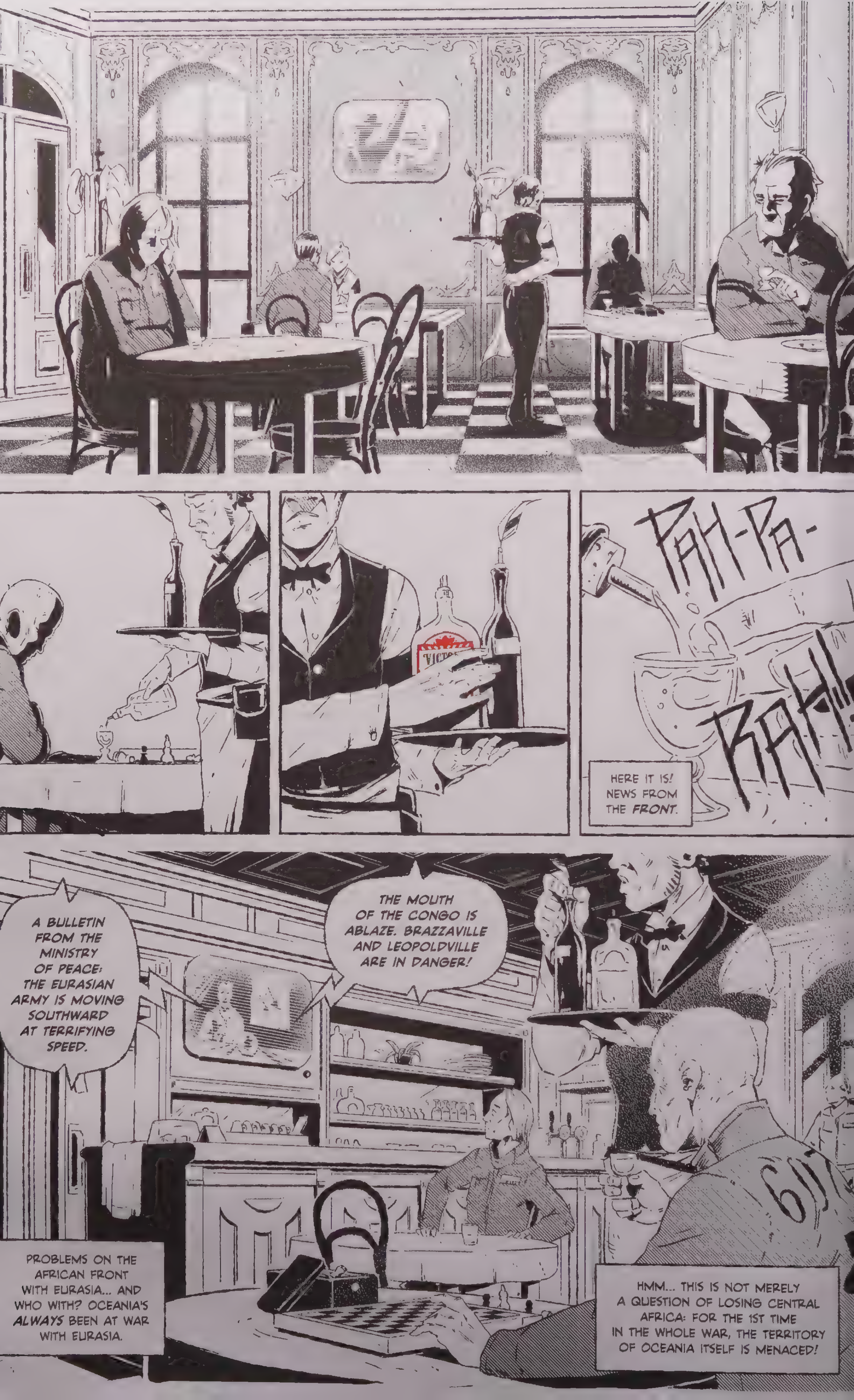

HOW TO SAVE MYSELF?
EEK
EEK EEK
IT WAS A COMMON PUNISHMENT IN IMPERIAL CHINA.
EEK
EEK
I MUST...
... INTERPOSE *ANOTHER* HUMAN BEING.
THE BODY OF ANOTHER HUMAN, *BETWEEN* ME AND THE RATS! I MUST...
EEK
EEK
EEEK

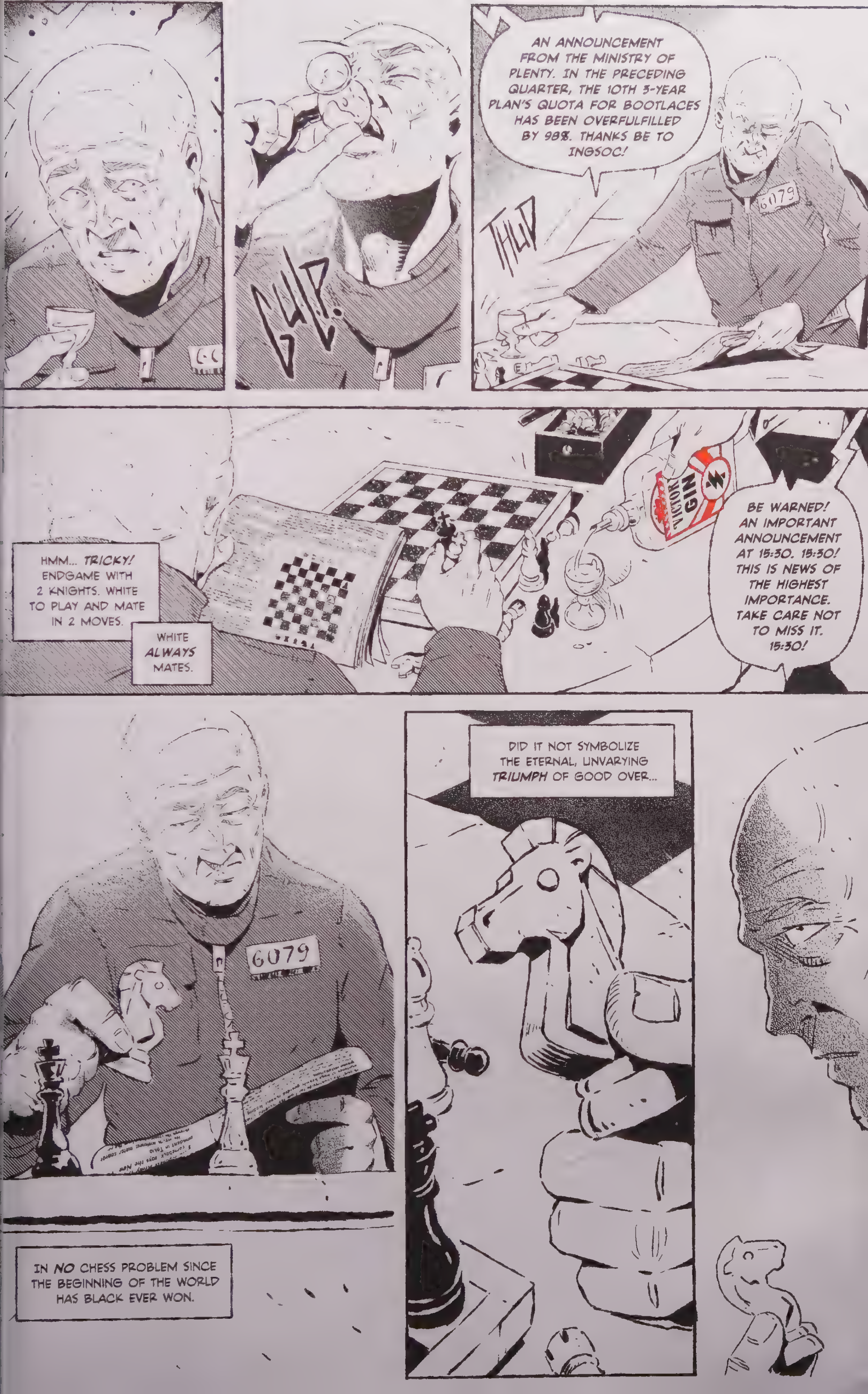

I MUST QUICKLY!
THERE'S JUST ONE PERSON...
TO WHOM I CAN TRANSFER THIS PUNISHMENT - ONE BODY I CAN PUT BETWEEN ME AND THE RATS.
D--DO IT...
SCRATCH
SCRATCH
TO JULIA! DO IT TO JULIA! NOT ME! JULIA! I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU DO TO HER. TEAR HER FACE OFF, STRIP HER TO THE BONE. NOT ME! JULIA! NOT ME!

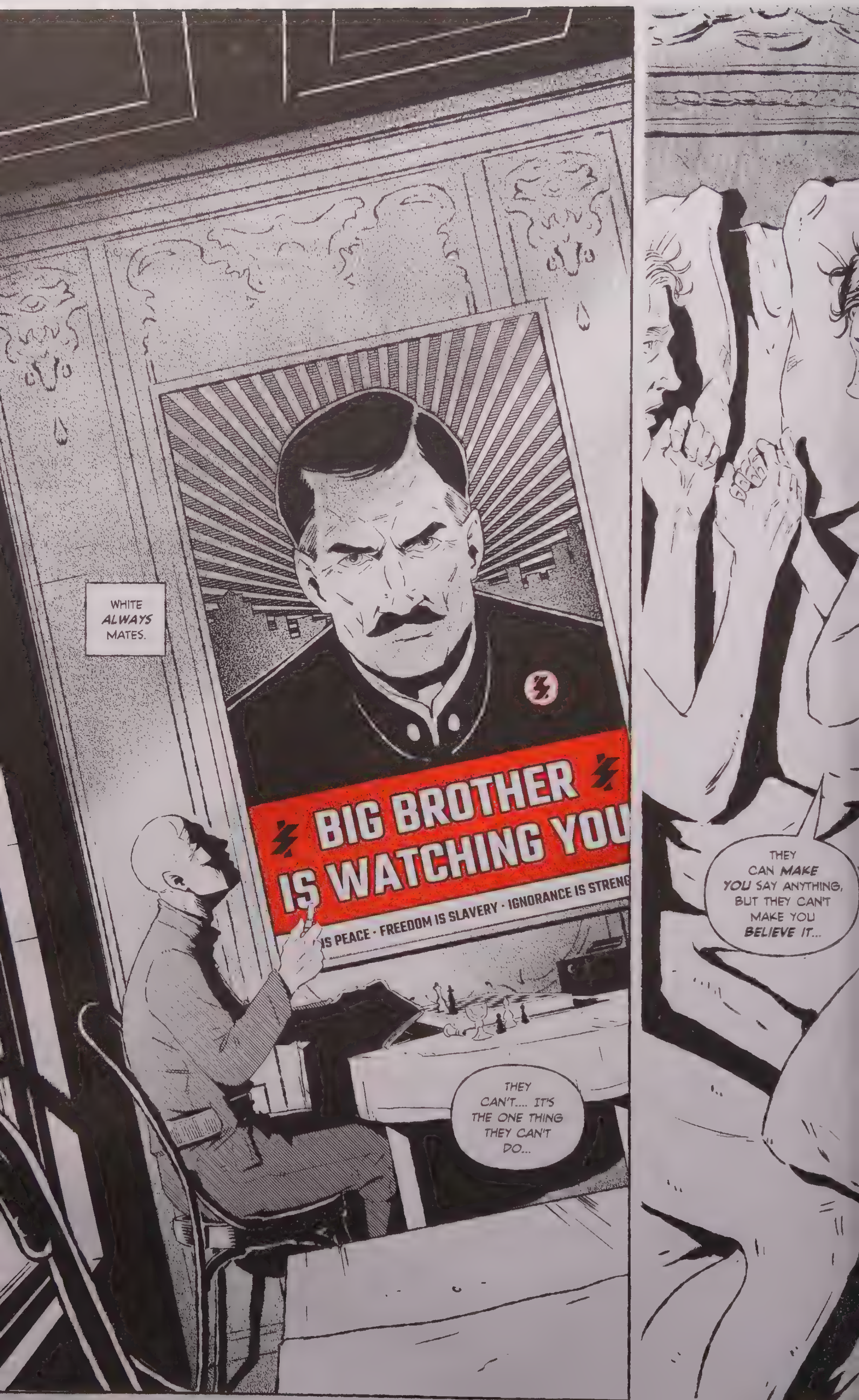

EEK
EEK
EE
CLICK

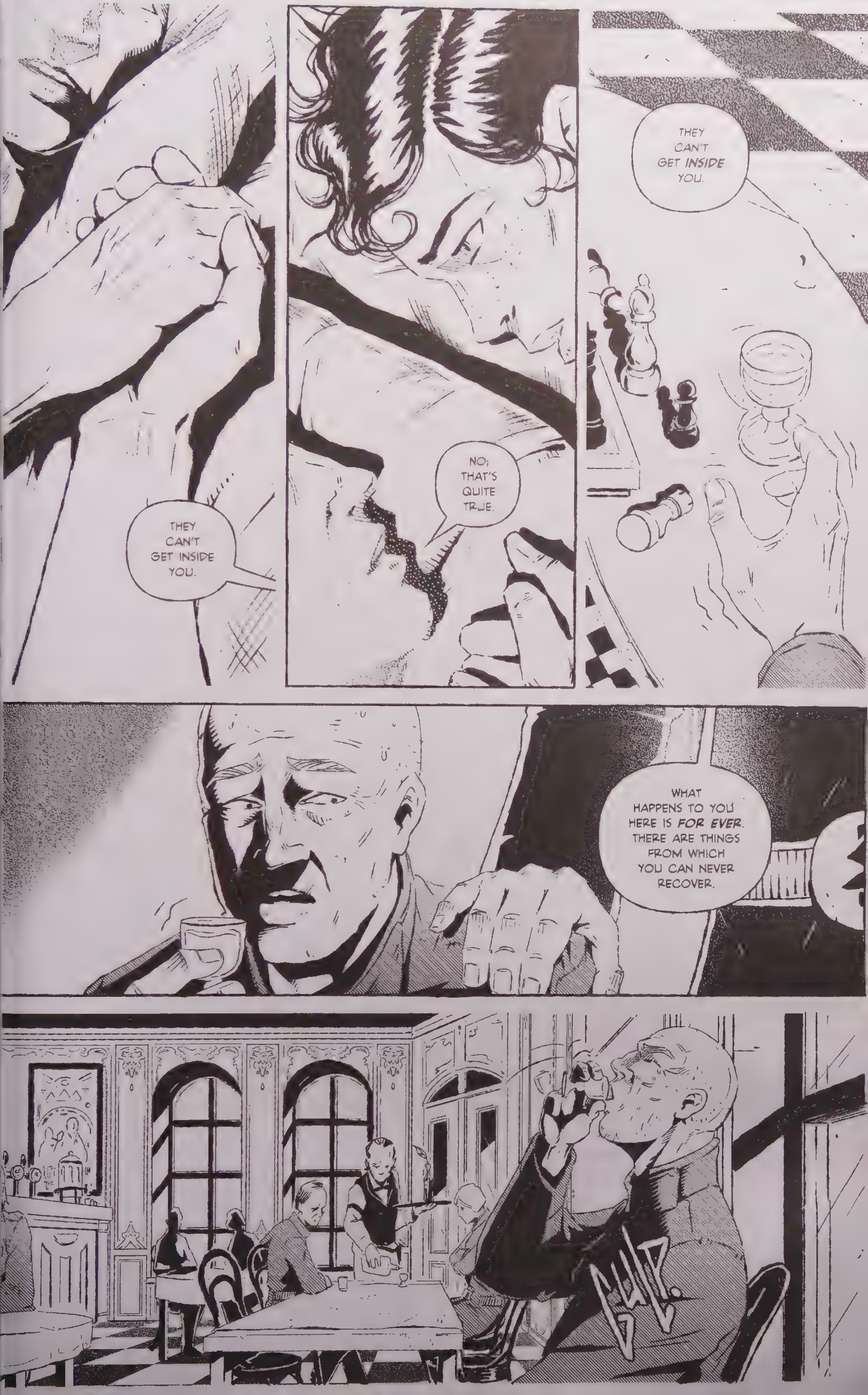
CHAPTER 6

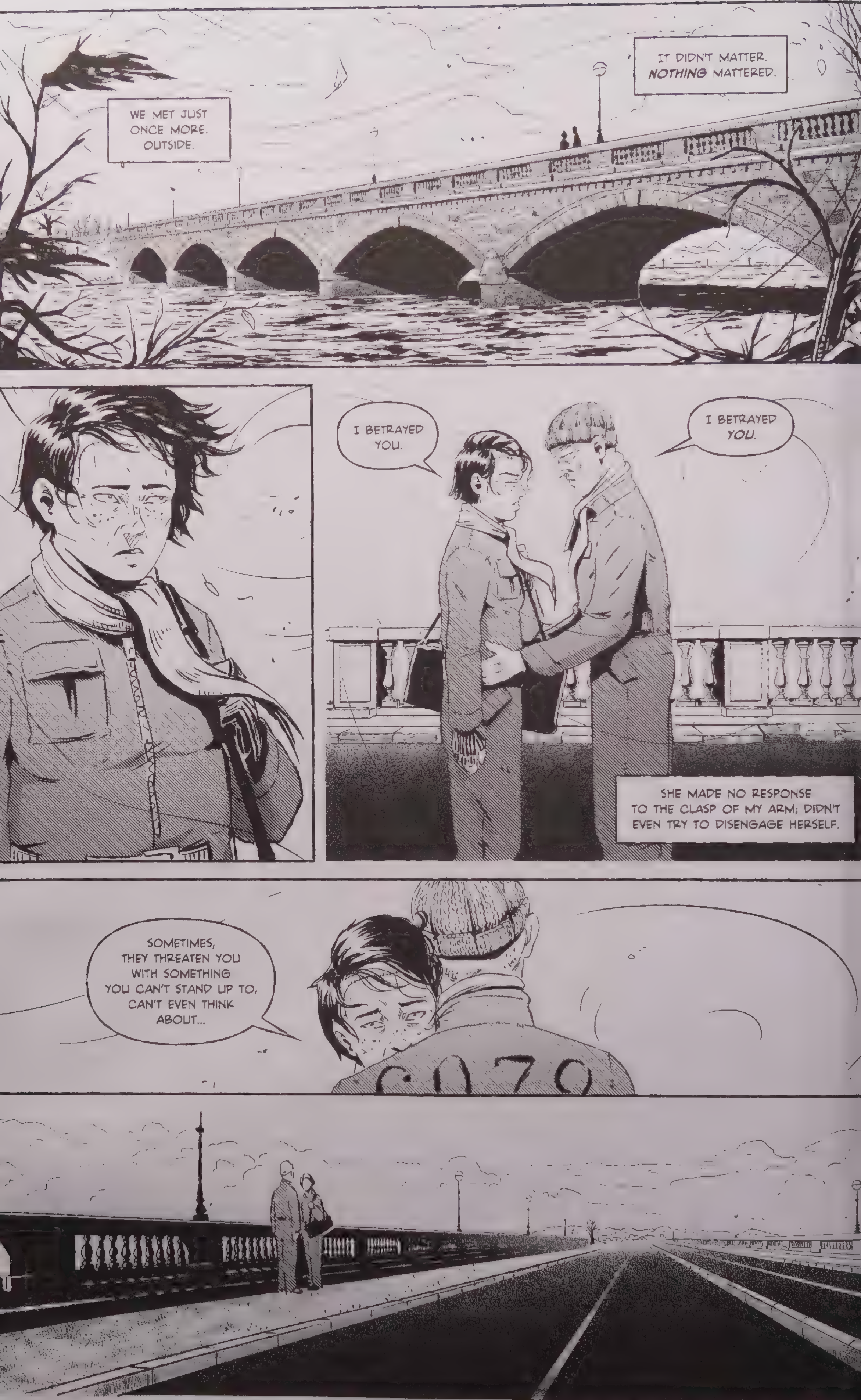
THE
CHESTNUT
TREE
CAFÉ

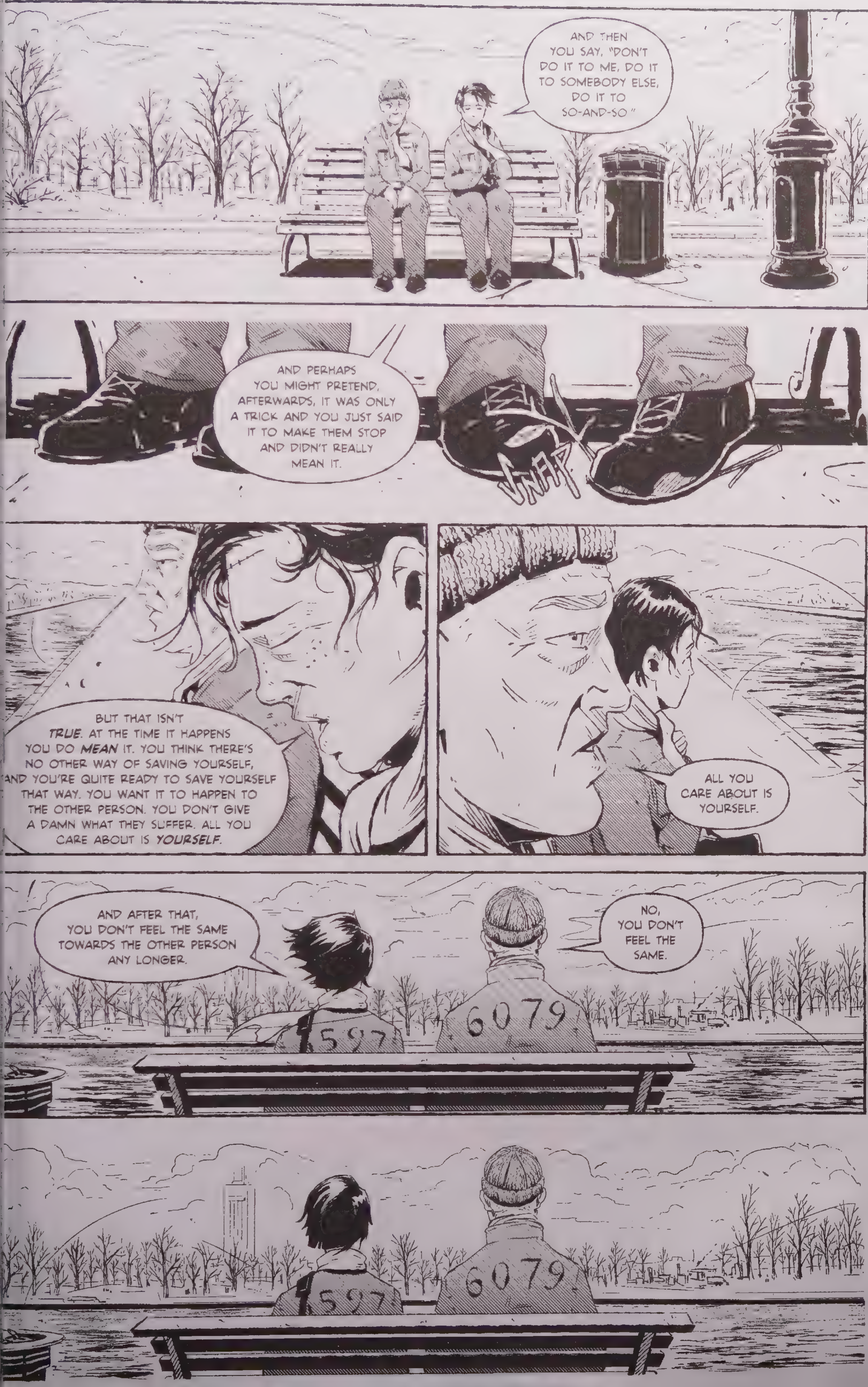

PAH-PA-
RAH!!
HERE IT IS! NEWS FROM THE *FRONT*.
A BULLETIN FROM THE MINISTRY OF PEACE: THE EURASIAN ARMY IS MOVING SOUTHWARD AT TERRIFYING SPEED.
THE MOUTH OF THE CONGO IS ABLAZE. BRAZZAVILLE AND LEOPOLDVILLE ARE IN DANGER!
PROBLEMS ON THE AFRICAN FRONT WITH EURASIA... AND WHO WITH? OCEANIA'S *ALWAYS* BEEN AT WAR WITH EURASIA.
HMM... THIS IS NOT MERELY A QUESTION OF LOSING CENTRAL AFRICA: FOR THE 1ST TIME IN THE WHOLE WAR, THE TERRITORY OF OCEANIA ITSELF IS MENACED!

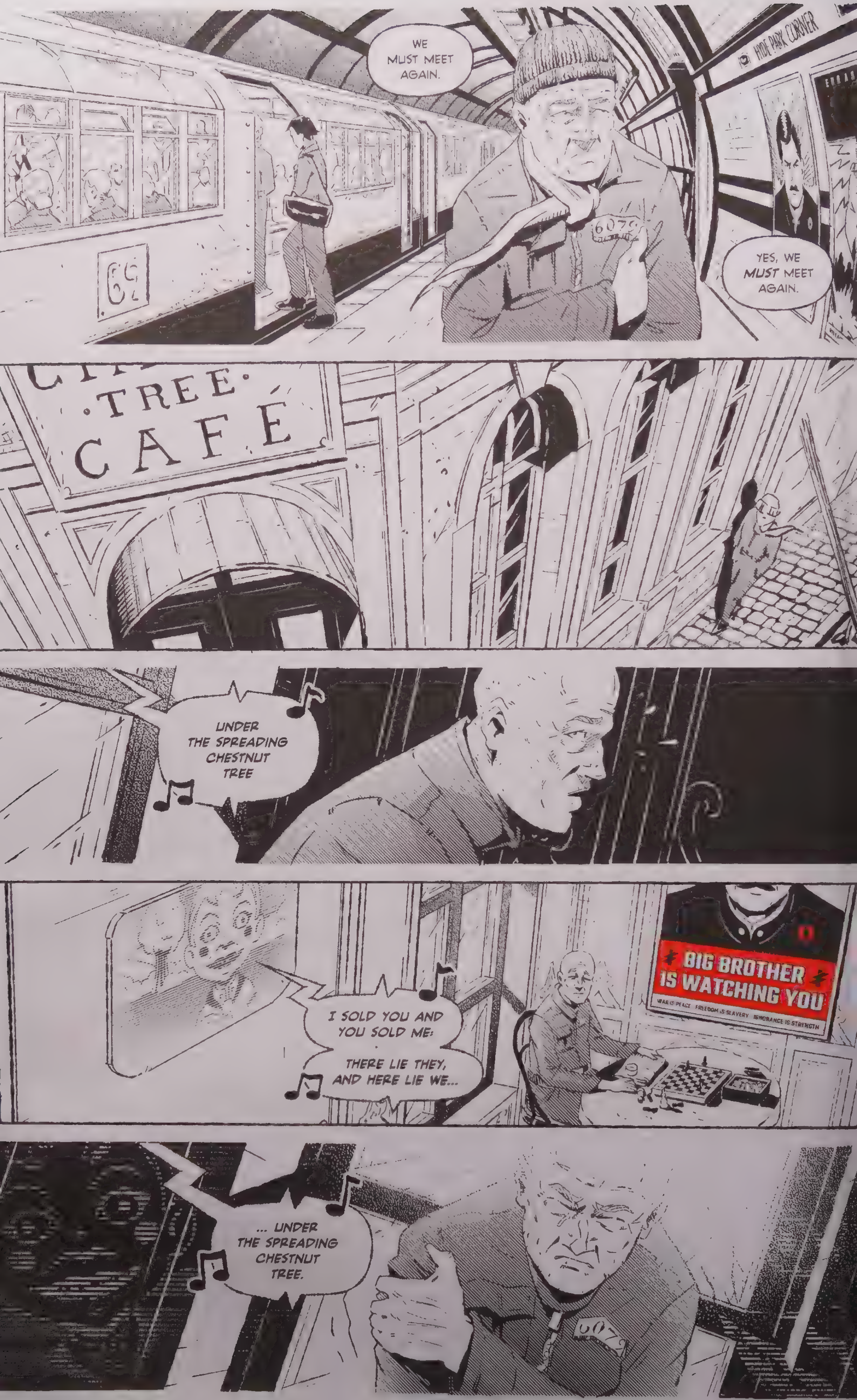

GULP!
AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM THE MINISTRY OF PLENTY. IN THE PRECEDING QUARTER, THE 10TH 3-YEAR PLAN'S QUOTA FOR BOOTLACES HAS BEEN OVERFULFILLED BY 98%. THANKS BE TO INGSOC!
THUD
6079
HMM... *TRICKY!* ENDGAME WITH 2 KNIGHTS. WHITE TO PLAY AND MATE IN 2 MOVES.
WHITE *ALWAYS* MATES.
VICTORY GIN
BE WARNED! AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT AT 15:30. 15:30! THIS IS NEWS OF THE HIGHEST IMPORTANCE. TAKE CARE NOT TO MISS IT. 15:30!
6079
IN *NO* CHESS PROBLEM SINCE THE BEGINNING OF THE WORLD HAS BLACK EVER WON.
DID IT NOT SYMBOLIZE THE ETERNAL, UNVARYING *TRIUMPH* OF GOOD OVER...

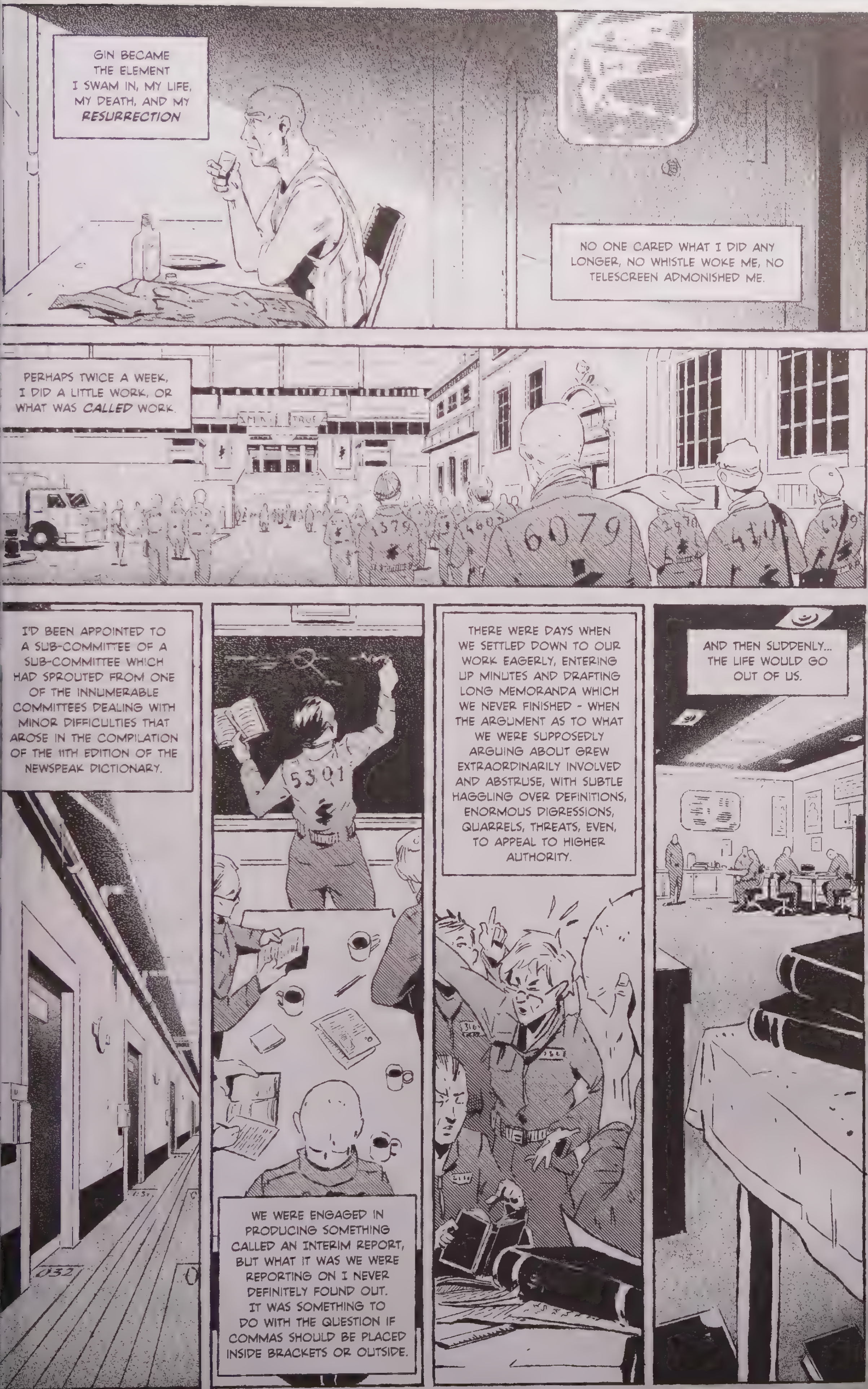

WHITE *ALWAYS* MATES.
BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU
IS PEACE · FREEDOM IS SLAVERY · IGNORANCE IS STRENG
THEY CAN'T.... IT'S THE ONE THING THEY CAN'T DO...
THEY CAN ***MAKE YOU*** SAY ANYTHING, BUT THEY CAN'T MAKE YOU ***BELIEVE IT***...

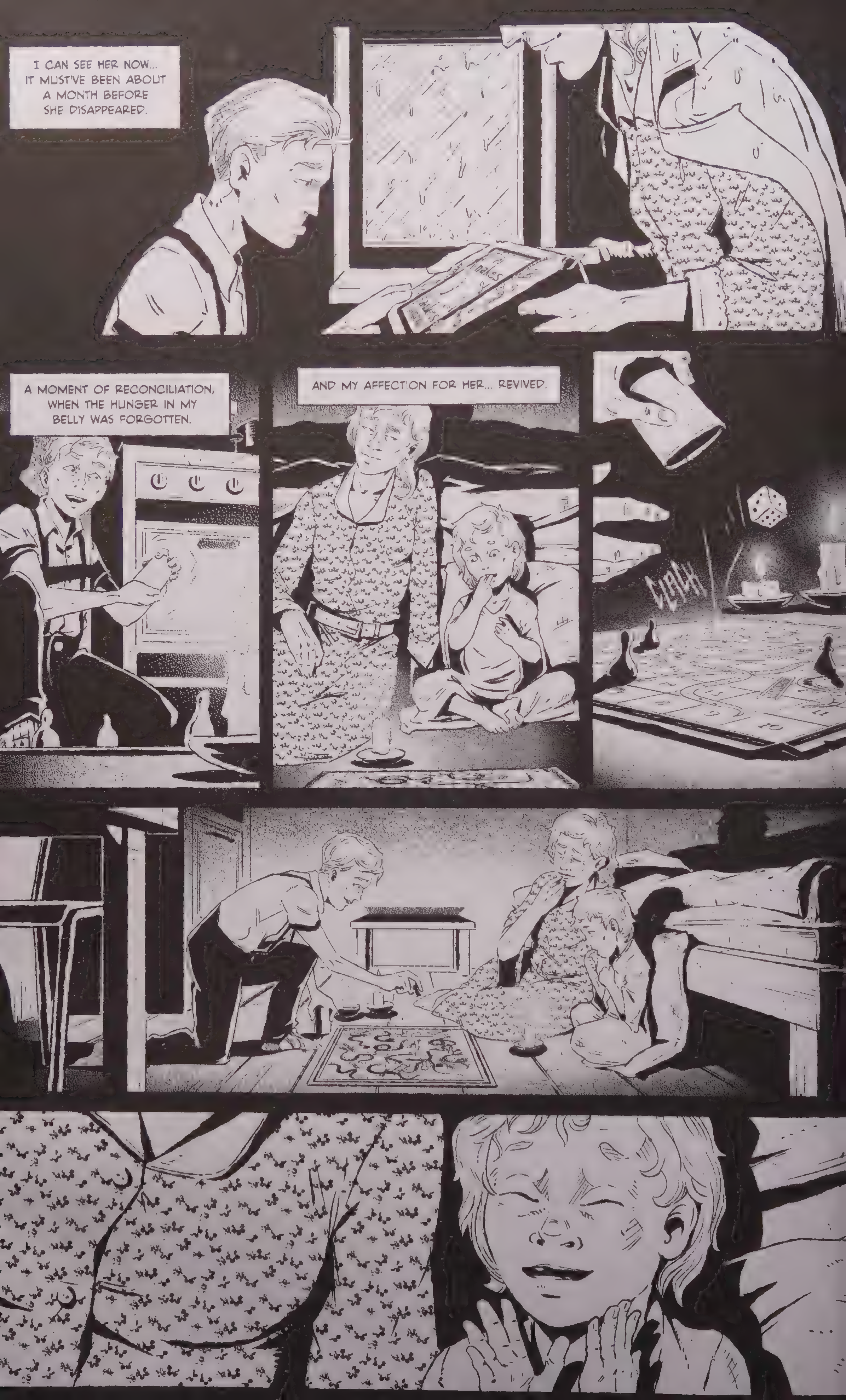

THEY CAN'T GET INSIDE YOU.
NO; THAT'S QUITE TRUE.
THEY CAN'T GET *INSIDE* YOU.
WHAT HAPPENS TO YOU HERE IS ***FOR EVER.*** THERE ARE THINGS FROM WHICH YOU CAN NEVER RECOVER.
GULP.

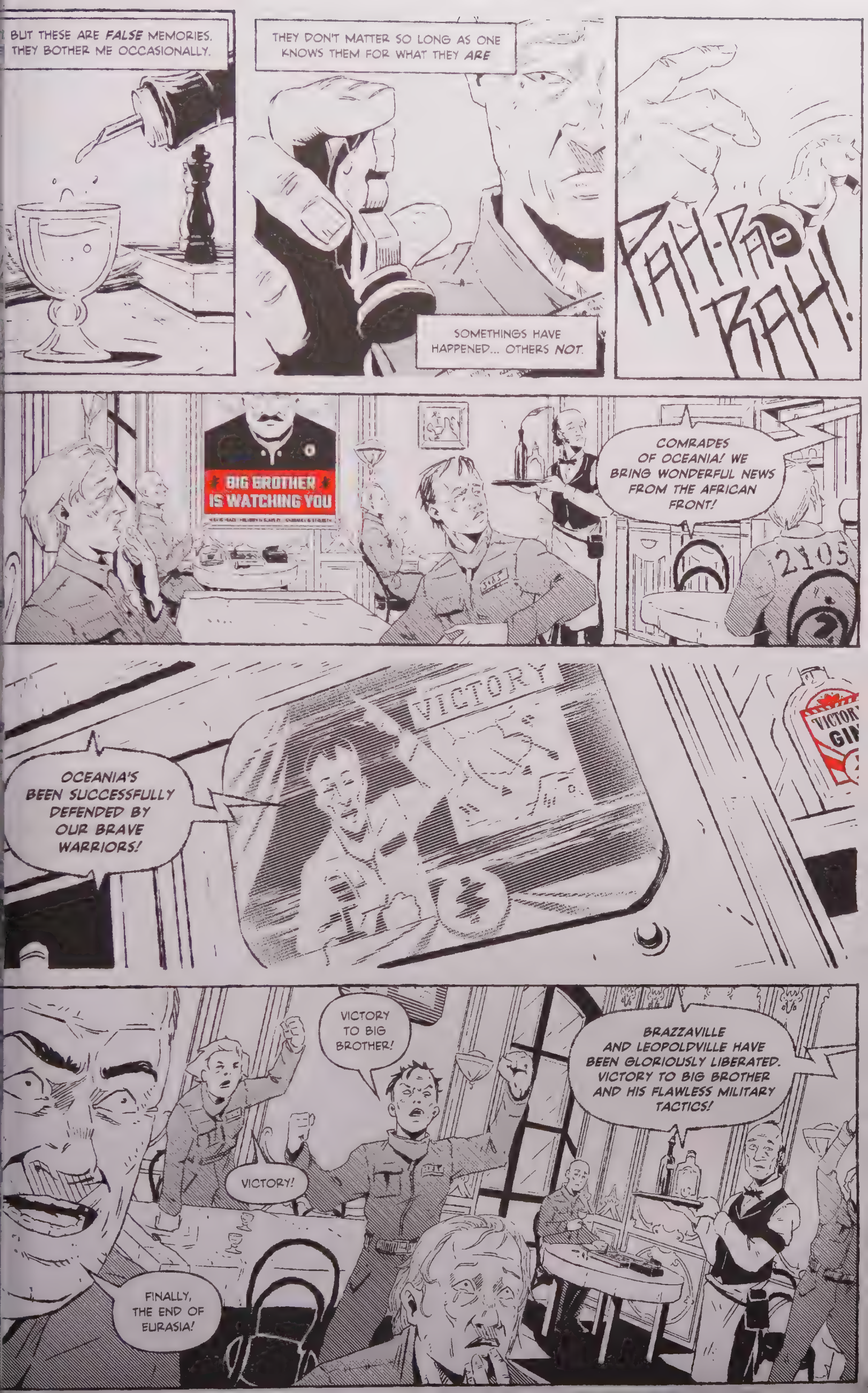

WE MET JUST ONCE MORE. OUTSIDE.
IT DIDN'T MATTER. *NOTHING* MATTERED.
I BETRAYED YOU.
I BETRAYED *YOU.*
SHE MADE NO RESPONSE TO THE CLASP OF MY ARM; DIDN'T EVEN TRY TO DISENGAGE HERSELF.
SOMETIMES, THEY THREATEN YOU WITH SOMETHING YOU CAN'T STAND UP TO, CAN'T EVEN THINK ABOUT...
6079

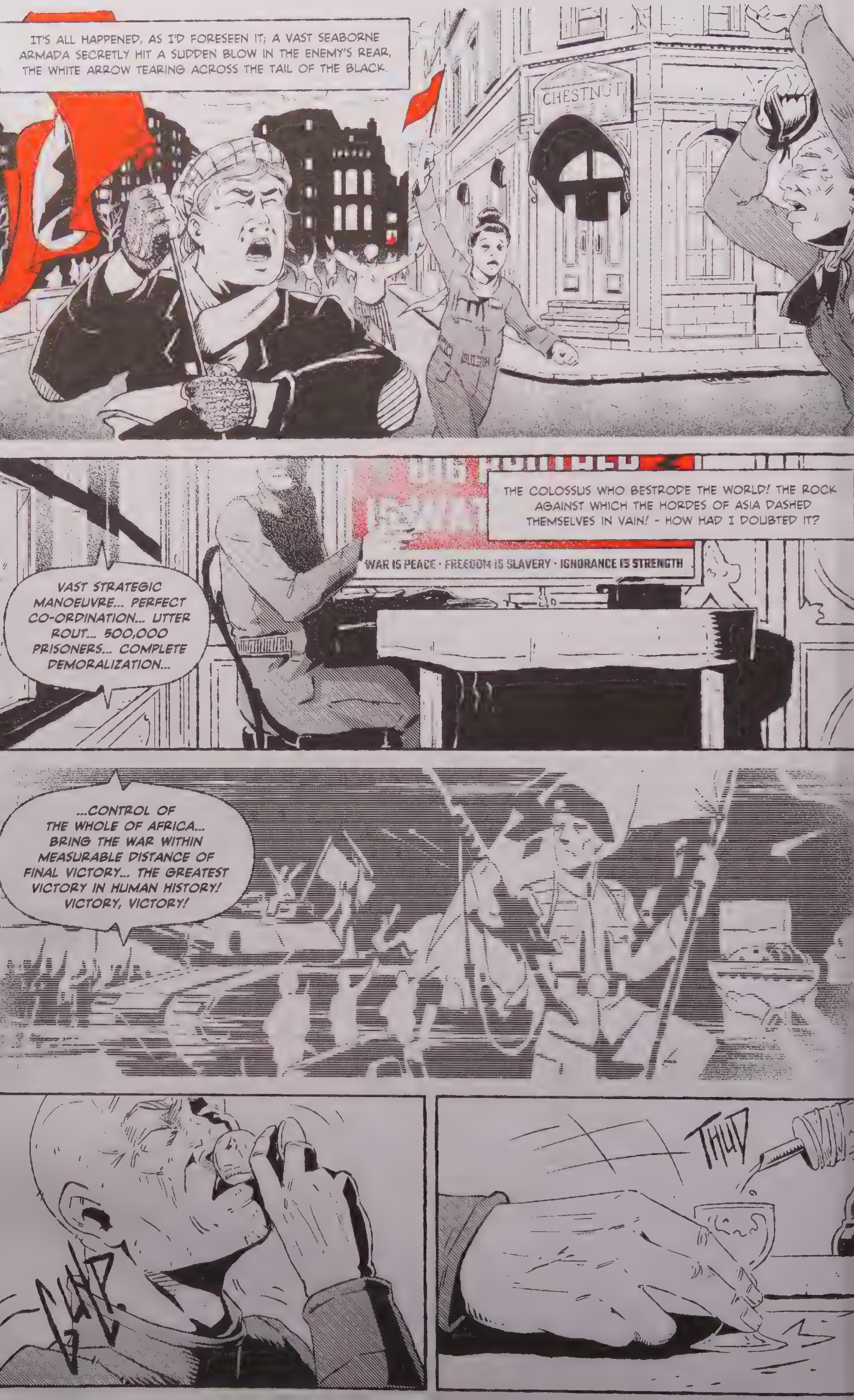

AND THEN YOU SAY, "DON'T DO IT TO ME, DO IT TO SOMEBODY ELSE, DO IT TO SO-AND-SO."
AND PERHAPS YOU MIGHT PRETEND, AFTERWARDS, IT WAS ONLY A TRICK AND YOU JUST SAID IT TO MAKE THEM STOP AND DIDN'T REALLY MEAN IT.
SNAP
BUT THAT ISN'T *TRUE*. AT THE TIME IT HAPPENS YOU DO *MEAN* IT. YOU THINK THERE'S NO OTHER WAY OF SAVING YOURSELF, AND YOU'RE QUITE READY TO SAVE YOURSELF THAT WAY. YOU WANT IT TO HAPPEN TO THE OTHER PERSON. YOU DON'T GIVE A DAMN WHAT THEY SUFFER. ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS *YOURSELF*.
ALL YOU CARE ABOUT IS YOURSELF.
AND AFTER THAT, YOU DON'T FEEL THE SAME TOWARDS THE OTHER PERSON ANY LONGER.
NO, YOU DON'T FEEL THE SAME.
597
6079
597
6079

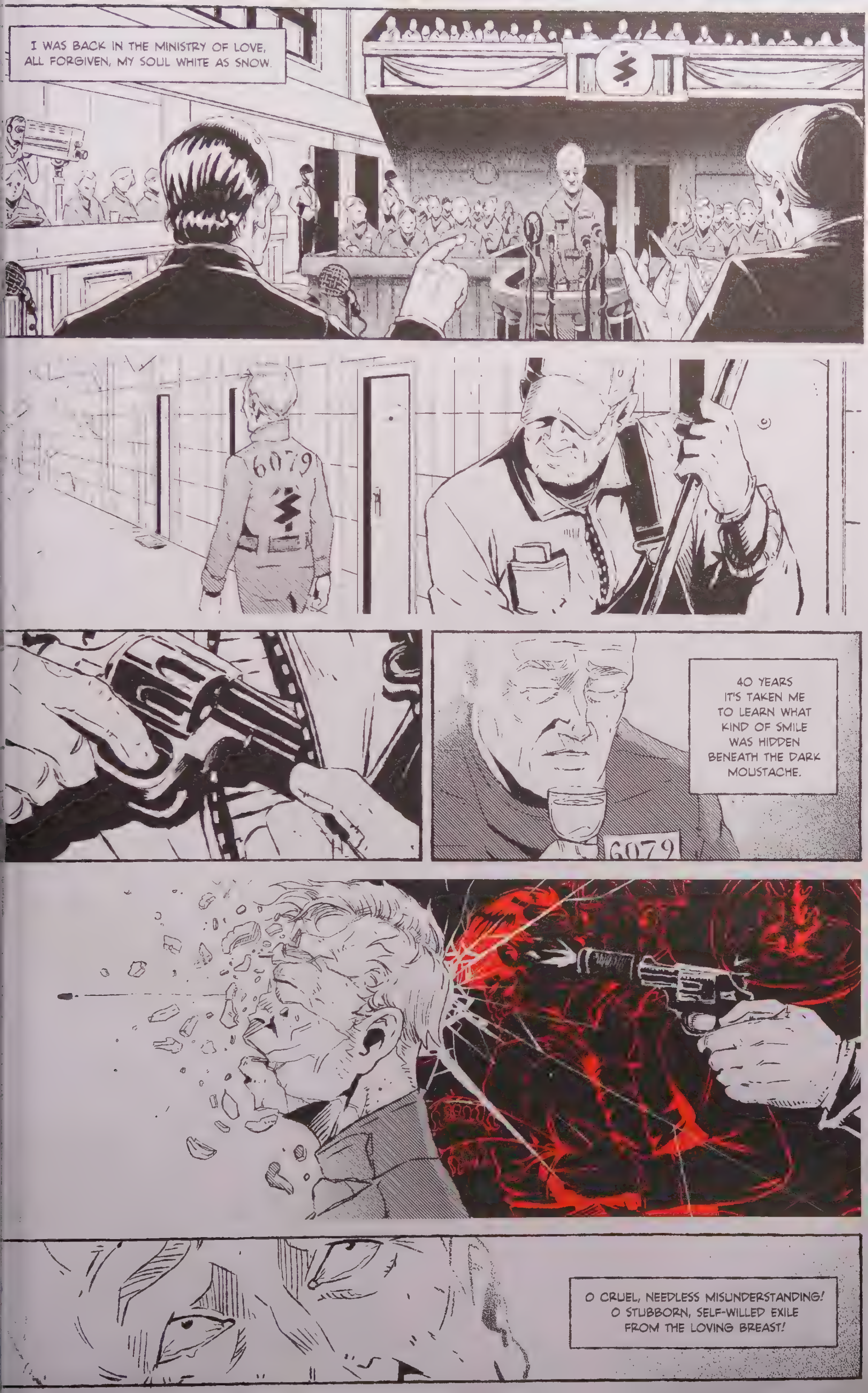

WE MUST MEET AGAIN.
HYDE PARK CORNER
6079
YES, WE *MUST* MEET AGAIN.
TREE CAFE
UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE
I SOLD YOU AND YOU SOLD ME:
THERE LIE THEY, AND HERE LIE WE...
BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU
WAR IS PEACE FREEDOM IS SLAVERY IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH
... UNDER THE SPREADING CHESTNUT TREE.
6079

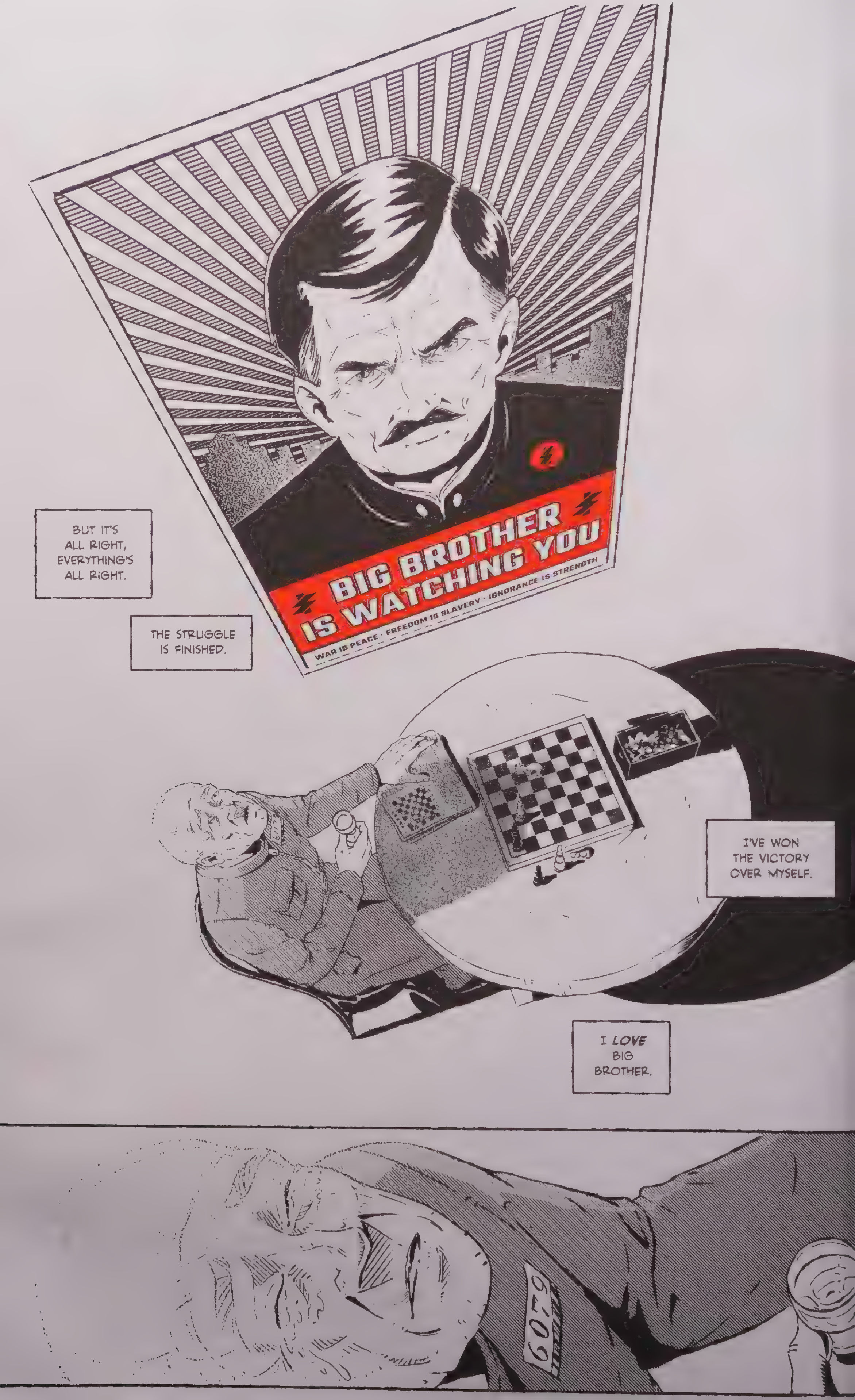

GIN BECAME THE ELEMENT I SWAM IN, MY LIFE, MY DEATH, AND MY *RESURRECTION*
NO ONE CARED WHAT I DID ANY LONGER, NO WHISTLE WOKE ME, NO TELESCREEN ADMONISHED ME.
PERHAPS TWICE A WEEK, I DID A LITTLE WORK, OR WHAT WAS *CALLED* WORK.
MINI TRUE
6079
I'D BEEN APPOINTED TO A SUB-COMMITTEE OF A SUB-COMMITTEE WHICH HAD SPROUTED FROM ONE OF THE INNUMERABLE COMMITTEES DEALING WITH MINOR DIFFICULTIES THAT AROSE IN THE COMPILATION OF THE 11TH EDITION OF THE NEWSPEAK DICTIONARY.
5301
WE WERE ENGAGED IN PRODUCING SOMETHING CALLED AN INTERIM REPORT, BUT WHAT IT WAS WE WERE REPORTING ON I NEVER DEFINITELY FOUND OUT. IT WAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH THE QUESTION IF COMMAS SHOULD BE PLACED INSIDE BRACKETS OR OUTSIDE.
THERE WERE DAYS WHEN WE SETTLED DOWN TO OUR WORK EAGERLY, ENTERING UP MINUTES AND DRAFTING LONG MEMORANDA WHICH WE NEVER FINISHED - WHEN THE ARGUMENT AS TO WHAT WE WERE SUPPOSEDLY ARGUING ABOUT GREW EXTRAORDINARILY INVOLVED AND ABSTRUSE, WITH SUBTLE HAGGLING OVER DEFINITIONS, ENORMOUS DIGRESSIONS, QUARRELS, THREATS, EVEN, TO APPEAL TO HIGHER AUTHORITY.
AND THEN SUDDENLY... THE LIFE WOULD GO OUT OF US.

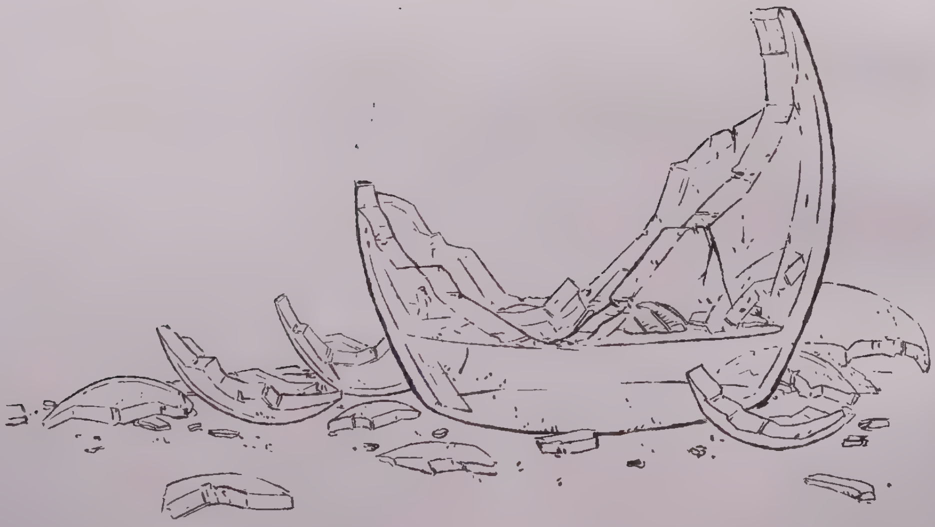

I CAN SEE HER NOW... IT MUST'VE BEEN ABOUT A MONTH BEFORE SHE DISAPPEARED.
A MOMENT OF RECONCILIATION, WHEN THE HUNGER IN MY BELLY WAS FORGOTTEN.
AND MY AFFECTION FOR HER... REVIVED.
CLACK


BUT THESE ARE *FALSE* MEMORIES. THEY BOTHER ME OCCASIONALLY.
THEY DON'T MATTER SO LONG AS ONE KNOWS THEM FOR WHAT THEY *ARE*
SOMETHINGS HAVE HAPPENED... OTHERS *NOT*.
PAH-PAO-RAH!
BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU
COMRADES OF OCEANIA! WE BRING WONDERFUL NEWS FROM THE AFRICAN FRONT!
2105
VICTORY
OCEANIA'S BEEN SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED BY OUR BRAVE WARRIORS!
VICTORY GIN
VICTORY TO BIG BROTHER!
BRAZZAVILLE AND LEOPOLDVILLE HAVE BEEN GLORIOUSLY LIBERATED. VICTORY TO BIG BROTHER AND HIS FLAWLESS MILITARY TACTICS!
VICTORY!
FINALLY, THE END OF EURASIA!

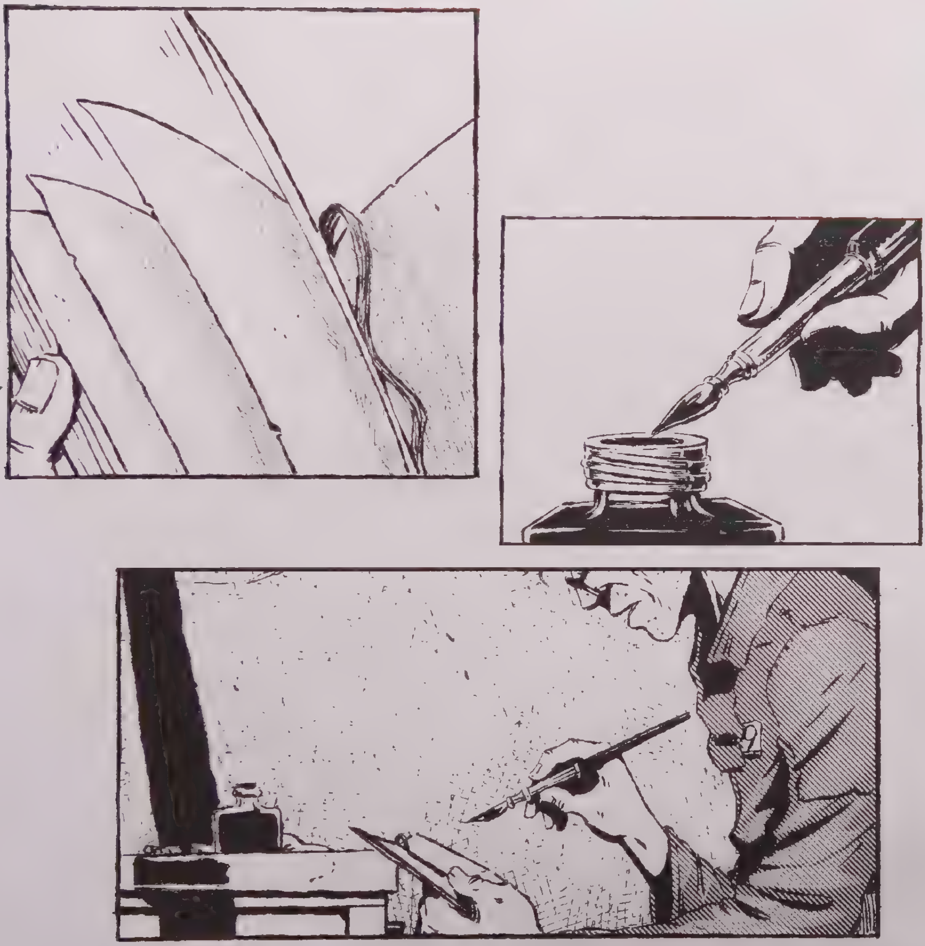

IT'S ALL HAPPENED, AS I'D FORESEEN IT; A VAST SEABORNE ARMADA SECRETLY HIT A SUDDEN BLOW IN THE ENEMY'S REAR, THE WHITE ARROW TEARING ACROSS THE TAIL OF THE BLACK.
CHESTNUT
THE COLOSSUS WHO BESTRODE THE WORLD! THE ROCK AGAINST WHICH THE HORDES OF ASIA DASHED THEMSELVES IN VAIN! - HOW HAD I DOUBTED IT?
WAR IS PEACE · FREEDOM IS SLAVERY · IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH
VAST STRATEGIC MANOEUVRE... PERFECT CO-ORDINATION... UTTER ROUT... 500,000 PRISONERS... COMPLETE DEMORALIZATION...
...CONTROL OF THE WHOLE OF AFRICA... BRING THE WAR WITHIN MEASURABLE DISTANCE OF FINAL VICTORY... THE GREATEST VICTORY IN HUMAN HISTORY! VICTORY, VICTORY!
GULP
THUD


I WAS BACK IN THE MINISTRY OF LOVE, ALL FORGIVEN, MY SOUL WHITE AS SNOW.
6079
40 YEARS IT'S TAKEN ME TO LEARN WHAT KIND OF SMILE WAS HIDDEN BENEATH THE DARK MOUSTACHE.
6079
O CRUEL, NEEDLESS MISUNDERSTANDING! O STUBBORN, SELF-WILLED EXILE FROM THE LOVING BREAST!


BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU
WAR IS PEACE · FREEDOM IS SLAVERY · IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH
BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT, EVERYTHING'S ALL RIGHT.
THE STRUGGLE IS FINISHED.
I'VE WON THE VICTORY OVER MYSELF.
I *LOVE* BIG BROTHER.
6079



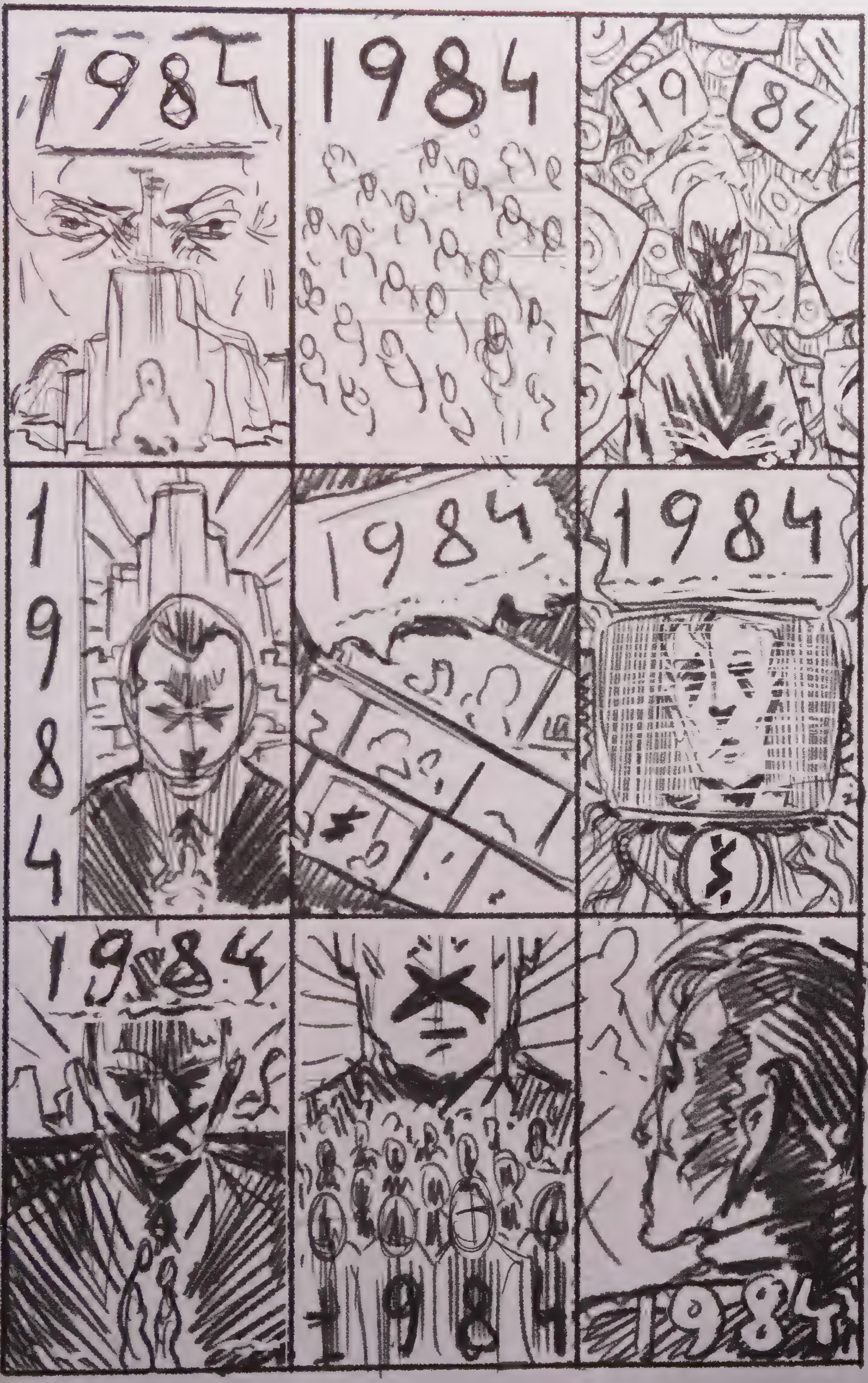
GALLERY



VARIANT COVER

GEORGE ORWELL
1984
THE GRAPHIC NOVEL
BY MATYAS NAMAI
WAR IS PEACE
FREEDOM IS SLAVERY
IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH
6079
WILDCAT

COVER SKETCHES


1984
1984
19 84
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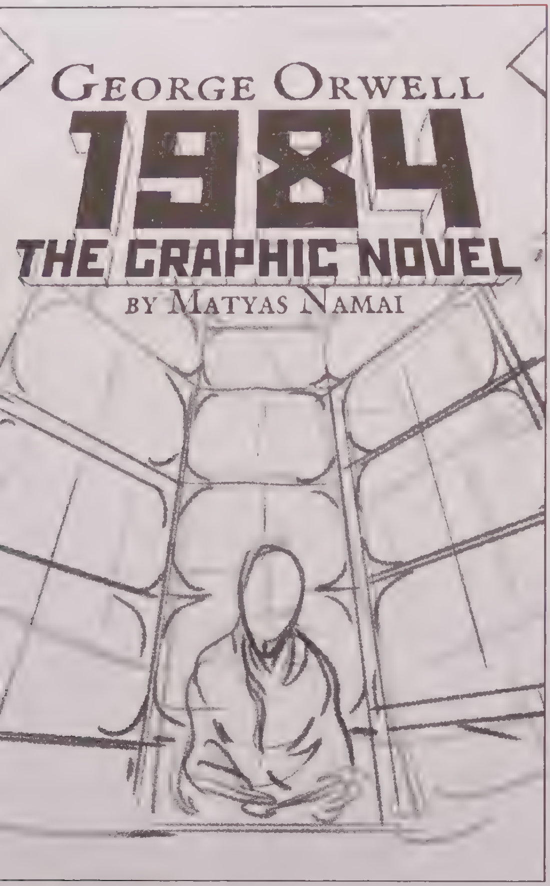
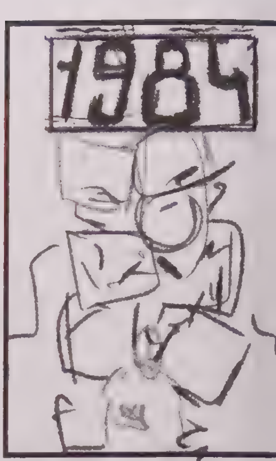
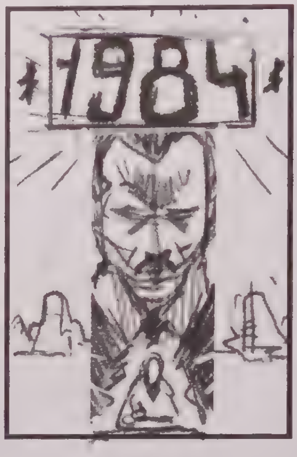
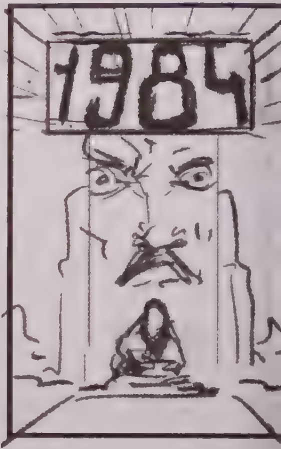
1984
984

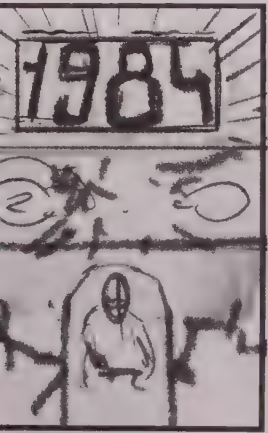
COVER SKETCHES

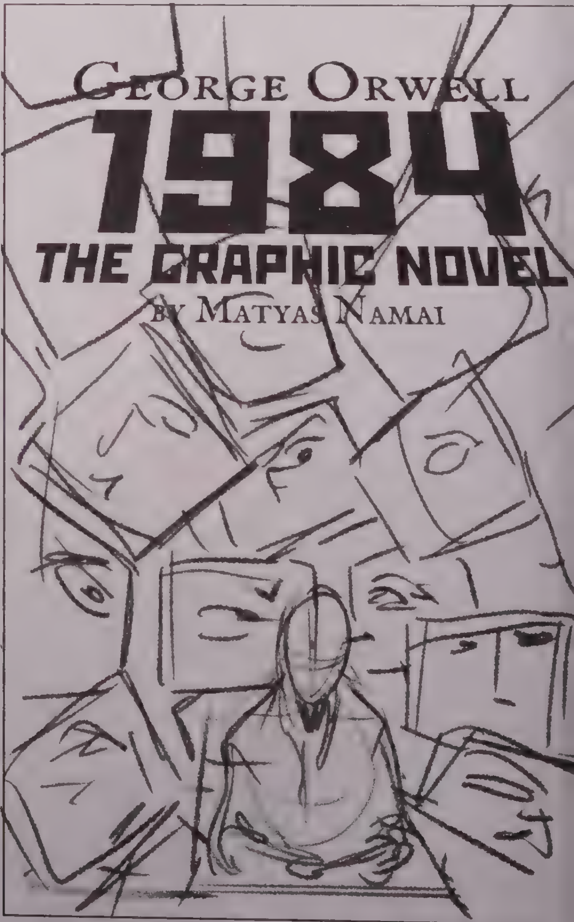

George Orwell
1984
The Graphic Novel
by Matyas Namai










George Orwell
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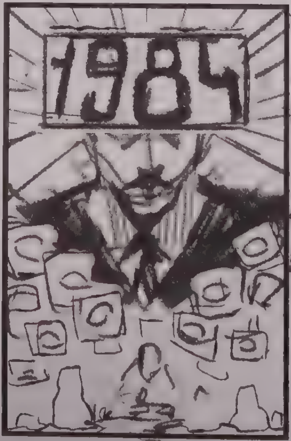
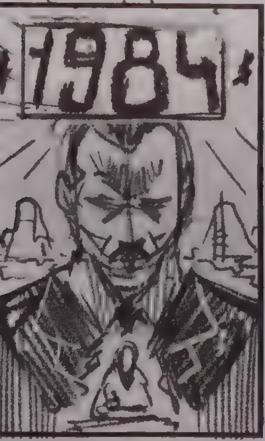
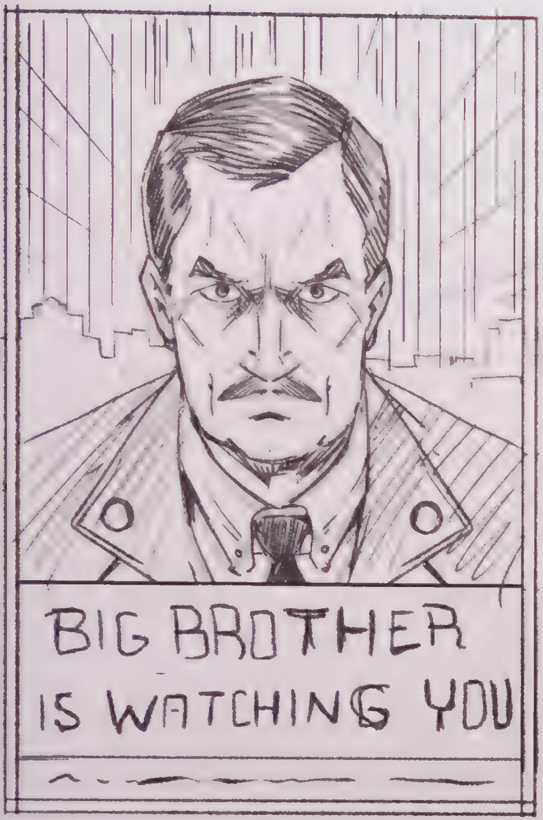
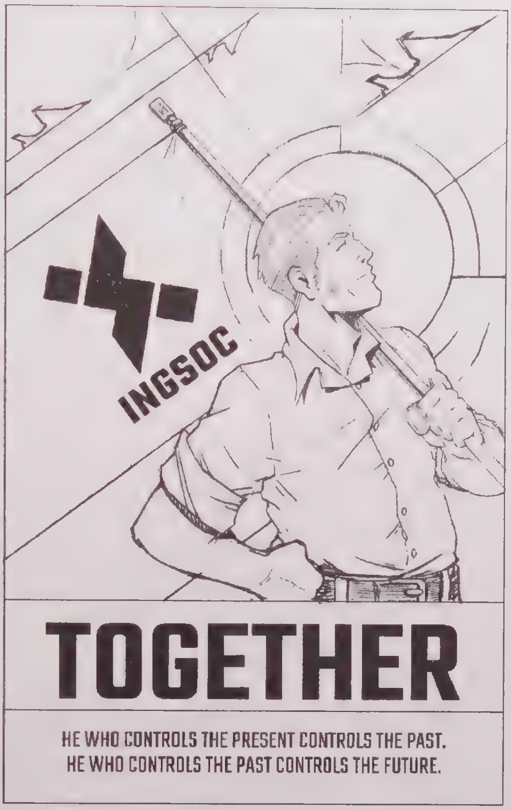
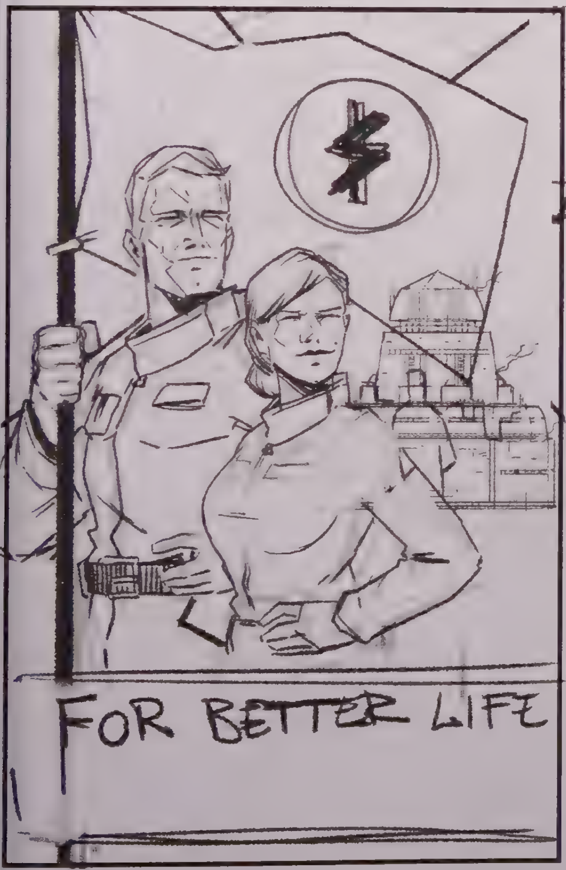


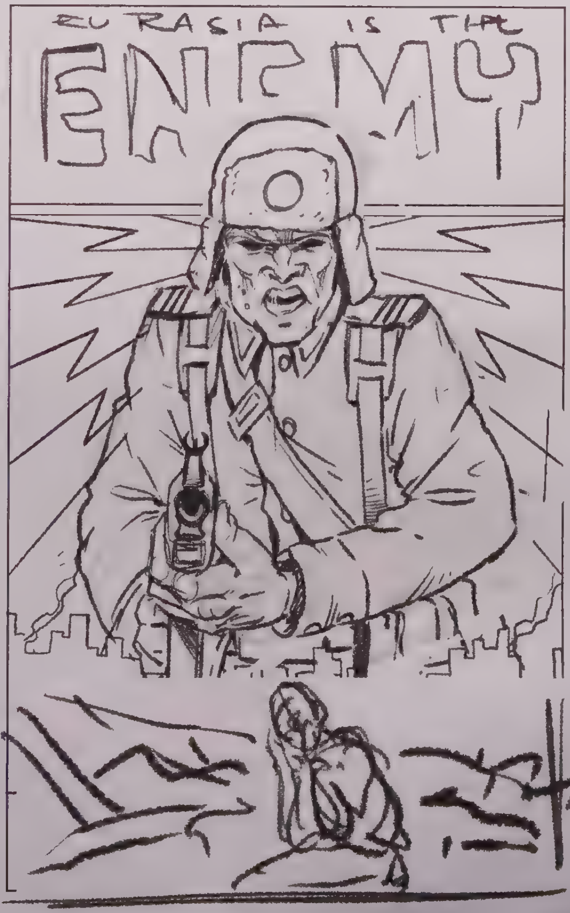


Propaganda

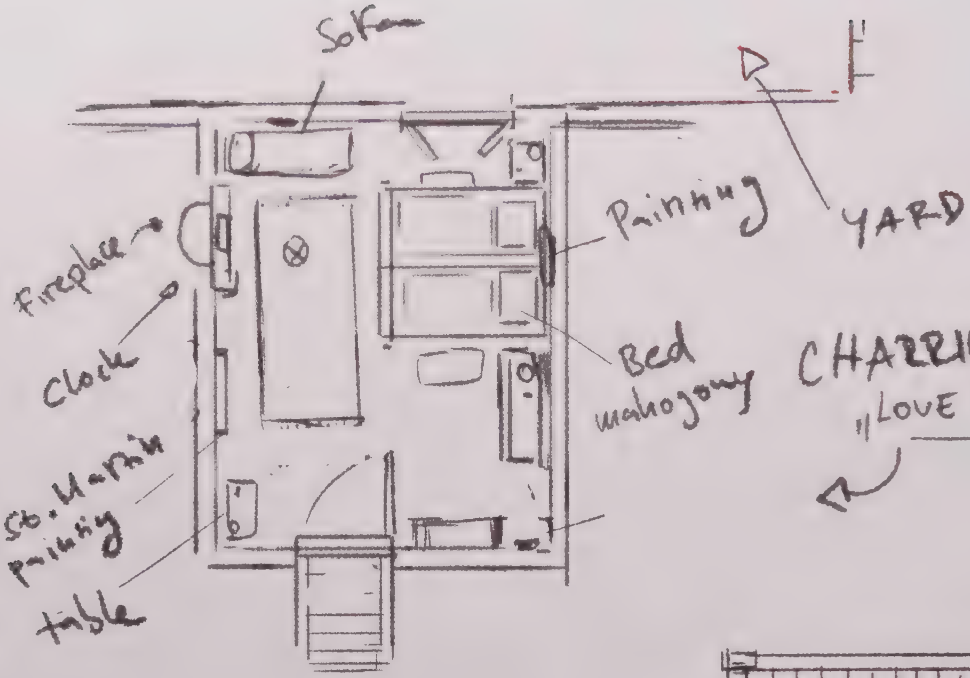

BIG BROTHER IS WATCHING YOU


INGSOC
TOGETHER
HE WHO CONTROLS THE PRESENT CONTROLS THE PAST.
HE WHO CONTROLS THE PAST CONTROLS THE FUTURE.


FOR BETTER LIFE

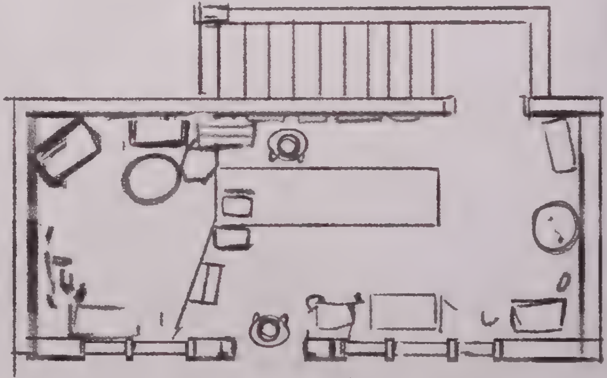

EURASIA IS THE
ENEMY

LOCATIONS

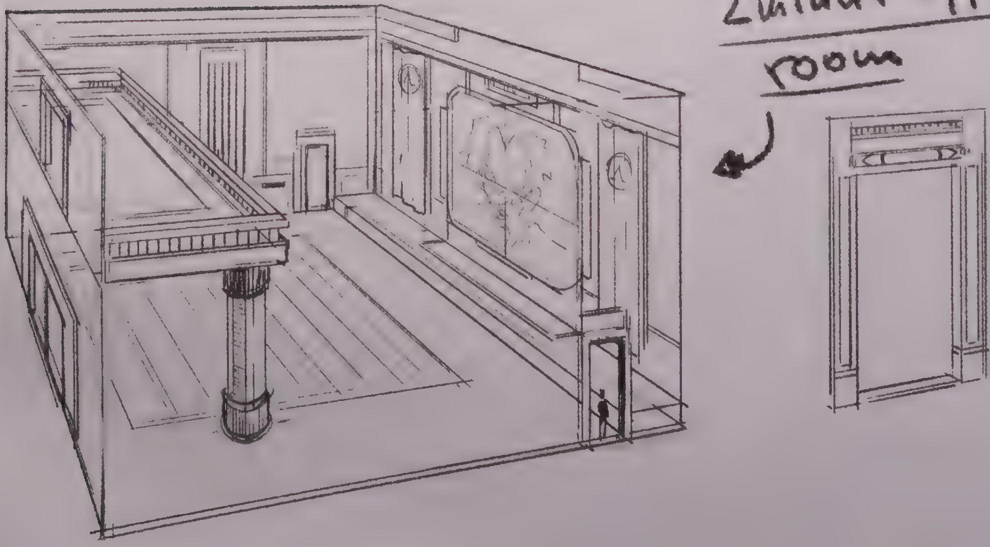

Sofa
Painting
YARD
Fireplace
Clock
Bed
mahogony
St. Martin painting
table

CHARRINGTON'S "LOVE NEST"

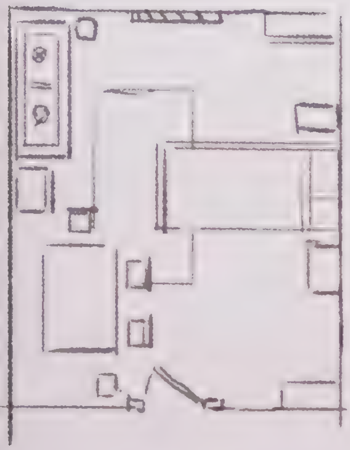
"MR. WEEK'S" ANTIQUES Layout

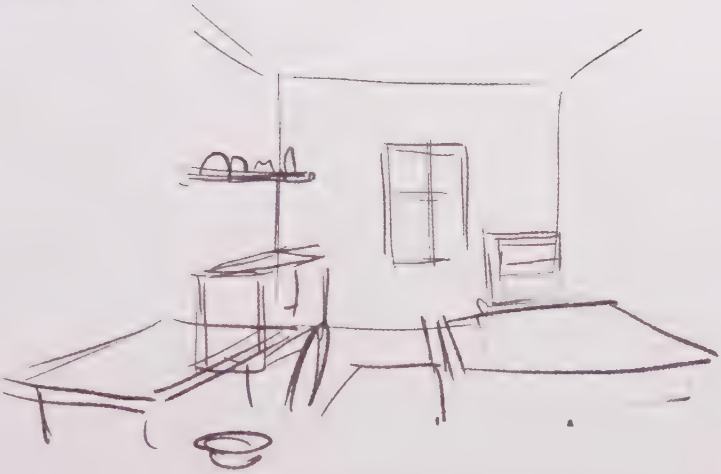


2 minute Hate room

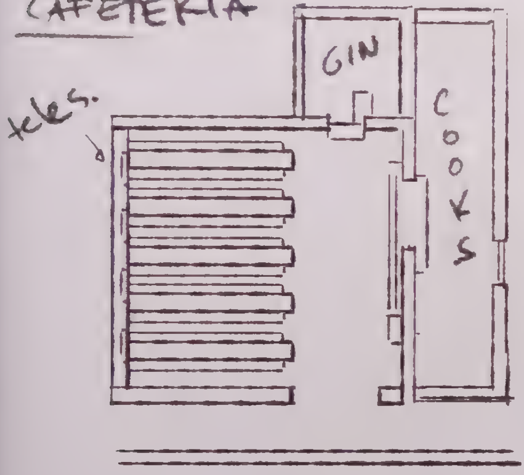


OLD 50's Apartment





CAFETERIA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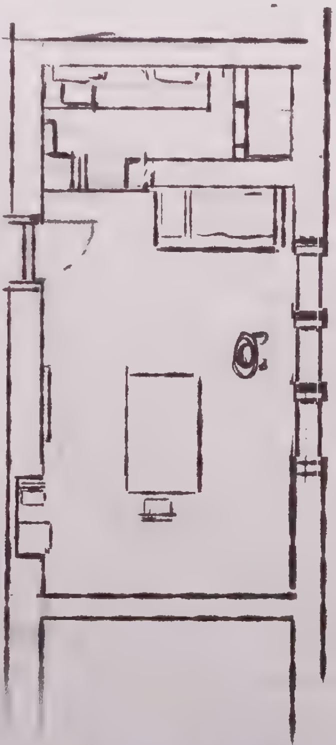
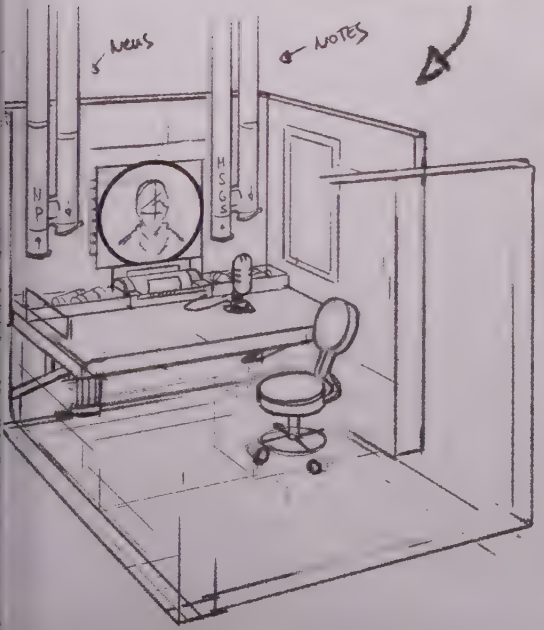
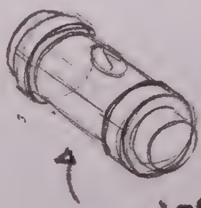
COOKS



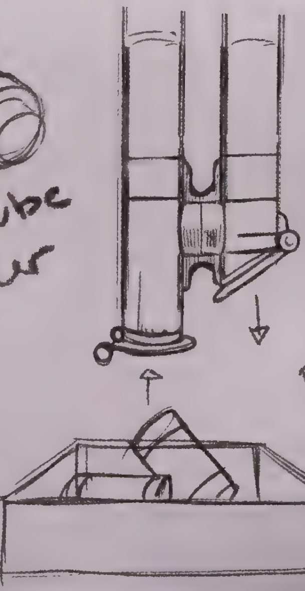
WINSTON - FLAT (VICTORY MANSION)

CUBICLE


News
NOTES
NP
MSGS

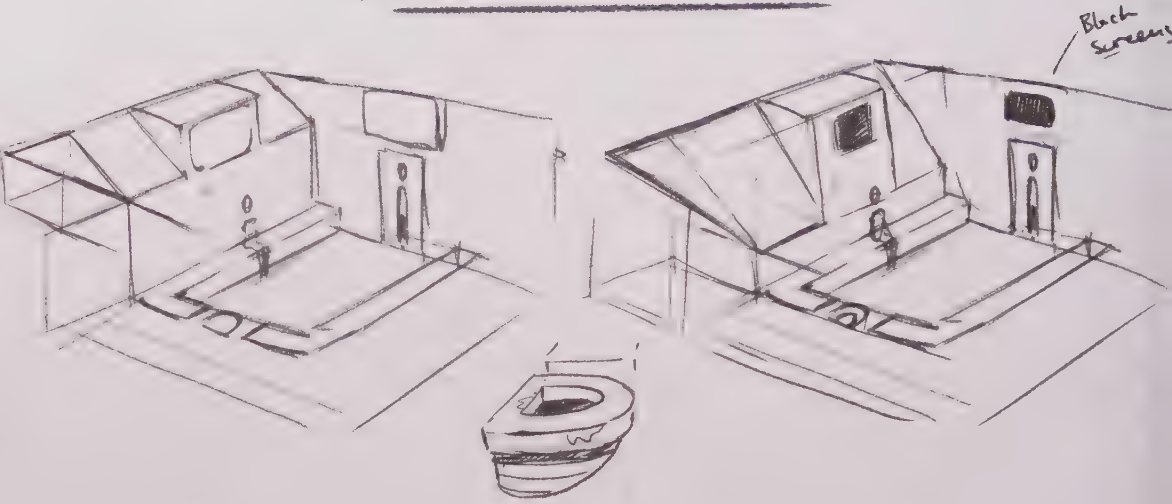


PNEUTUBE Cylinder

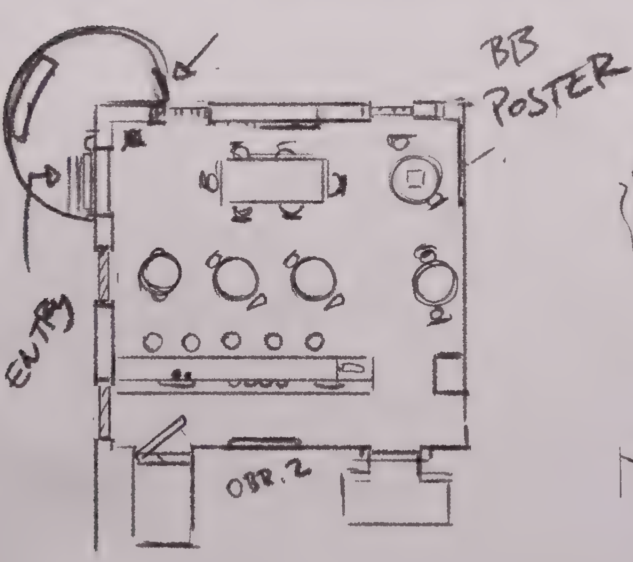


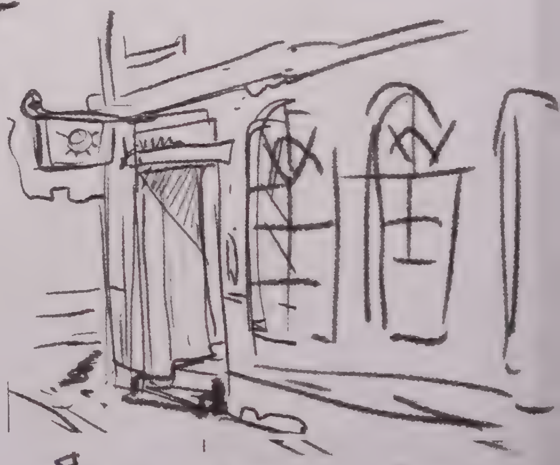
PNEU TUBE Reciever

„WAITING ROOM"

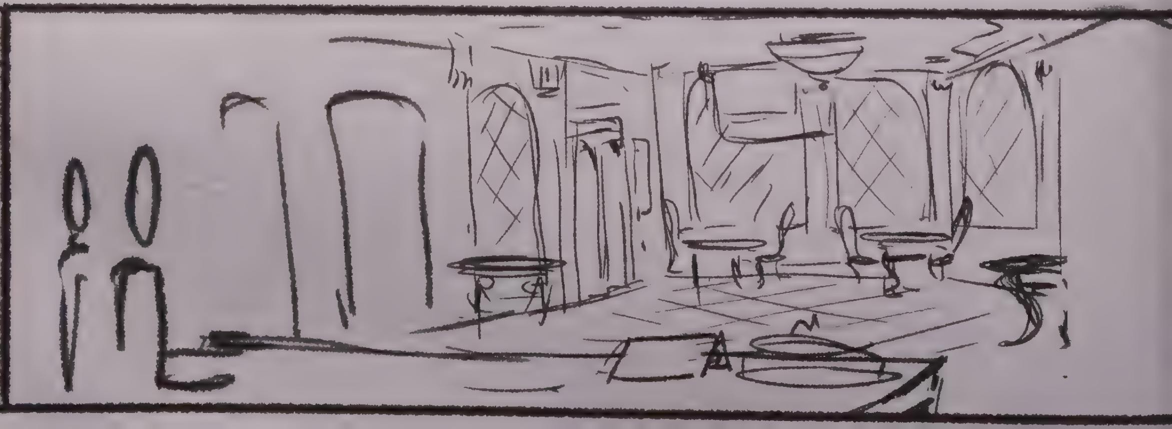

Black screens

{ the CHESTNUTTREE CAFÉ }

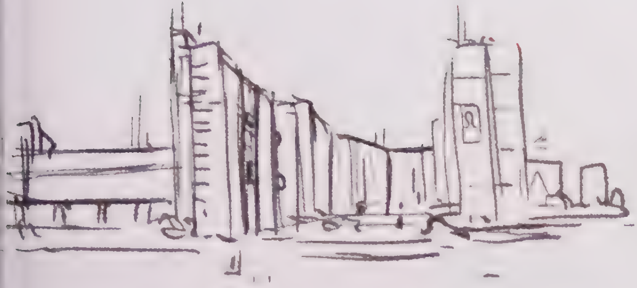

BB POSTER
ENTRY
OBR.2

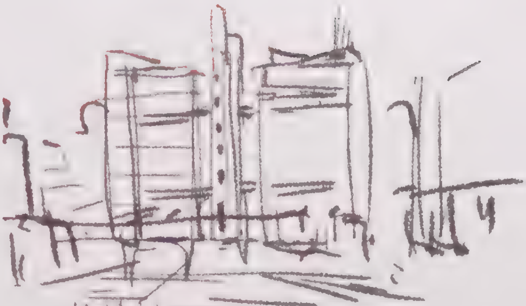


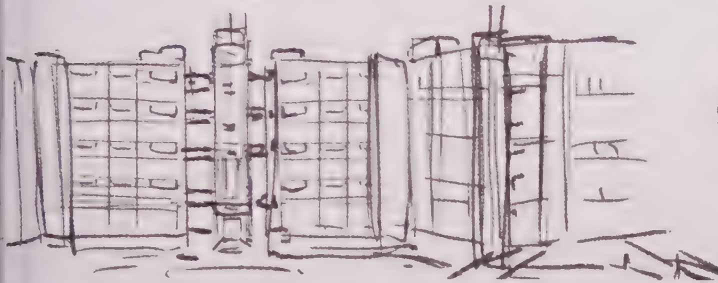
CAFÉ-INTERIOR

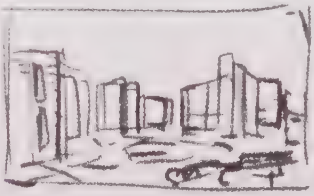


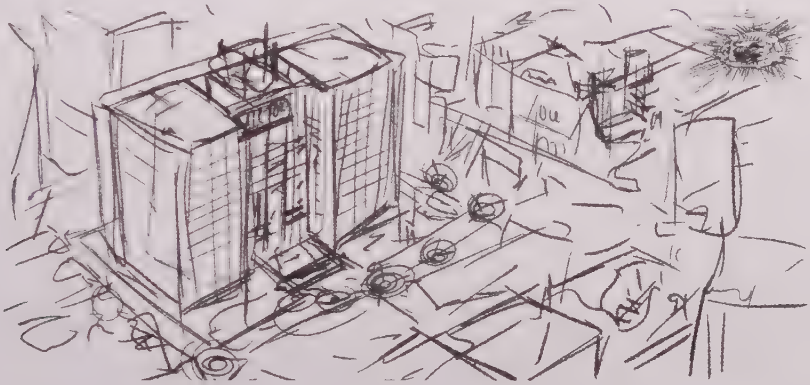
VICTORY MANSIONS

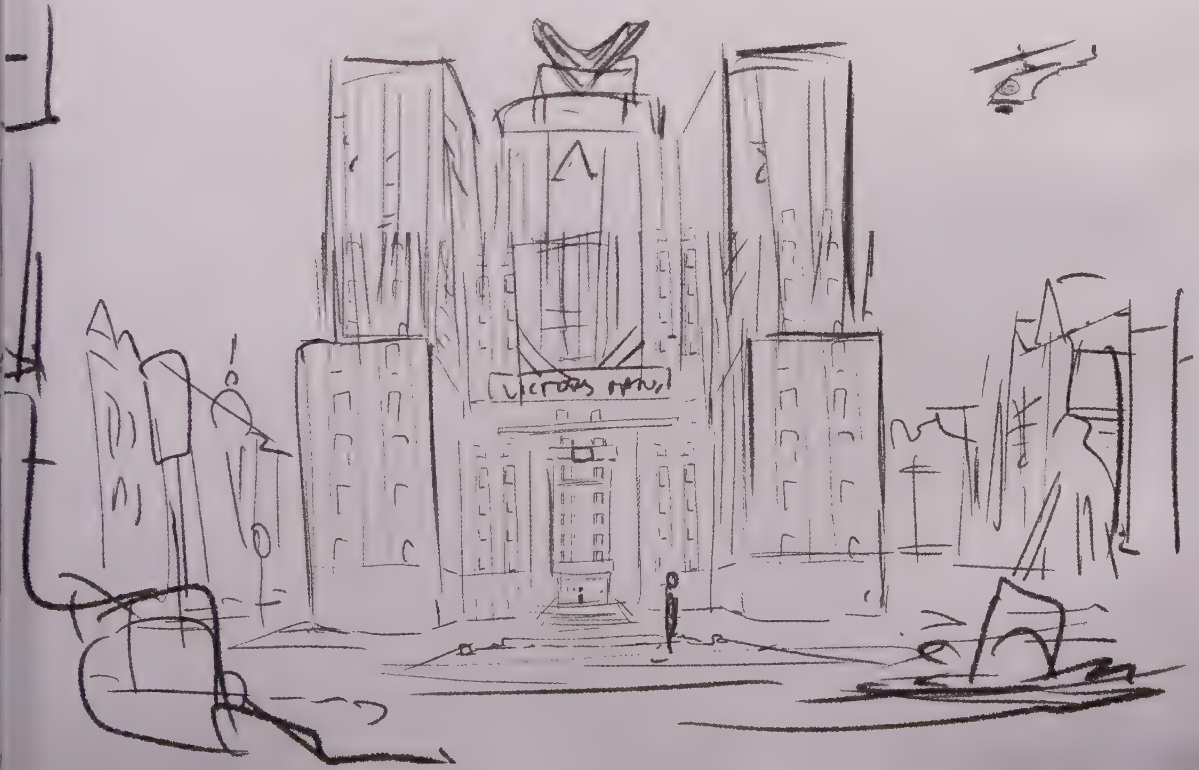




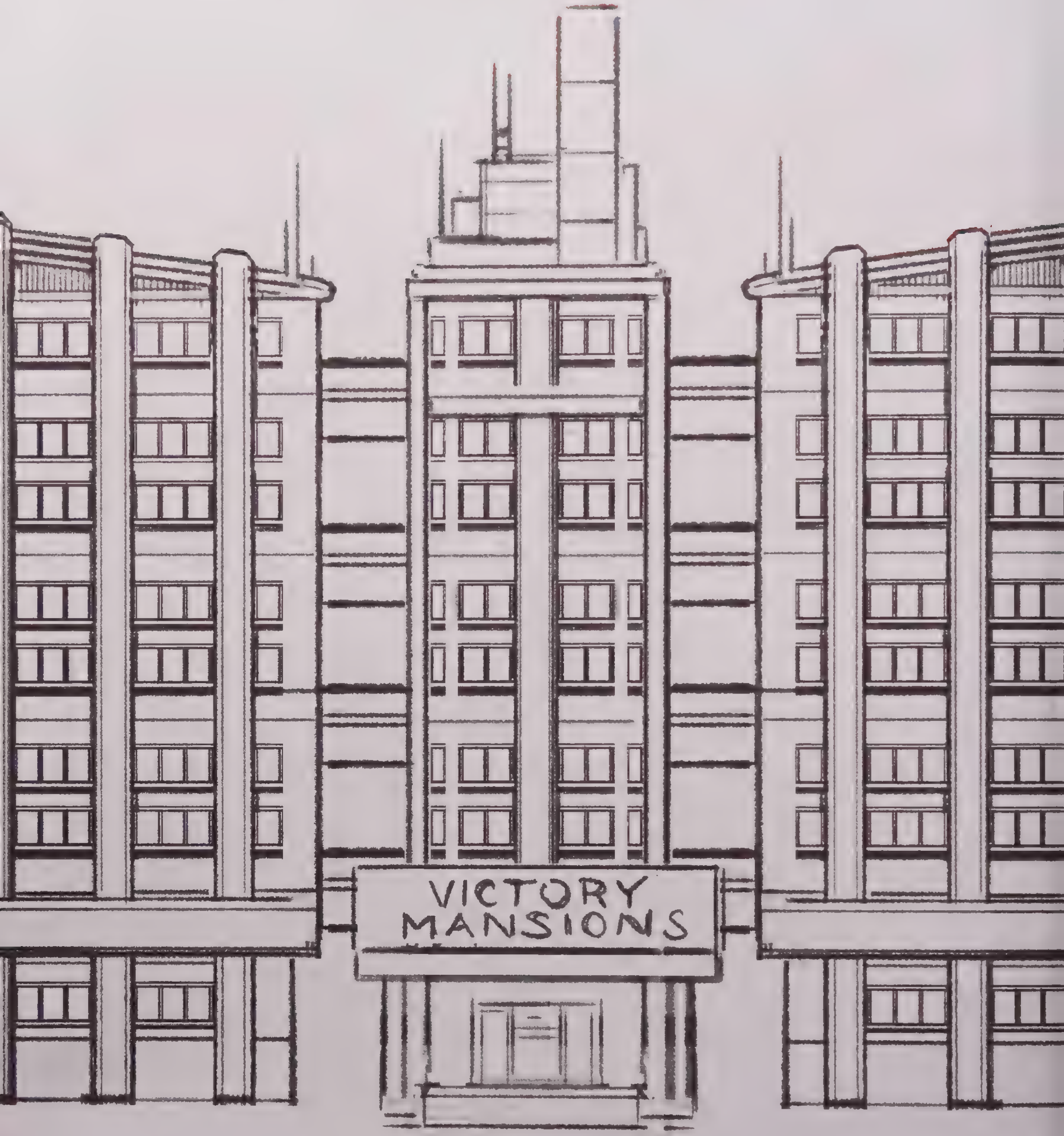


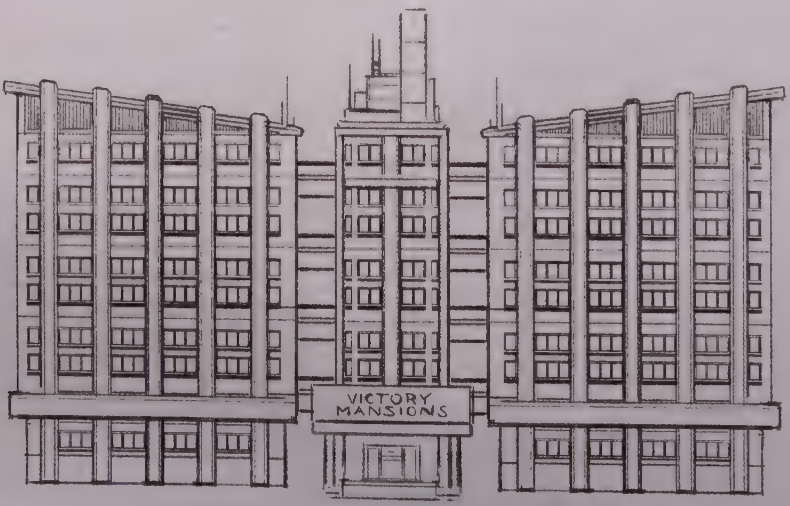




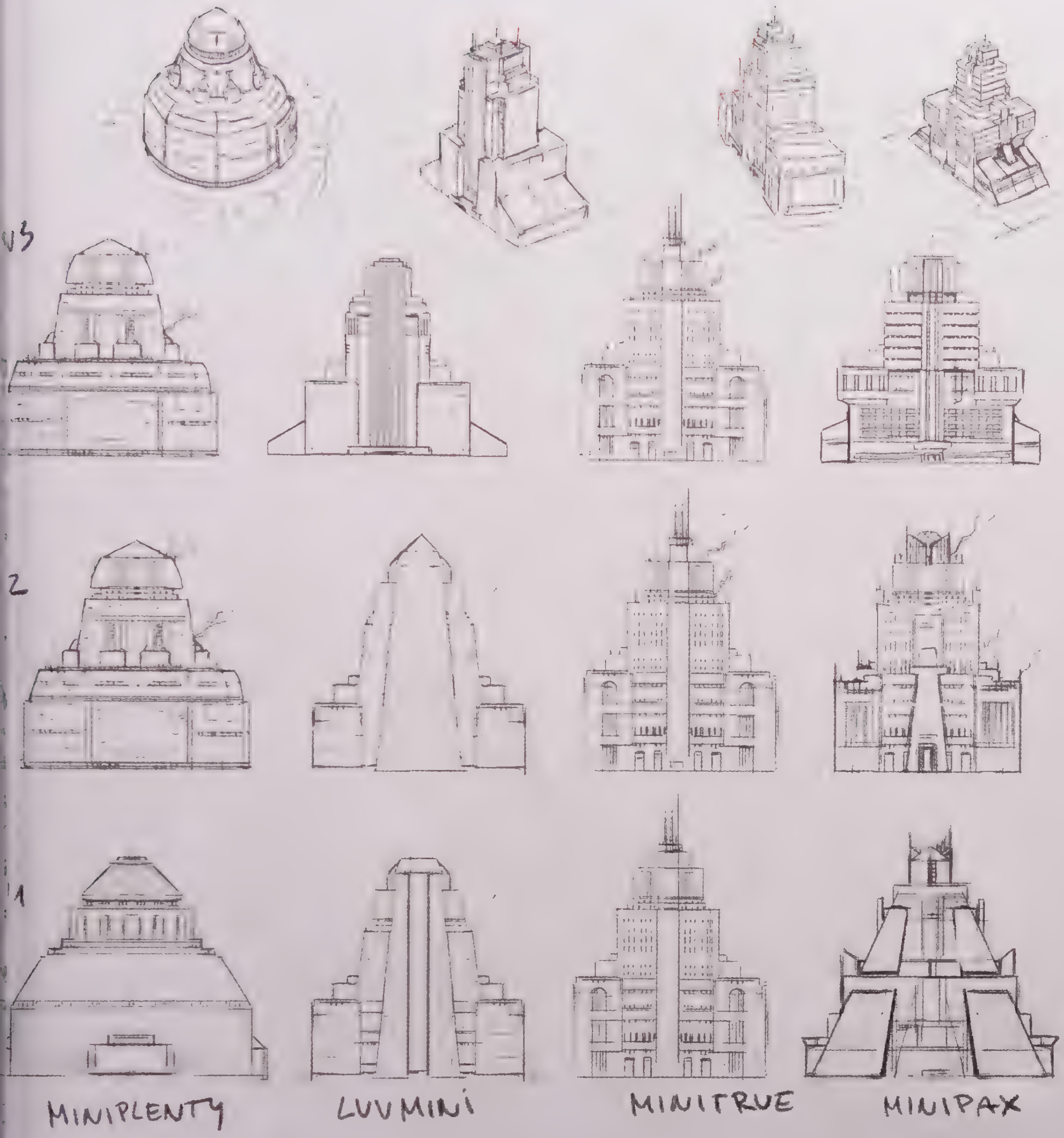

VICTORY MANS

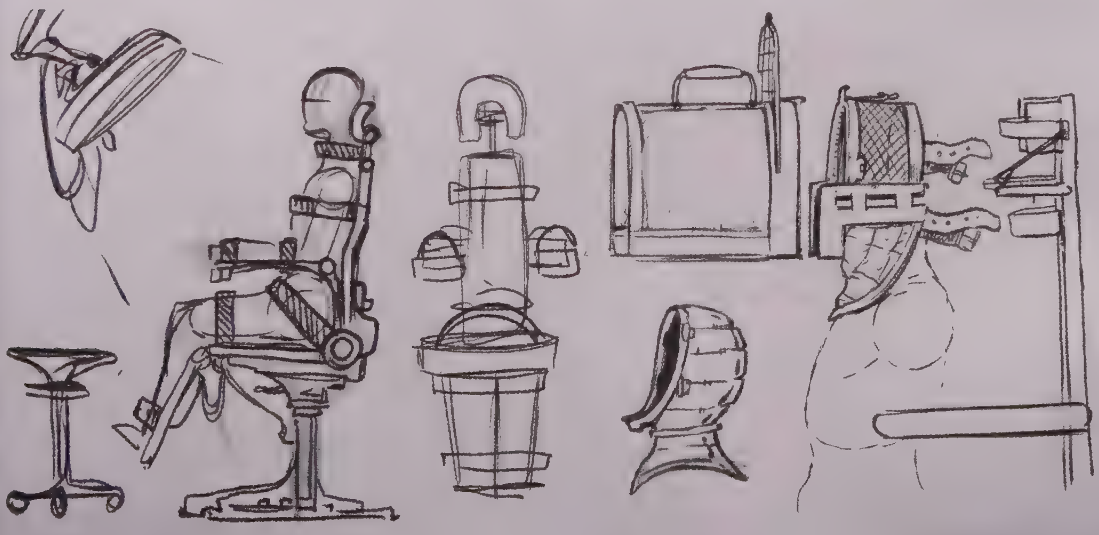
VICTORY MANSIONS


VICTORY
MANSIONS

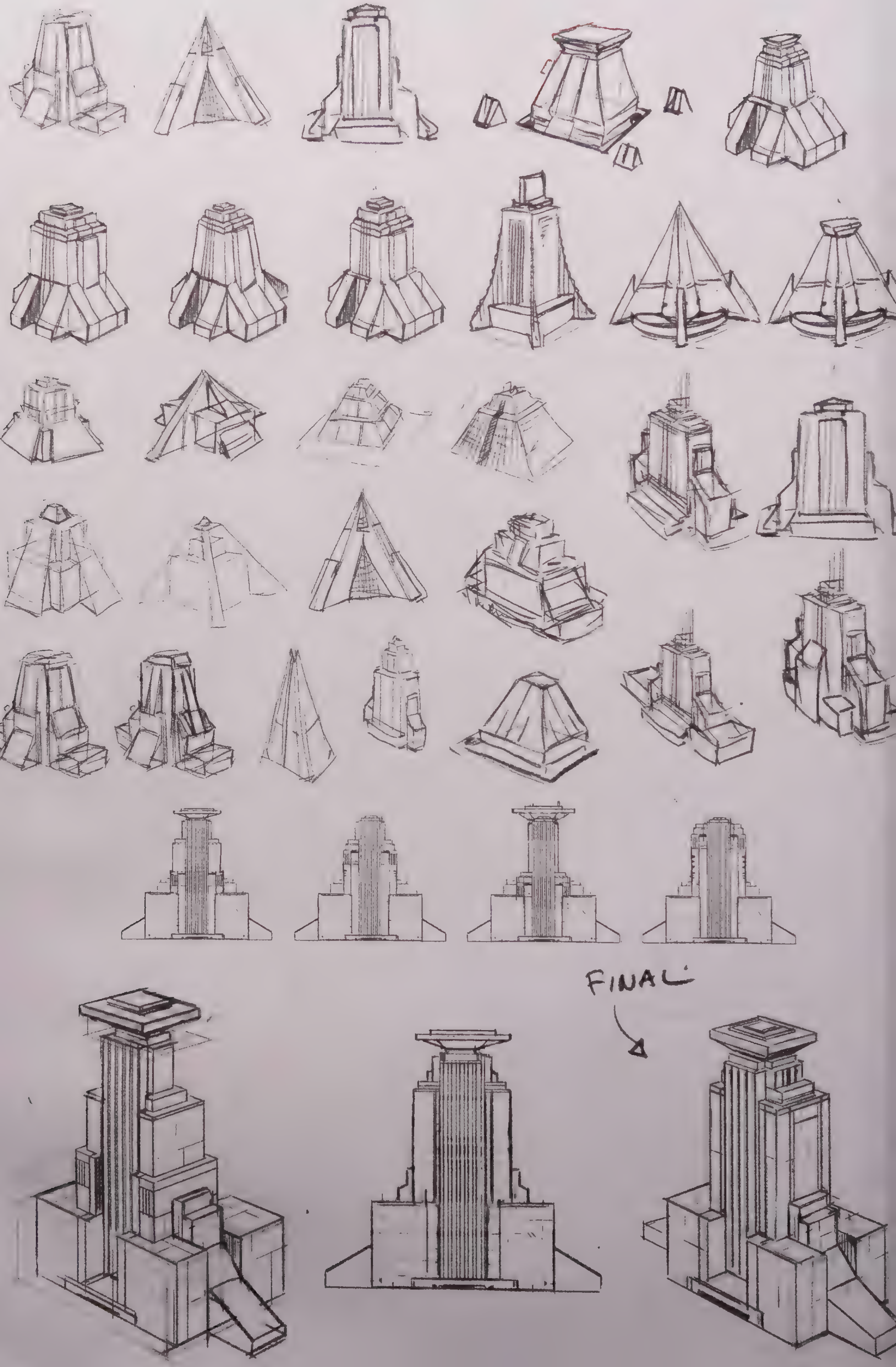

VICTORY
MANSIONS

MINISTRIES

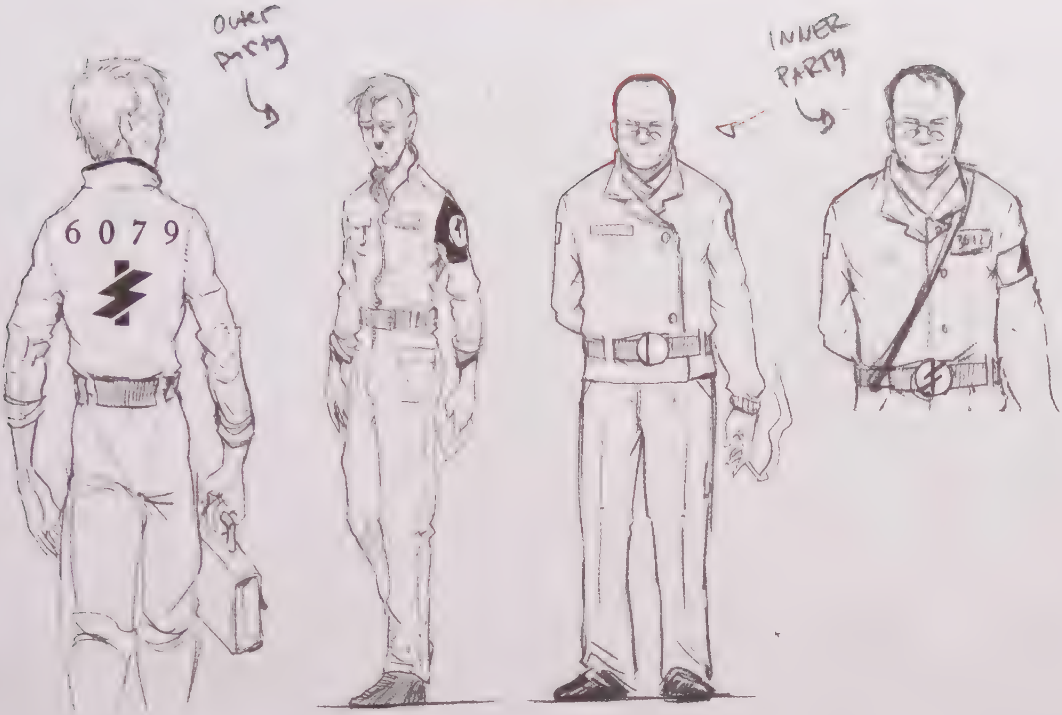

v3
2
1
MINIPLENTY
LUVMINI
MINITRUE
MINIPAX

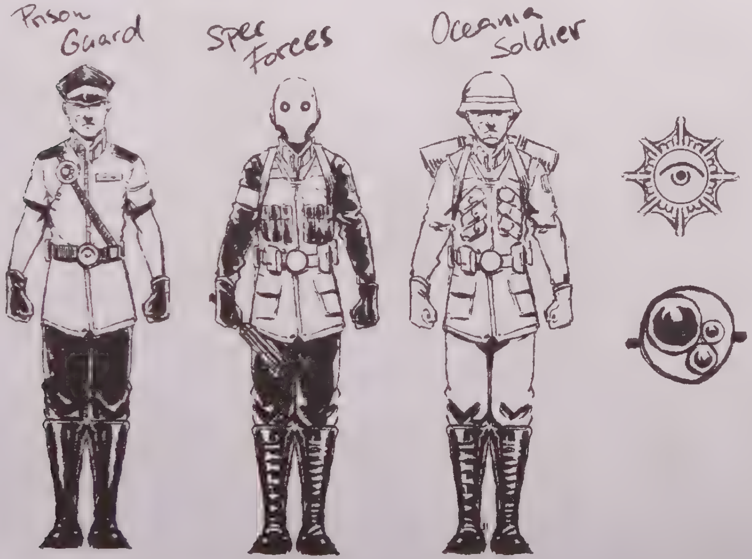


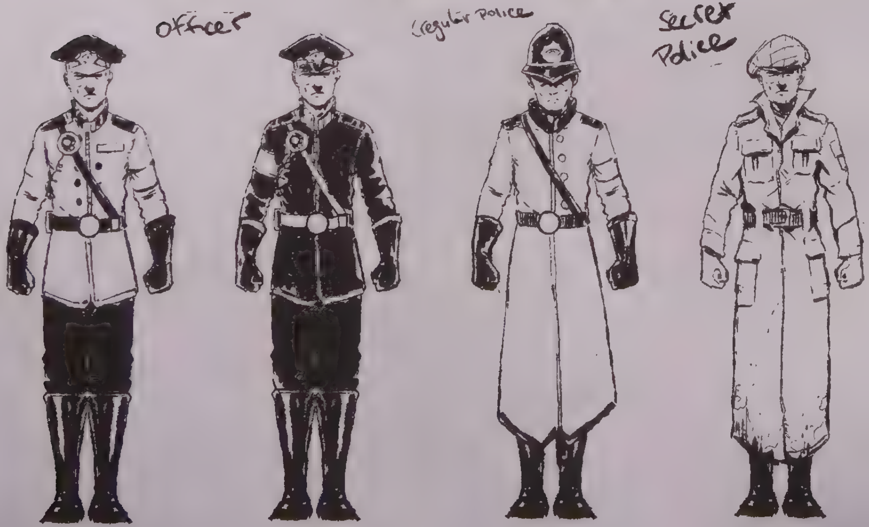
MINILUV



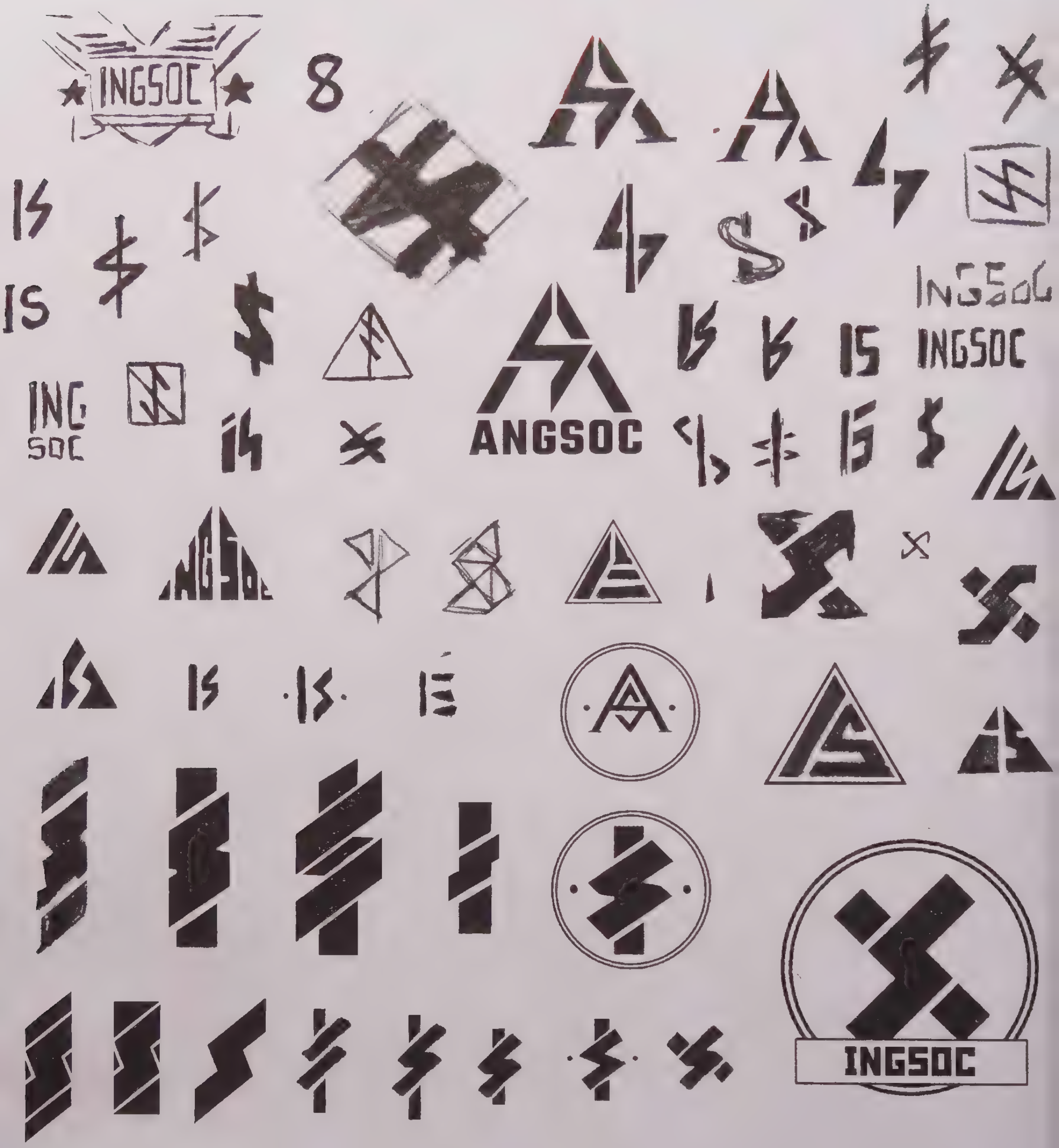
UNIFORMS


Outer Party
6079
INNER PARTY


Prison Guard
Spec Forces
Oceania Soldier

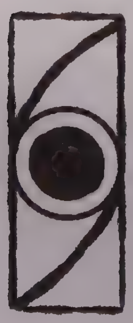

Officer
regular police
Secret Police

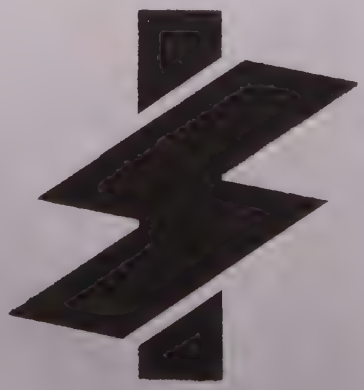
PARTY LOGO


INGSOC
8
IS
INGSOC
INGSOC
ING SOC
ANGSOC
INGSOC

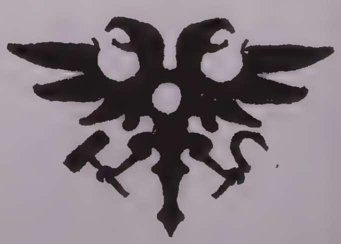
-FINAL-

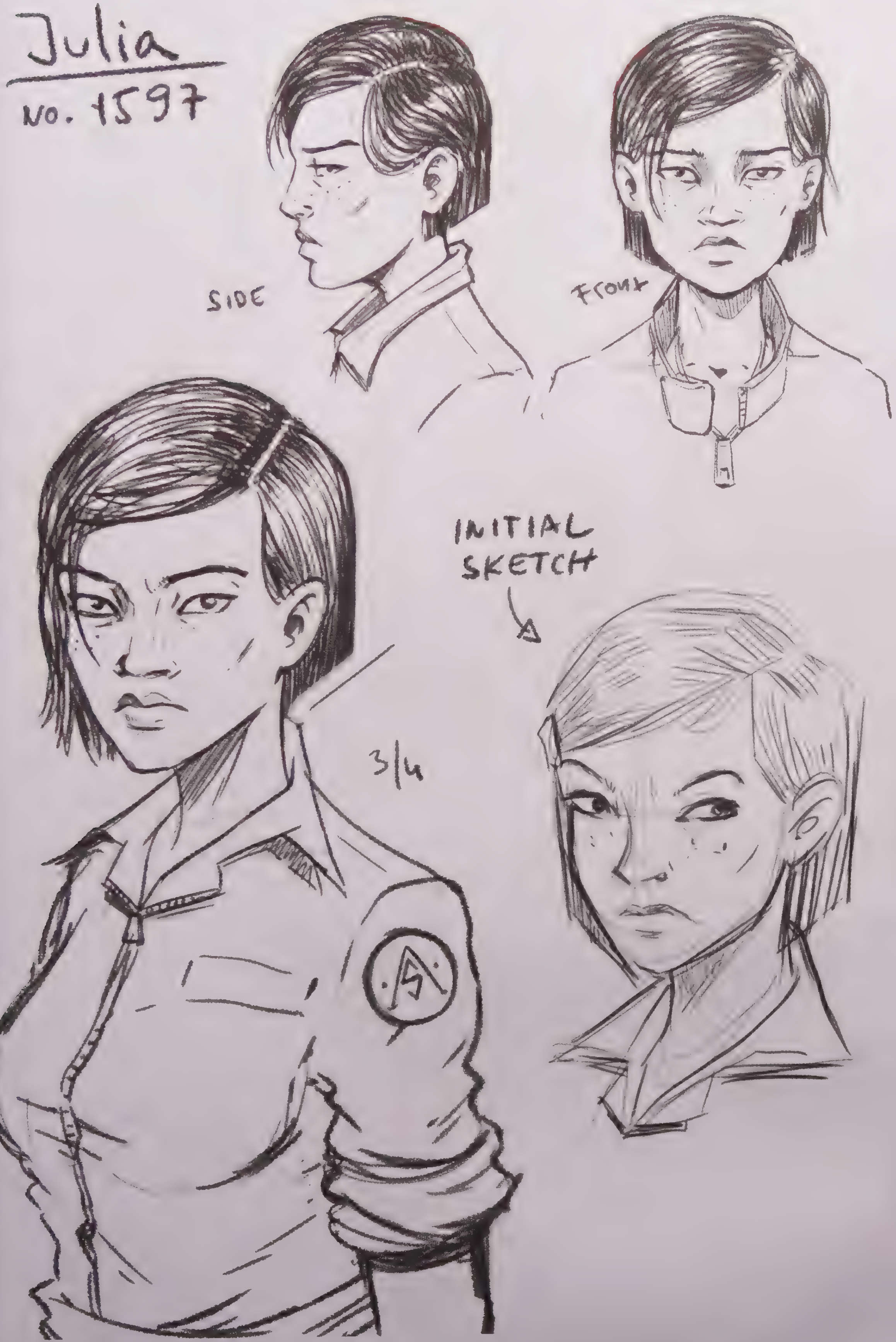
Eastasia



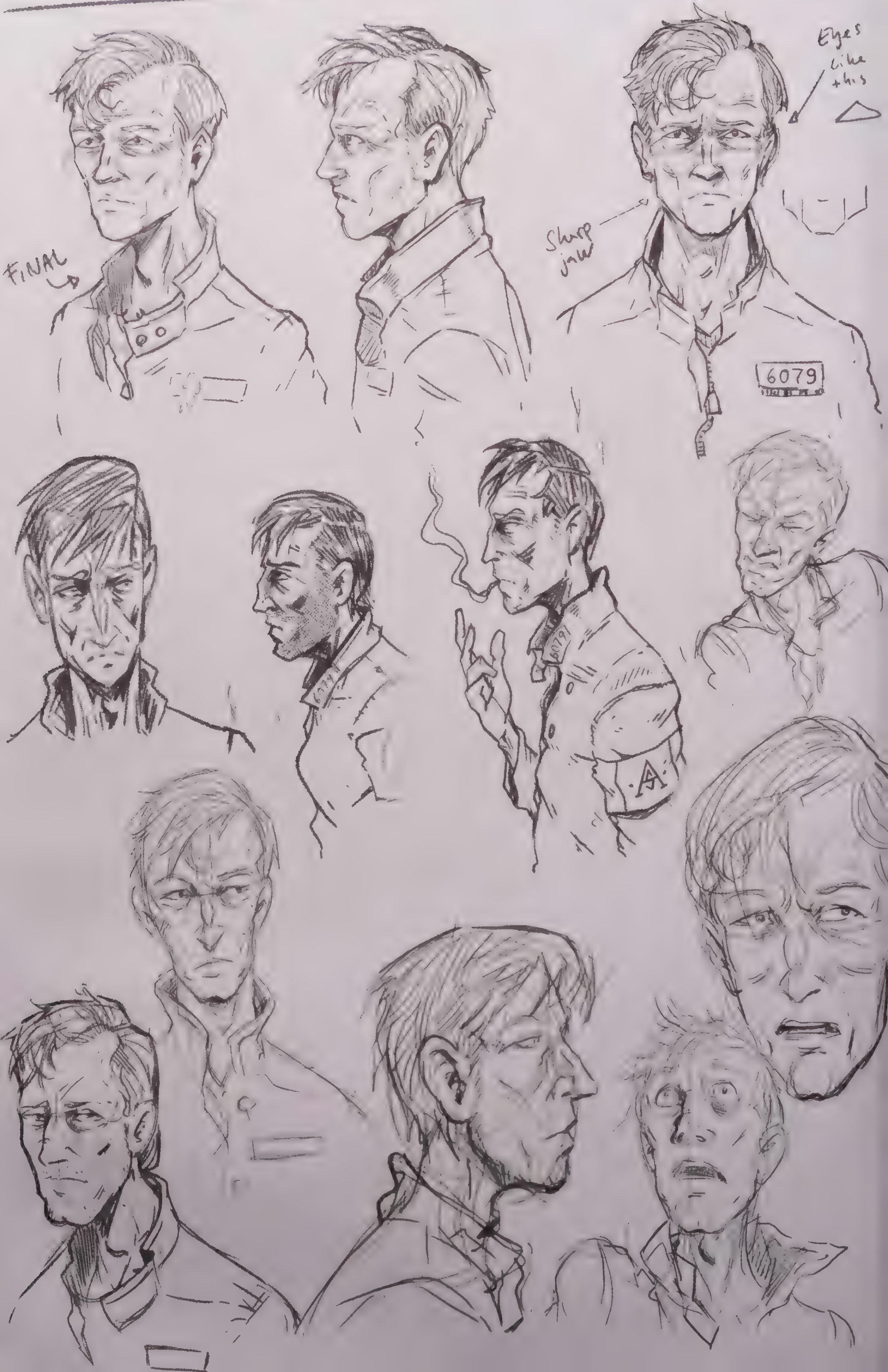


Eurasia




Julia
No. 1597
SIDE
FRONT
INITIAL SKETCH
3/4

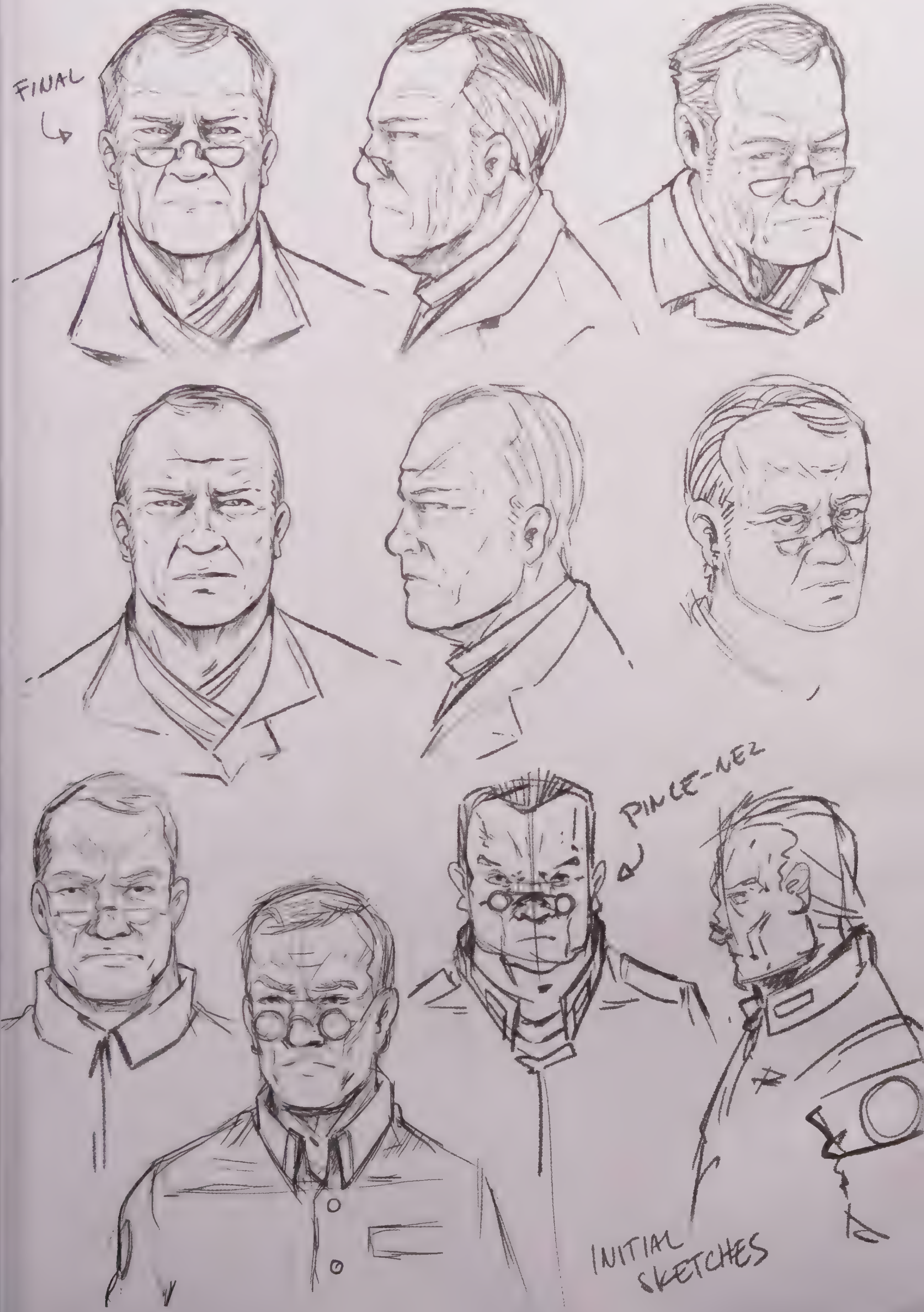
W. SMITH 6079


FINAL
Eyes like this
Sharp jaw
6079
6079
6079
A

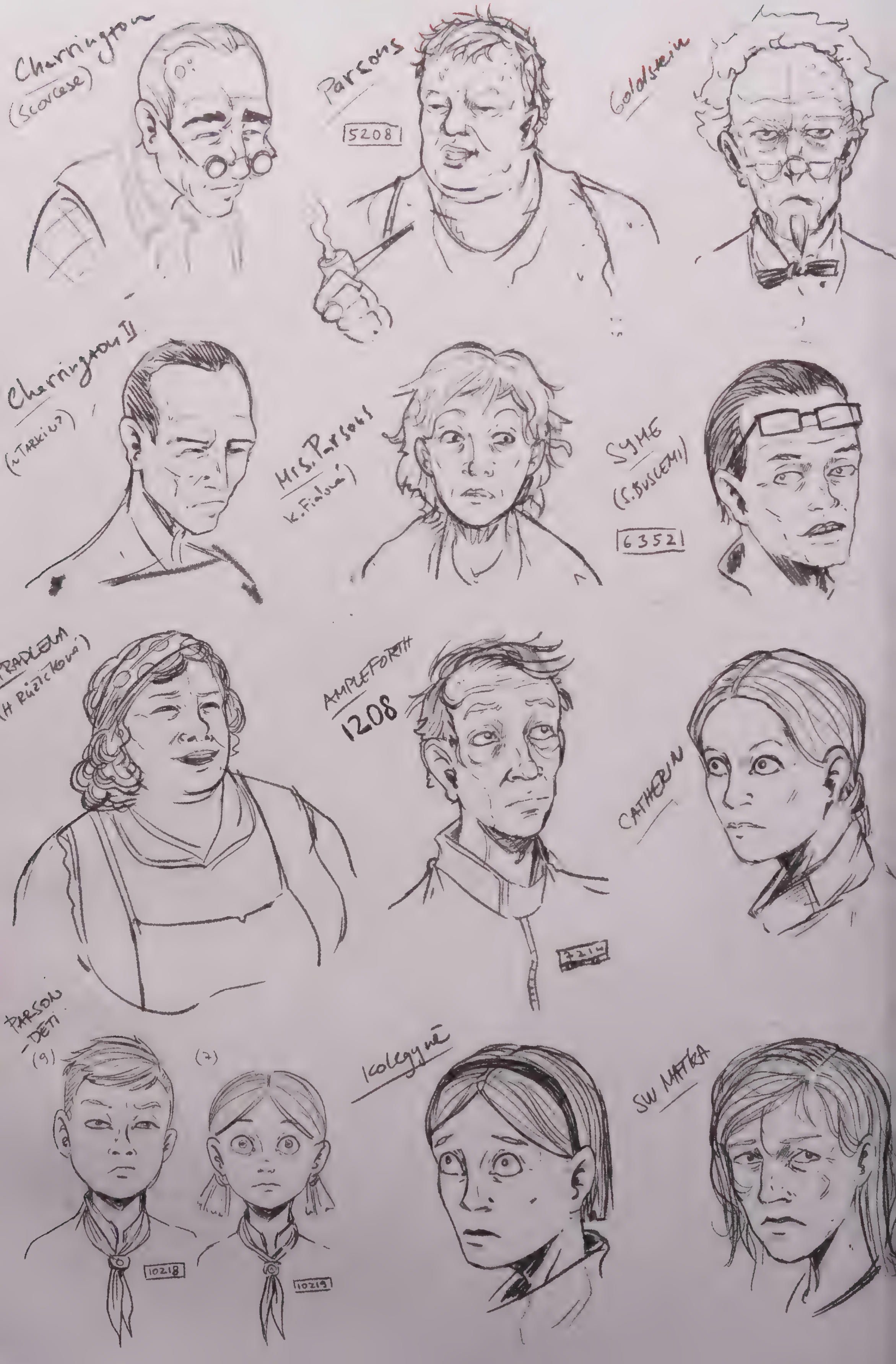
O'Brien

No. 3042

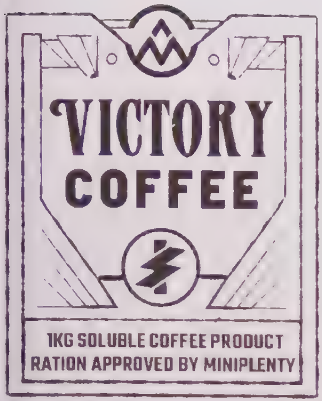
Casts for O'Brien: Lenny McLean; Churchill, De Niro.
· strong, old fashion, bull, aristocrat, strict

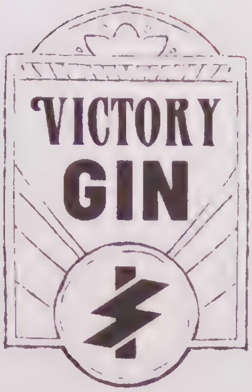

FINAL
PINCE-NEZ
INITIAL SKETCHES

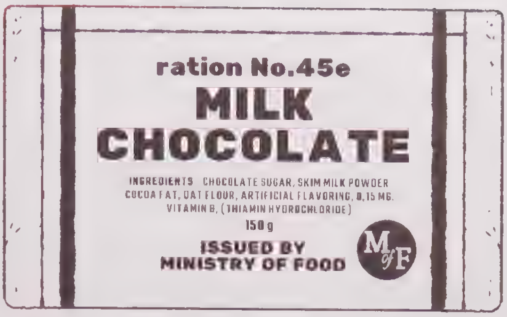
SIDE CHARACTERS

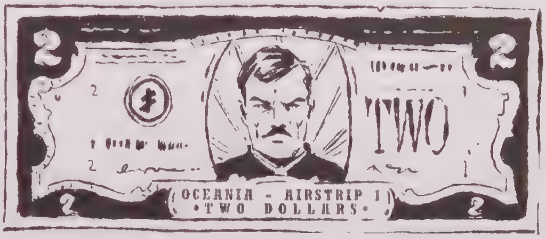

Charrington
(Scorcese)
Parsons
5208
Goldstein
Charrington II
(~Tarkin?)
Mrs. Parsons
(K. Fialová)
SYME
(S. Buscemi)
6352
RADLENA
(H Růžičková)
AMPLEFORTH
1208
7214
CATHERIN
PARSON DETI
(9)
(7)
10218
10219
kolegyně
SW MATKA

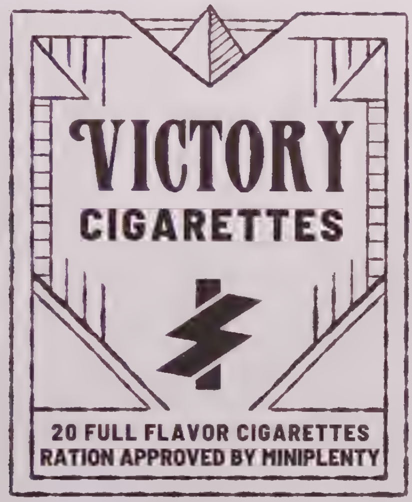
Various Labels

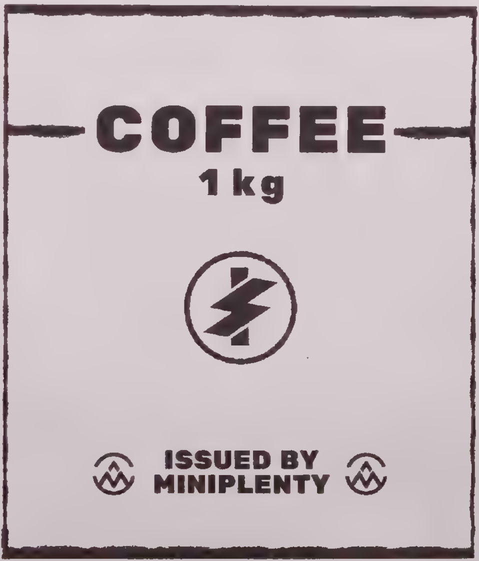

VICTORY
COFFEE
1KG SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
RATION APPROVED BY MINIPLENTY

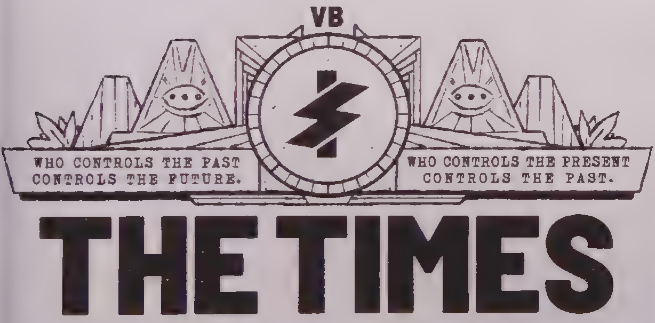

VICTORY
GIN

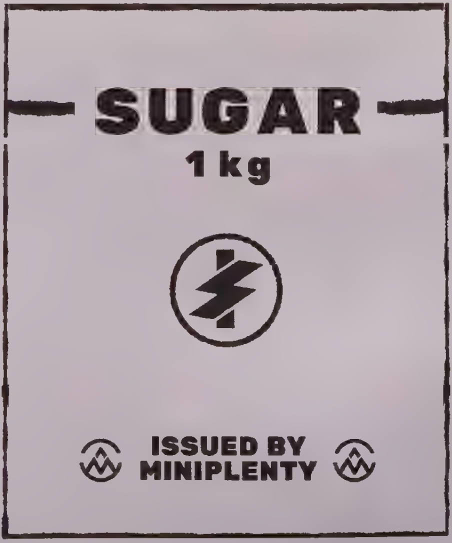

ration No.45e
MILK
CHOCOLATE
INGREDIENTS CHOCOLATE SUGAR, SKIM MILK POWDER
COCOA FAT, OAT FLOUR, ARTIFICIAL FLAVORING, 0,15 MG.
VITAMIN B, (THIAMIN HYDROCHLORIDE)
150 g
ISSUED BY
MINISTRY OF FOOD
M of F

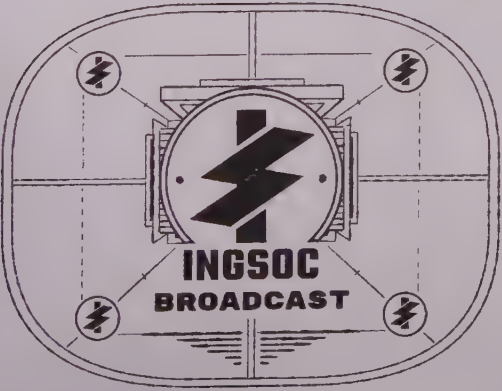

2
TWO
OCEANIA - AIRSTRIP 1
•TWO DOLLARS•


VICTORY
CIGARETTES
20 FULL FLAVOR CIGARETTES
RATION APPROVED BY MINIPLENTY

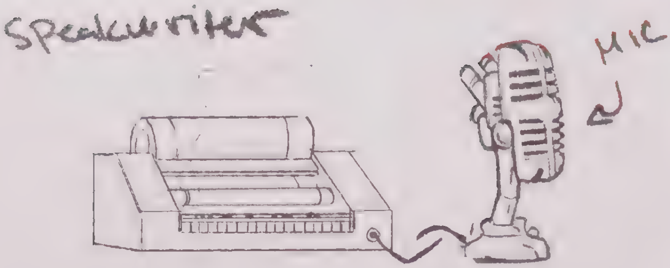

COFFEE
1 kg
ISSUED BY
MINIPLENTY

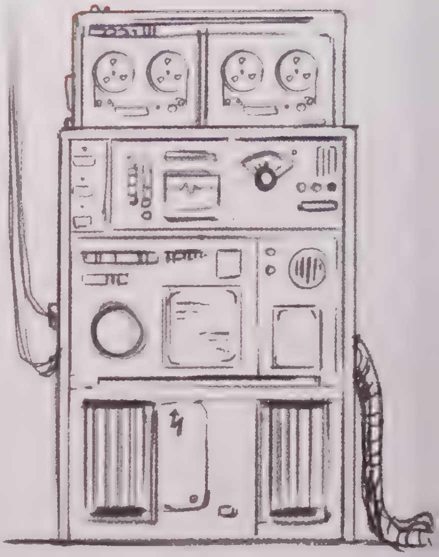

VB
WHO CONTROLS THE PAST
CONTROLS THE FUTURE.
WHO CONTROLS THE PRESENT
CONTROLS THE PAST.
THE TIMES

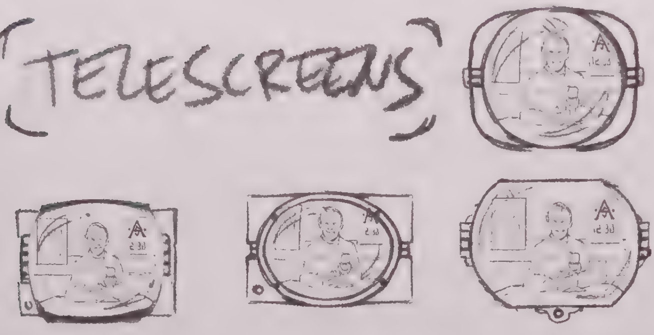

SUGAR
1 kg
ISSUED BY
MINIPLENTY

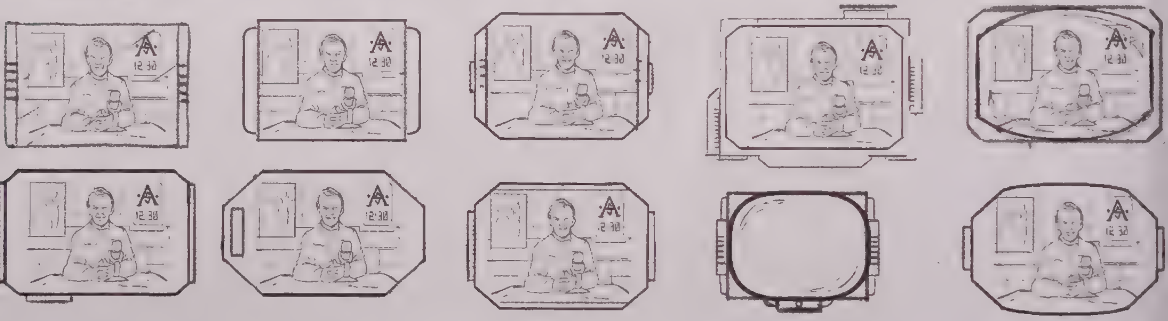

INGSOC
BROADCAST

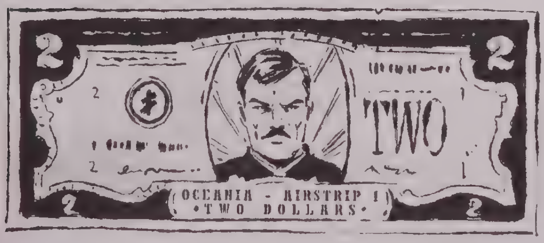
MISCELLANEOUS

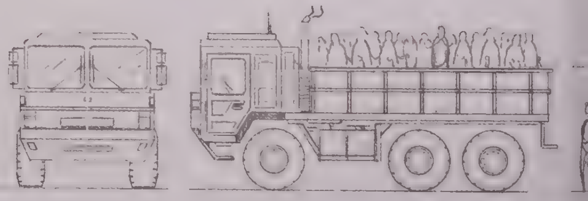

Speakwriter
MIC

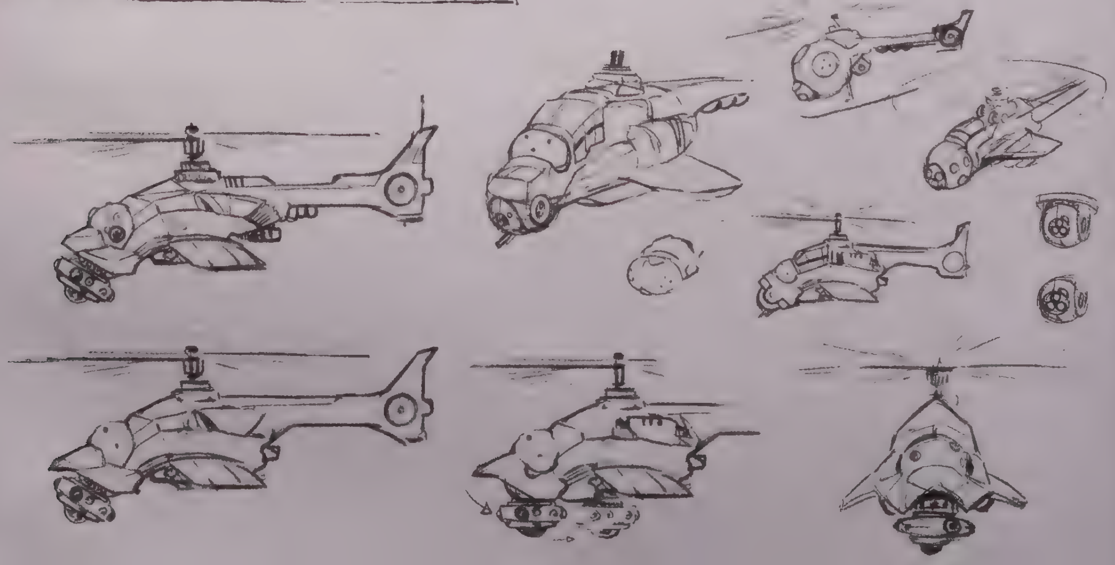



TELESCREENS
12:30

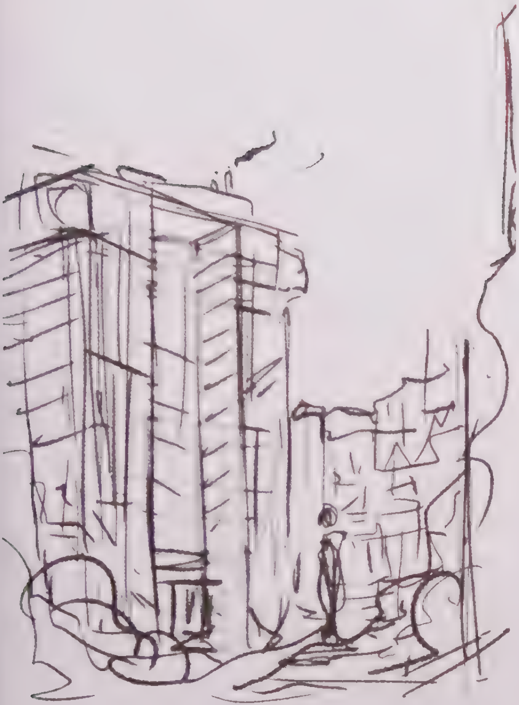


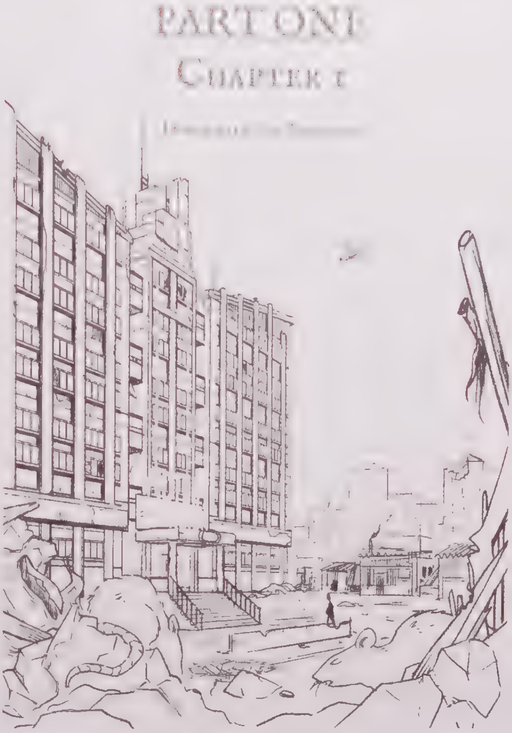

2
TWO
OCEANIA - AIRSTRIP 1
• TWO DOLLARS •

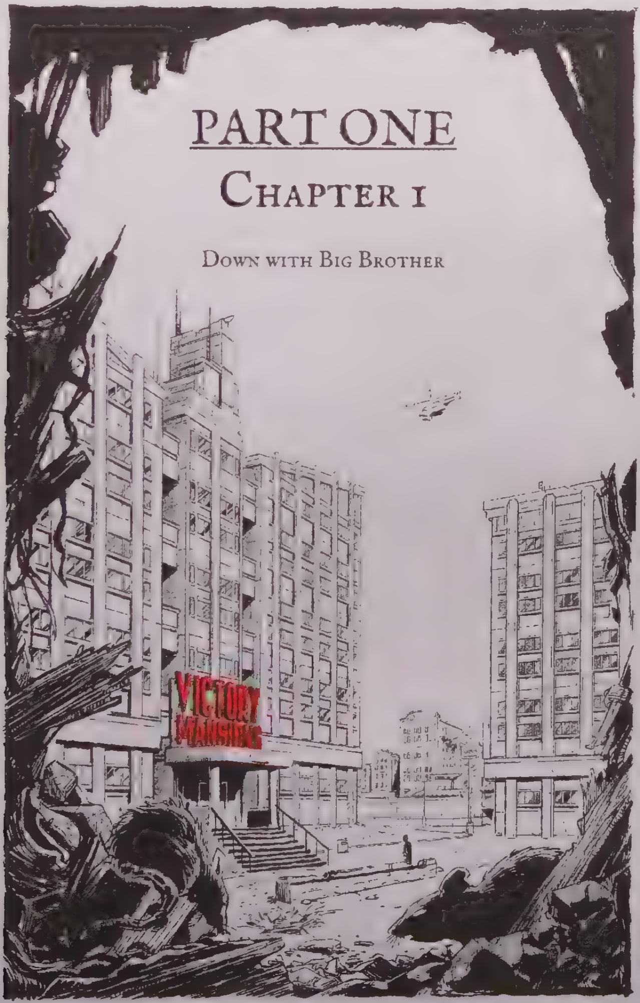




PAGE WORKING PROCESS




PART ONE
CHAPTER 1


PART ONE
CHAPTER 1
DOWN WITH BIG BROTHER
VICTORY MANSIONS

ABOUT THE ARTIST

Matyáš Namai studied graphic design at the Škola Michael in Prague. He has contributed to the magazines *ABC* (*The Master of Shaolin*, *The Millennium Thief*) and *Playboy* (*Ironic Applause*). His comics and graphic novels aim to sensitively reveal the psychology of their characters, using a filmic sense of dramatic editing and a feel for detail. Matyáš' favourite hobby is roasting bacon over a fire.

WAR IS PEACE

FREEDOM IS SLAVERY

IGNORANCE IS STRENGTH

Winston Smith is a low-ranking member of the ruling Party in the nation of Oceania. Everywhere Winston goes, even his own home, the Party watches him through telescreens; everywhere he looks he sees the face of the Party's seemingly omniscient leader, Big Brother. The Party controls everything in Oceania, even the people's history and language. Now, the Party is forcing the use of an invented language called Newspeak which will prevent political insurgency by eliminating all words related to it. Even thinking rebellious thoughts is illegal. Such thought-crime is, in fact, the worst of all crimes.

But a seed of dissent grows in Winston - one that will bring him into direct conflict with the Party, and with devastating consequences.

Rarely has one book ever been so rich in political and social criticism as *1984*. Originally published in 1949, this new graphic novel edition of the dystopian classic, powerfully illustrated by Matyáš Namai, reveals Winston's fight against the Party in all its horror and futility.

"Who controls the past controls the future.
Who controls the present controls the past."

PALAZZO

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